POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JANUARY 26 • 1963 20c

We sailed The Columbus Ship

Near-tragic Atlantic crossing

Dwight D. Eisenhower:

Danger from within

Niña II under way

No children for me!

A young wife speaks out

/ Black Muslims

Negro Hate Group

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

12 famous authors start a new kind of writing school

If you show you have writing talent worth developing, they are interested in helping you achieve professional success . . . right in your own home, and in your spare time.

If you want to write professionally, here's an opportunity never before available:

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The training is supervised by Rod Serling, winner of five Emmys and author of the popular TV series, *The Twilight Zone;* Bruce Catton, Pulitzer-Prize-winning author of *A Stillness at Appomattox;* Faith Baldwin, author of 80 best-selling novels; Max Shulman, creator of the TV show, *Dobie Gillis,* and of novels, plays, movies and stories; Bennett Cerf, publisher, author and syndicated columnist; Red Smith, famed for his distinctive sports columns; Rudolf Flesch, noted teacher of business writing, author of *The Art of Readable Writing;* Mignon G. Eberhart, world-famous mystery novelist; Bergen Evans, university professor and language expert; J. D. Ratcliff, called by *Time* magazine "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction"; John Caples and Mark Wiseman, renowned experts on advertising writing.

These famous authors have applied to writing — for the first time — a principle which has proved itself time and again: *If you want success for yourself, learn from successful people.*

Four separate courses

Over a three-year period the twelve Famous Writers created four professional courses in writing — Fiction . . . Non-Fiction . . . Advertising . . . and Business writing. (The first three contain sections on writing for television.) They have developed a series of home study textbooks, lessons and writing assignments that present — in a clear and stimulating way — what they have learned in their long, hard climb to the top.

The teaching program created by these outstanding authors starts you with the principles and techniques that underlie all good writing. Then you learn to apply these principles in the specialized field of your choice.

You are a class of one

Instructors at the Famous Writers School are established authors whose work appears in leading publications. Under the supervision of the twelve Famous Writers, these instructors work with students by mail, just as magazine and book editors work with many established authors. (Robert Atherton, Editor of *Cosmopolitan,* says: "I have never seen most of the great writers who have contributed to *Cosmopolitan* for years.") And just as editors do, the School's instructors develop over a period of time increasingly warm relationships with the writers whose talent they are nurturing.

An instructor often spends up to several hours revising and correcting your completed assignment. He then writes you a long personal letter of analysis, criticism and encouragement. In his letter, he gives you concrete suggestions for improving your writing. While he is appraising your work, no one else competes for his attention. You are literally a class of one.

School publishes magazine

To help outstanding students achieve professional recognition, the School publishes a quarterly, the *Famous Writers Magazine,* which provides a showcase for better work submitted by students. It also features articles and stories by the twelve Famous Writers, by the School's instructors and by other literary figures.

First reports of student success

The Famous Writers School is less than two years old. Its first students are not due to graduate until later this year. Yet, dozens of them — still in their training — are already tasting success.

"I've done it! I've made my first sale!" Lillian Maas of Zumbrota, Minnesota, wrote to her instructors. "My first fledgling, on its first trip out of the nest, has sent back a check for $150 from *Better Homes & Gardens.* And really, you get all the credit. I couldn't possibly have done it without the Course."

Other students are selling their writing to such varied publications as *Dallas Times Herald, Christian Science Monitor, The Reader's Digest, Emporia Gazette, Redbook, Popular Science, True Story* and *All Florida Magazine.*

Send for Famous Writers Talent Test

To select people with writing talent worth developing, the twelve Famous Writers have created a revealing Talent Test. The coupon below will bring you a copy, along with a descriptive brochure about the School. When you have completed and returned the Test, it will be graded without charge by one of the professional writers on our staff. Then it will be returned to you with our frank appraisal. If the results of your Test indicate writing talent, you are then eligible to enroll in the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6221, Westport, Connecticut

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Columbus's Niña sailed into San Salvador last month for the second time. Aboard were nine men who had left Spain 97 days earlier to reenact the 1492 voyage of discovery. In their 42-foot boat, an authentic replica of Columbus's tiny caravel, the crew endured many of the same hardships which almost reduced the original endeavor to mutiny and failure. They withstood fierce storms, persistent calms, thirst and virtual starvation; they lived for weeks with only fifteenth-century equipment to sustain them on the 4,000-mile transatlantic crossing. Navigator **Robert Marx,** the lone American aboard, gives this week his exclusive account of an adventure unique in modern times.

Other Bylines. Former President **Dwight D. Eisenhower**'s article is his fifth prepared exclusively for *The Post* since he left the White House. . . . To get his story, *New York Times* staffer **Gay Talese** spent weeks on the run interviewing fast-stepping Pauline Frederick. . . . Novelist-playwright **Irwin Shaw,** whose works include the best seller *The Young Lions*, lives in Switzerland. . . . Sometime golf-ball-loser **William Zinsser** managed to resist Mr. Roby's invitations to "swim for some with me tonight." . . . **Dean Jennings,** whose earlier *Post* series on Mickey Cohen brought threats from the mobster, tells how the Government finally put Cohen behind bars. . . . Sportswriter **Dave Anderson** has covered hockey for the New York *Journal-American* for eight years. He once played roller hockey on the streets of New York but says, "I'd never do what Bower is doing." . . . Texan **David Nevin** went underground to report on the nation's first school built to double as a refuge from nuclear fallout. . . . **Alfred Balk** and **Alex Haley** worked as a team to produce their revealing analysis of the Black Muslim movement. Greenwich Villager Haley, who has often written about the extremist sect, was once attacked by Muslim leader Malcolm X as "a 'house Negro' who works in the white man's house and keeps him aware of what angry Negroes are thinking." . . . Assistant Managing Editor **Bill Emerson,** who bought this week's controversial SPEAKING OUT article, has five children and says he wouldn't mind having several more.

The Cover photograph was taken by **Larry Fried** when he and *Post* editors **Bill Shelton** and **Roger Vaughan** rendezvoused with *Niña II* at sea. Aided by sightings by Navy and Coast Guard planes, they found the tiny ship—overdue and once presumed lost—300 miles from San Salvador after a three-day search in a chartered tugboat.

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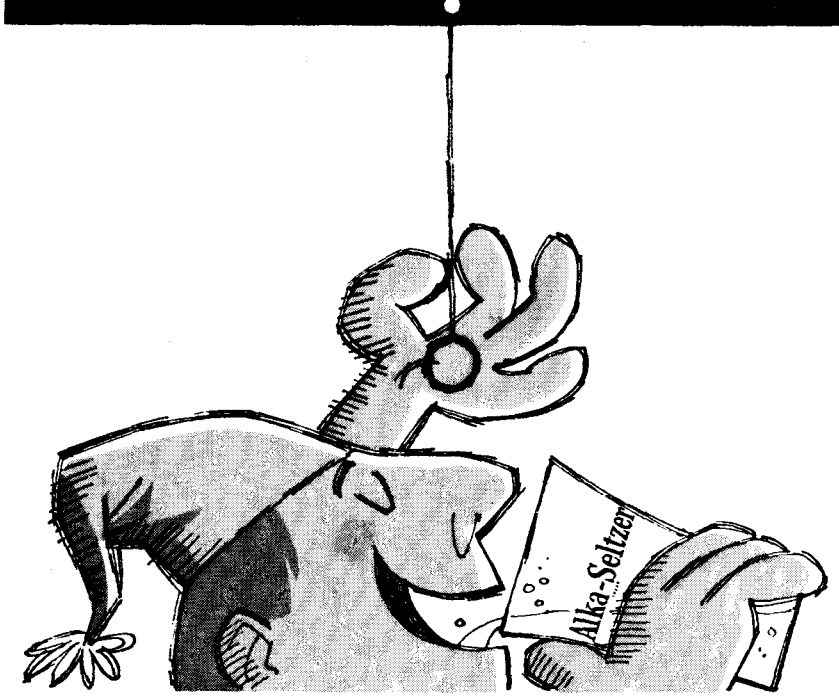

LETTERS

The Contented Sex

Dear Sirs:

THE AMERICAN WOMAN [by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill, Dec. 22–29] is an outstanding report of all that is lovely, divine and noble in being a woman with her family, her society and with herself.

DR. C. G. LAROCCO
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

You have spent considerable time, expense and space only to discover what we knew before—that the average American woman is a person of limited education, outlook on life, cultural background, whose absorbing interest is centered on husband and children and who has not intelligence enough to realize that adding to the population of an already overpopulated world constitutes a greater danger to civilization than the threat of atomic war.

EDITH S. CLEMENTS, PH.D.
La Jolla, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Believe me, it's good to know that I'm a normal American woman after all.

MRS. G. R. WINCHELL
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Eleanor Courter is, next to my wife, the most beautiful woman I have seen in many years—her soul shines forth on her face.

FREDERICK C. HERVEY
Chilton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Couldn't we encourage "The American Woman" to devote some of the same care to the larger community that she is now lavishing on her own family? It would make a better world for us all.

MRS. ROBERT J. PHILLIPS
President, League of Women Voters of The United States, Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I can say with absolute assurance that the single woman, as she is pictured, has as little similarity to the Chicago product as a kangaroo to a kitten.

Take me, for example. I am 35, attractive, single only through my own determination to be so, and lead a life that is consistently little short of fascinating. I myself envy only about 1 out of every 100 married women that I meet. Perhaps my friends and I are not at all typical. Yet—and this is what the *Post* article failed to convey—we *do* exist, and very happily. We are sincere, thoughtful people—and we represent a valid, if small, segment of American womanhood.

How do we feel about marriage? I think the best way I can say it is: "Dreamy, but not one whit desperate."

JANE TERRELL
Western Springs, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your article did my battered womanly heart much good.

MRS. CELIA KRAMER
Stockton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Now that the American man knows about us girls, how about telling *us* about him?

BARBARA ROBBINS
Milton, Mass.

Appetizing Omission

Dear Sirs:

Craig Claiborne's article, HOW TO COOK BY THE BOOK [Dec. 22–29] is both entertaining and valuable. Mr. Claiborne's modesty, however, caused him to omit an outstandingly good cookbook which was eagerly awaited before its publication by all readers of his page in the daily and Sunday *Times*. I refer to *The New York Times Cook Book*, edited by Mr. Claiborne and published in 1961 by Harper & Brothers.

MRS. J. VANCE BABB
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Poignant Tale

Dear Sirs:

Gale Huntington's story BLOW THE WORLD AWAY [Dec. 22–29] was a wonderful piece of writing. There will be some people who will condemn the sexual wisdom of Mary Ellen so greatly that they will overlook the tenderness and beauty of this story. Thanks for some very heart-warming fiction.

DAVID GRANT GILBERT (age 16)
Van Buren, Ind.

The Social Graces

Dear Sirs:

As an Englishman on a first visit to the United States, I was interested to read Russell Lynes' article HOW AMERICA INVENTED MANNERS (Dec. 22–29). One of the first qualities that I notice among your countrymen is the considerate courtesy and natural good manners shown by all; a contrast to the type which prevails too often in my own country. Perhaps I should mention that among your young people good manners are not so observable, but I fear that this is a failing that is to be found today in other countries, including my own.

May this your national virtue continue to "set the tone for the whole free world."

A. W. FLORANCE
Carisbrooke
Isle of Wight
England

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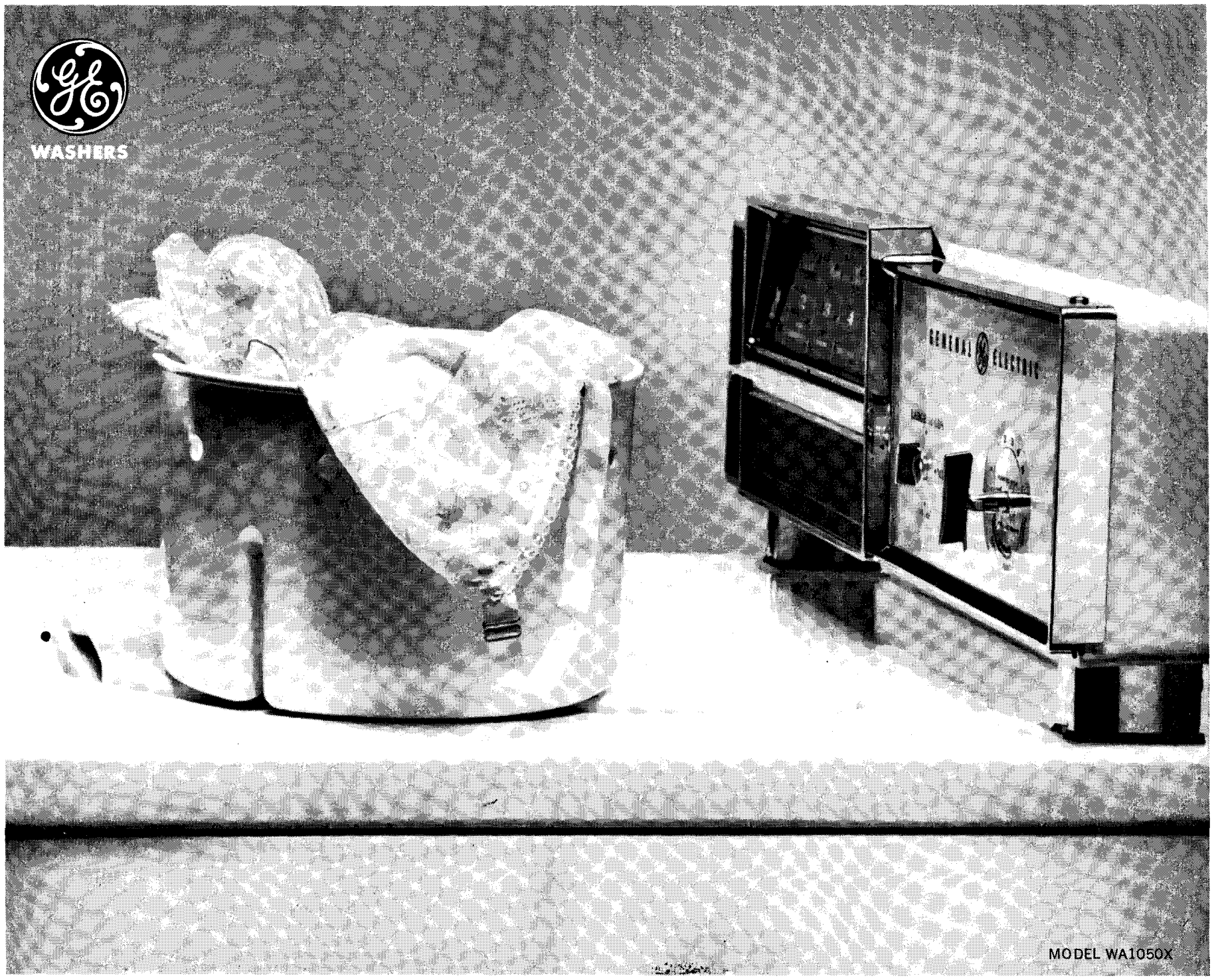

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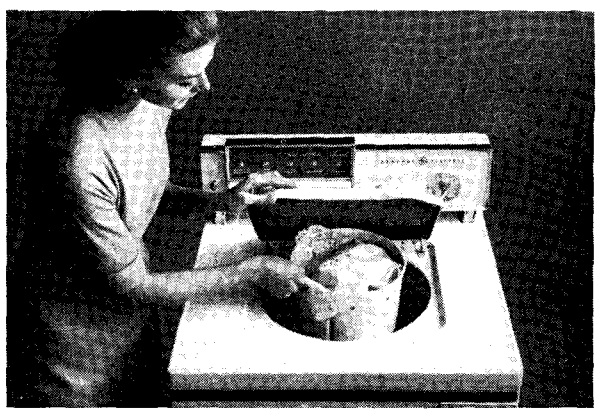

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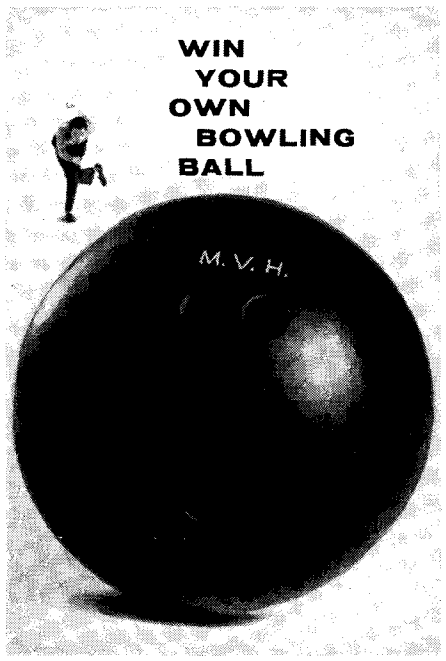

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

I may not know all about modern manners, but I *do* know Frontier manners. I was born in a sod cabin in Kansas in 1882. When a stranger came to our place he was warmly welcome. If it was mealtime he ate with us, if it was night he found a place to sleep.

I *know* we never thought of asking such fool questions as: "What's your name? Where are you going? Where are you from?" He might be a horse thief, a killer dodging the law, or an officer of the law. If he wanted us to know the answers he would *tell* us. Such questions were unthought of.

J. P. RAINS
Yakima, Wash.

Realistic Fiction

Dear Sirs:

A FIELD OF RICE by Pearl S. Buck [Dec. 22–29] is a tender and beautiful story in addition to being a stinging criticism of Mao Tse-tung's policies in Red China. It is indeed a masterpiece. Thank you.

RITA ARONOW
Stern College '65
New York, N.Y.

Low-pressure Comic

Dear Sirs:

In this day of no-talent performers and overinflated egos it's refreshing to see someone such as Johnny Carson [THE SOFT-SELL, SOFT-SHELL WORLD OF JOHNNY CARSON, Dec. 22–29]. His wit, intellect and unassuming manner put things in proper perspective while at the same time showing how ridiculous people and life can sometimes be.

DIANE HYND
Westport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

It's about time someone printed an article about the delightfully charming Mr. Carson. Ben Casey, Dr. Kildare, the girls can have 'em. I'll settle for Johnny any old day!

NELL HOLLOWAY
Shreveport, La.

St. Louis Canine Corps

Dear Sirs:

I saw your article [THE BEAST IN THE LIVING ROOM by Jack Alexander, Dec. 22–29] on the dog we used to own named Sarge. The only thing I didn't like about it was the choice of words such as:

1. "Beast." (That's not bad.)
2. "Got rid of." (That was awful. Do you really think we wanted to give him away?)
3. "He took savage delight in using them [his jaws]." (I admit Sarge was fierce, but this is terrible. Everyone but you seems to know that the only way a dog defends himself is to bite.)
4. "I had picked a nutty dog." (I know Officer Zelle said this, but Sarge is a smart dog now and always was.)

But I do appreciate your writing the article. I am also very proud Sarge was chosen.

PAM MICHAELSON (AGE 13)
Webster Groves, Mo.

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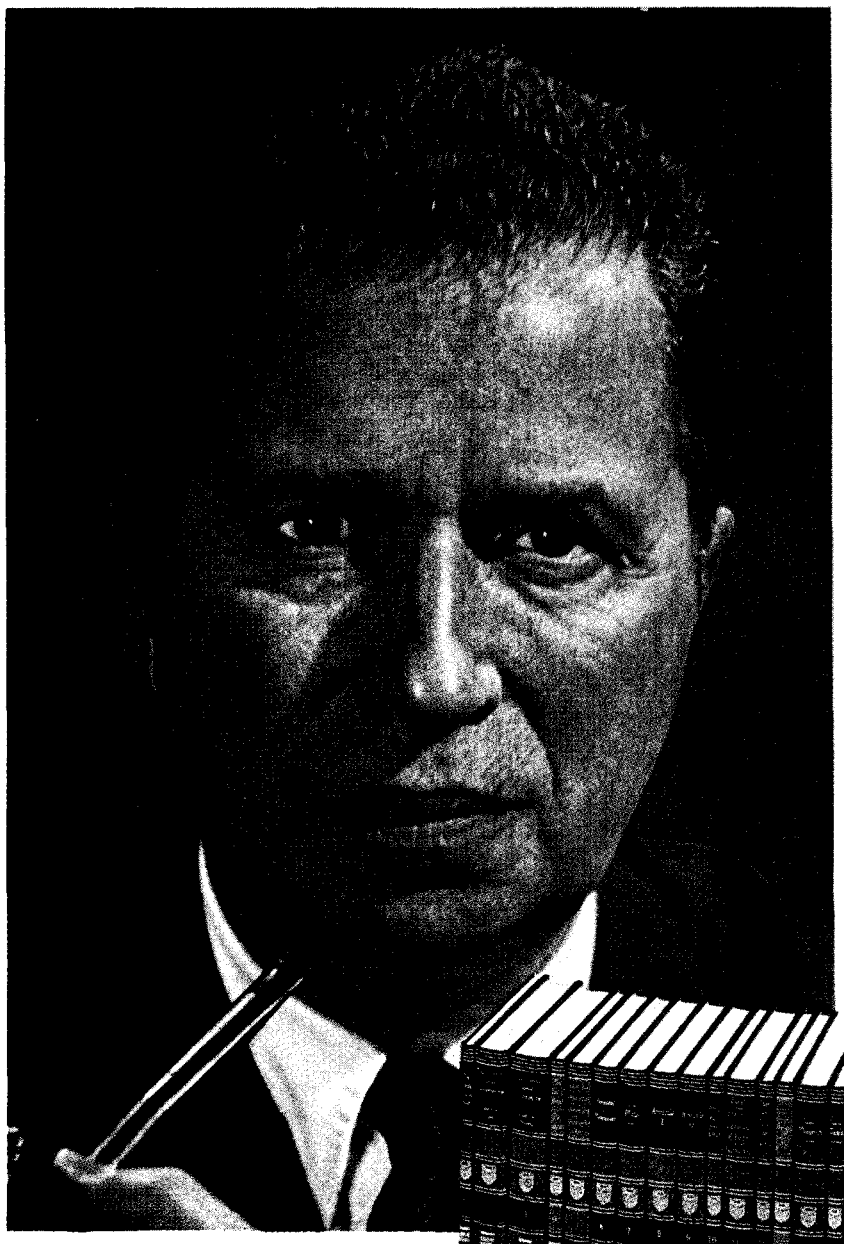

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Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research
Editor of the SYNTOPICON

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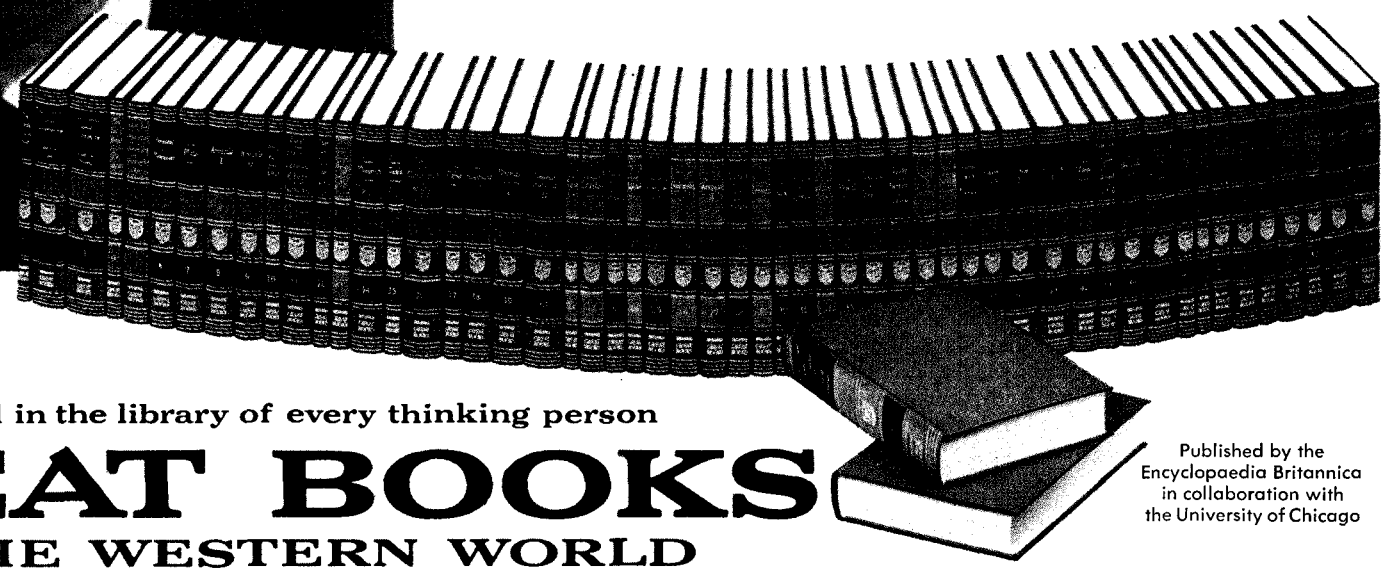

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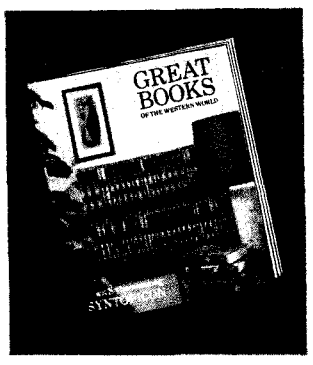

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SPEAKING OUT

A New York City resident, Gael Greene has worked as a reporter for United Press International and the New York Post. Married to a newspaperman, she is now a free lance and is the author of a book on her undercover reporting assignments, Don't Come Back Without It.

A Vote Against Motherhood

By Gael Greene

A wife challenges the importance of childbearing.

I don't want to have any children. Motherhood is only a part of marriage, and I am unwilling to sacrifice the other equally important feminine roles upon the overexalted altar of parenthood. Instead of condemning myself to the common syndrome of the unhappy creature who is mother first, wife second, woman third and human being last, I champion the wondrously satisfying love of a woman and her husband, two adults enjoying the knowledge and mystery of each other, tasting dependence, accepting responsibility, yet individual and free.

Femininity is the acceptance, appreciation and enjoyment of being a woman. Motherhood is only a part of it. The complete woman is also devoted wife, lover, playmate, buffer, a man's stimulant and tranquilizer, a creator (in the kitchen if not at the easel or typewriter), an active mind, an unfettered human being involved in activities and causes and battles beyond the boundaries of a particular plot of crabgrass.

The idea that a couple would deliberately choose to remain childless seems to strike sparks of uncontrollable indignation. The decision is not one we have been able to discuss calmly with friends. Occasionally visitors to our apartment—so obviously designed for two adults with no thoughts of family expansion—will ask, "But where do you plan to put a nursery?"

"We're not planning for babies, so we don't need a nursery," I answer.

The shock and disbelief could not be greater if my husband announced he had just accepted a job spying for the Russians and I was busy running a Communist Party cell in the basement boiler room.

Our decision not to have children was neither simple nor sudden. Both my husband and I come from families where children are a major *raison d'être* for marriage and each new grandchild is looked upon as a divine blessing. Under these circumstances it certainly never occurred to me that one might consider married life without children. Children were taken for granted as a part of marriage. Indeed, as a teen-ager I had rather ambitious plans for a huge brood, mostly boys. (I felt I had been greatly deprived as a child by not having an older brother and was determined no daughter of mine would be so underprivileged.) These were the dreams of an adolescent who had been captivated by the adventures of the Bobbsey Twins and the Gilbreth youngsters of *Cheaper by the Dozen* fame. I wasn't thinking what it might mean to be a Bobbsey's mother. I was thinking what fun it would be to be a Bobbsey twin. "Mother," beyond the warm, loving, gentle creature who was my own, was a vague, inconceivable concept.

Parenthood's real price

Then I began to have doubts. When I looked about at our friends—young couples with children—I was shocked and appalled at what I saw. Men and women floundered under awesome responsibilities, suffered total loss of independence and privacy. Frustration, tension and bitterness strained love. Most frightening of all, women appeared shredded, pulled apart by the demands of a dozen conflicting roles.

In the homes of my friends I received my first intimate and disillusioning insight into the meaning of motherhood. Too many of these mothers had made the supreme sacrifice to motherhood. They felt trapped. They simmered with resentment. For others it was a passive surrender, an automatic, often unthinking, response to a thousand pressures.

I refuse to be pressured into this state of parenthood just because society or some advice columnist tells me it is a noble, joyous state and my sacred duty. Everywhere I turn, there are the voices assuring me that a woman can only know fulfillment through motherhood. My experience tells me differently.

Recently my husband, leafing through one of the ladies' magazines, came across a paragraph in a column of marriage counseling that infuriated him. "In the early months of marriage," it read, "*when love is at its height*, each spouse is most generous and tolerant. . . ." The suggestion that love reaches a peak with the honeymoon and then begins to taper off as romance fades and reality intrudes is shocking. Implicit in the following paragraphs was the "reassurance" that when the glow goes, various other roles (parenthood) would take up the slack.

From this must follow that line, so often uttered in supposed jest, "Well, the honeymoon is over." Ours is not. Love only seemed "at its height" in the early months of our marriage. We keep discovering new peaks. We enjoy our life and the things we do singly and together. We appreciate the time and freedom to pursue potential talents (even if they should prove to be nothing more than minor skills). We treasure the freedom to pick up and disappear for a weekend or a month or even a year, to sleep odd hours, to breakfast at three A.M. or three P.M., to hang out the DO NOT DISTURB sign, to slam a door and be alone, or alone together, to indulge in foolish extravagances, to get out of bed at seven A.M. on a sudden whim and go horseback riding in the park before work, to become embroiled in a political campaign or a fund-raising drive, to devote endless hours to intensive research for a project that might lead somewhere or nowhere, to have champagne with dinner for no special reason at all, to tease and love anywhere, any hour, anytime we please without a nagging guilt that a child is being neglected. We take so small a privilege as privacy for granted; yet, to our friends with children, privacy is a luxury for which they envy us.

I have read too many articles by young mothers and heard too many of my own friends complaining that motherhood is a prison. It is plain that the creation of a

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Heinz 57 Steak Sauce

SPEAKING OUT

child, its care and tending a home are not enough for many women. Some turn to a job or back to a career or lock the door of a spare room to make it a studio, trying to serve on three or four fronts at once and serving on none well. Money and a reliable baby-sitter free a mother to spend afternoons haunting museums or studying ballet or serving as a Gray Lady, but money apparently does not buy away a conscience that talks of child neglect.

Many women thrive on motherhood and never stop growing. I am thinking of a college dorm-mate who took her degree in archaeology and was hailed in the class yearbook as "the girl most likely to find the ruins of lost Atlantis." Well, the only digging she's done since has been in backyard sandboxes. She has a passel of kids—four, and one on the way, at last count. She obviously loves her life, wades happily through what others might consider sheer drudgery and approaches such tasks as brewing an infant's formula or umpiring a brood of toddlers with all the zest she once devoted to geology expeditions. She's a fine mother, a great wife and an exciting woman to be with.

Yet I see so many of our friends, some of them with children they hadn't necessarily planned on—bitter, frustrated, vacillating between devotion and despair, screaming at their youngsters, tearing into each other. The child is there. Never for a moment would they wish it away, but they seem to be fighting a furious battle as they watch themselves becoming people they never meant to be.

"All I want is just an hour a day to be me," I overheard a woman complain to her husband. "Not to be a chauffeur or a bandage dispenser or a screaming harpy in a torn muumuu. Me, glamorous, calm, funny, in lingerie that isn't held together with safety pins—remember?"

"I don't know why you even call me anymore," a former classmate said to me recently. "I haven't had an original thought in two years, and the only multisyllabic word that's come out of me all week was 'Toidy-seat.' And that's hyphenated, so I don't even know if it counts."

Envy of the childless

Cara left her job as an interior decorator three years ago—reluctantly, in her eighth month of pregnancy. "You don't know how lucky you are," she said, gazing about our living room. "To have a stairway without a kiddy gate and a velvet sofa without stain-resistant slipcovers. If you'd told me three years ago I'd have slipcovers or plastic-laminated anything, I'd have laughed myself silly."

Betty reads medical journals whenever she can sneak the time—while the kids nap or at the Laundromat. "It took me eleven years to become a pediatrician, and I've never even practiced," she says. "I want to go back as soon as all three of the boys are in school, but it frightens me to think I'll be ten years behind."

The more we watch our contemporaries trying to cope with child-rearing, the more we see them bowing to its conflicting demands and surrendering their individualities and dreams, the stronger our decision to remain childless becomes.

Our resolve has been strengthened by the prevailing philosophy of child-rearing. They call it "permissiveness." But it emerges as total child autocracy. All decisions revolve around the child. Vacations are planned to suit the children. A mother who would not sacrifice a new winter coat to buy her son an English racing bike is looked upon as an unnatural animal. Never mind that mother's idea of a relaxing holiday does not happen to include camping out and cooking three meals a day on a portable barbecue—it suits the youngsters. Girls I met when I first came to New York, who vowed they would never leave the city, have moved to the suburbs: "It's so wonderful for the children." Papa becomes a commuter, and a man and a woman who once shared the world now occupy two separate and distant islands, meeting for a few hours each night.

Parents become children

To be less than the complete mother the community expects one to be leaves a woman racked with guilt. She becomes so much the mother that she may one day find herself treating that tweedy, commuting chap who was once her husband and lover as just another one of the brood—another runny nose to wipe, another mouth to pop a vitamin pill into, another finicky appetite to cater to—an overgrown and petulant child. He even calls her "mom." She calls him "dad," and that sums up their relationship.

"No you may not have another Martini before dinner," she will say in exactly the same tone in which she would forbid the six-year-old another slice of chocolate cake.

I have heard some women say they refuse to bring children into a nuclear-panicked world or into a civilization that has lost all morals. These are not the only legitimate reasons for remaining childless, and I suspect some couples have reached conclusions similar to those of myself and my husband, yet hesitate to express them for fear of being accused of subversion, immaturity or selfishness.

Why then do people have children? They should not be so quick to condemn us for selfishness without first examining their own motives. People have children because they want them. Fine—go to it. But what of those who use their children as pawns or as instruments of revenge or as amusing little pets or as glue to patch a floundering marriage? What of those who don't really like children but have them anyway? And there are such people—just as there are those who don't like cats or jazz or abstract painting. What of those who produce progeny and regard them as a sort of status symbol? What about couples who procreate because they're afraid of being criticized for not having children? And what of those who haven't the courage or interest to face squarely what parenthood will mean or what kind of parents they will make?

Too many men and women who don't really want children, who are selfish, immature, ill-prepared, hostile and baffled, are spawning youngsters with less thought than they would give to the purchase of a new car. These children must suffer.

Whom do I harm by not having children? The nonexistent child? The world—which already has too many? Surely having children for the wrong reasons or for no reason at all or bringing them into an atmosphere of resentment and neglect is the greater selfishness.

There is a choice. Couples should be permitted to make a decision, whether to have children or not, without social pressures. There is no reason why their choice should be regarded as shocking, evil or an affront to humanity. **THE END**

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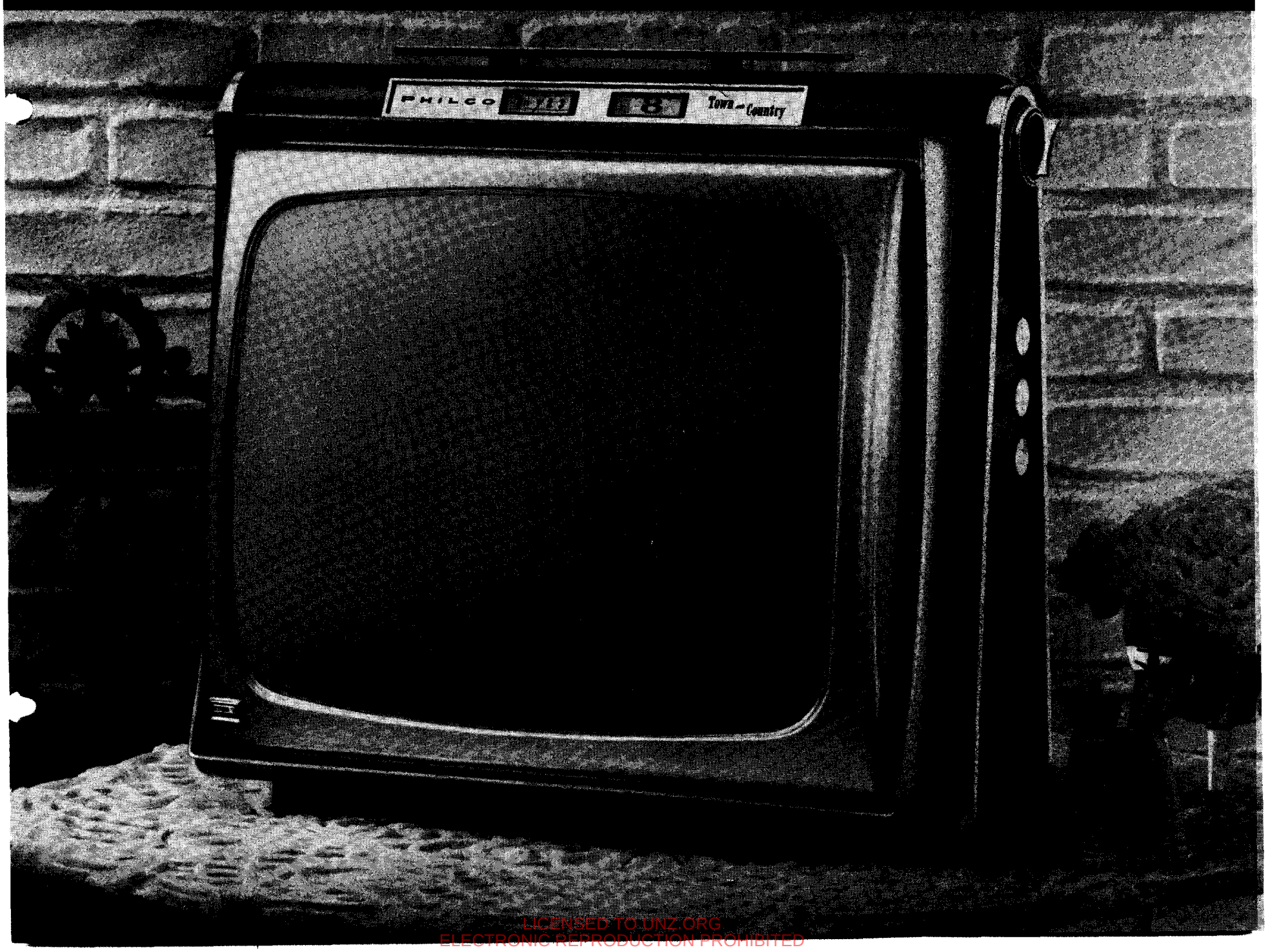

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben. Franklin

Indolence and lack of moral principle present a greater threat to America than the armed might of Communism.

Danger From Within

by DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

One of the favorite remarks of men in public life is that during the years ahead we must build a better world for our children. It is a noble statement which expresses the aspirations of every decent citizen. And yet over the years it has become an almost meaningless cliché, because all too often we who make the speeches—I include myself in this comment—fail to go on from there. We leave the statement dangling. We content ourselves with the broad generality, possibly because we ourselves have too little idea of exactly what we mean.

And so in this article, my fifth for *The Saturday Evening Post* since I left the White House, I want to get down to some specifics—in a random way. I want to touch a few bases which seem highly important to me, matters which have a bearing on that elusive better world of the future.

Perhaps I should say first, however, that what follows has nothing to do with the push-button life which is predicted for the year 2,000, or with trips to Mars, new forms of energy, transportation by rocket, or the shining new kind of cities visualized by the planners. Such glimpses into the future I leave to those who are prone to indulge in this sort of speculation. Rather I want to discuss here some of the fundamentals which can make a nation great or, when lacking, can destroy it. And if there are those who regard this as sermonizing, so be it.

My mother, who was a highly religious person and a great student of the Bible, also loved to play solitaire. It was her favorite recreation, and out of it and her religion grew a bit of philosophy which she often repeated. With a twinkle in her eye, she would say, "The Lord deals the cards; you play them." It was her way of saying that human beings are given talents and abilities in greatly varying degree and that it is up to each one of us to make the best use of what he has. I often think that Mother's little home-grown epigram also applies to nations.

This country of ours is endowed with great gifts, indeed—far more than most nations—but I cannot help wondering these days whether we are making the most of what we have, particularly in the area of human resources. Our most important resource for the future is today's youth, and, while I am filled with admiration for many of our young people, I believe most earnestly that we all need to do some careful thinking about the kind of training the vast majority of our boys and girls are getting in such things as patriotism, morals and ideals, the value of hard work, pride in a job well done, the desire to excel—and even in the matter of personal health. The question that we should ask ourselves, I believe, is how thoroughly and how well is our generation doing those things that alone can give to our children and grandchildren a deep appreciation of these special values.

The problem, I think, stems from the fact that in the brief span of a man's lifetime America has shifted from a rural to an urban civilization, and as yet we have not fully learned how to live with it. The nation has grown more mature; people have become more sophisticated. The family by and large is not the closely knit unit it once was, and in too many homes the simple old virtues are no longer given the emphasis they were in earlier times. The problem is further complicated by the fact that a large segment of our population moves frequently, from one locality to another and from region to region. Many families have little chance to get their roots down.

I hasten to add that this article is not intended as a lament for the "good old days"—which in some ways, of course, were not so good after all. Actually, in one important way—the area of intellectual attainments—our young people today are far ahead of past generations. But I do think it is wise to take stock now and then and see whether we are losing ground in certain qualities of the human spirit which have meant so much to America's progress in the past—and which, of course, mean so much to our future.

What happened to patriotism?

Suppose we first consider patriotism. I was about to say that patriotism once was a thing that was taught in every home, in every hamlet, in this country. But actually the word "taught" is hardly precise. Patriotism did not have to be taught—at least, not in the sense of a copybook lesson. It was absorbed! It was there, in all of us—a living emotion that permeated the nation. Some of the historians now tell us that it was an unreasoning emotion that sometimes blinded us to our faults. Maybe so, but it was an emotion that on balance was good for the soul—and good for the country.

I have participated in two world wars, and there was one striking difference between the first and the second that perplexed me and made me a little sad. The American Army in the first World War was a singing army; in the second it was not. Now, I don't mean that our American soldiers in World War II were not deeply loyal to their country, nor do I mean that they failed, in combat, to perform as well as any of their predecessors. Neither of these is true. But there was a difference in attitude. Somehow, somewhere along the way between those two wars, we had lost something—although it may have been only a loss of zestful deportment.

Not long ago Mamie and I attended a Broadway musical, *Mr. President*, and we highly enjoyed it. Written into it was some of that fierce love of country that our parents, our teachers, our political leaders, and even our preachers instilled in all of us a half century ago. Yet some of the critics panned the show, and one of their criticisms was that it was "corny." I think perhaps this is symptomatic. Too many of us Americans have become so sophisticated that we are inclined to think of any honest emotion, including a public display of patriotism, as being corny. It is hard for me to imagine anyone being ashamed of, or even indifferent to, patriotism, and yet there it is. And, worse, it is an attitude of mind that can scarcely fail to seep down to our children.

America is a magnificent country, with the right kind of national motives. Since the end of World War II we have demonstrated over and over our idealism and our sense of justice. We have buoyed up the free world at a great cost to ourselves—a cost that often has been tough on families of modest means. We have many reasons to be proud of our nation. What's wrong with saying so?

Sometimes I look at the emerging nations of Africa—which, the good Lord knows, are in a muddle in many ways—and I note in all of them a flaming pride in their new status as independent nations. Maybe our country needs to recapture the pride of *its* earlier years.

The only way I know that this can be done is to teach it to our children when they are young, before the cynics have a chance at them. Also, elementary American history needs to be taught once more with the same kind of fervor and pride in country that it once was.

I wish every schoolchild and every teacher could see the original of the famous Leutze painting of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*—which is now housed in a fine new building at Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania—and hear the inspiring recorded narrative of that exploit that is run off there many times each day. I wish the eloquence and meaning of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address could again be taught with the same glowing patriotism that it was in my school days. I wish we could have a revival of great patriotic

General and Mrs. Eisenhower enjoying their Gettysburg farm.

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"The nation has grown more mature."

music. And, above all, I wish parents would learn to talk freely with their children once more about the proud deeds and idealistic traditions of our country.

One song in *Mr. President* had this line: "If this is flag waving . . . do you know of a better flag to wave?" What better flag, indeed, than Old Glory with its 50 fine stars? In any event, this is one of those things of the spirit—this revival of patriotism—that we need for that better world we all like to talk about. It could easily become vital to national survival in this time of danger and doubt.

Love of country is closely related to some other basic things which must be preserved if the fiber of this nation is to continue strong and true. I have read that church membership and attendance figures are climbing, and that is good. Yet it is also true that many families have quit going to church. People have said to me that morality and religion are not necessarily connected—that you can have ethics and high ideals without attending church. Undoubtedly this is so in individual cases, but I doubt that it holds true when applied to our population as a whole.

If parents cease to be active in the church and their children are allowed to bypass the moral instruction that they should be getting in Sunday school, it becomes just that much harder to rear our young people in the ways of honesty and decency. The nation develops all sorts of problems such as gang warfare in some areas of the cities and pockets of vicious delinquency even among the so-called better families of the well-to-do suburbs. We begin to see trends toward carelessness in ethical standards. Cheating in examinations becomes so commonplace that a great many people apparently are not even disturbed. Parents try to shunt the teaching of morals and ideals to the schools, and that does not work. Our public schools, with all they have to do, cannot replace the church and the sincere teaching of decent human values in the home.

One of these values is the deep understanding that there is virtue in hard work, in doing a job well. I hear people complain frequently these days about shoddy workmanship in some of the things they buy and about slipshod practices in the service and repair industries. If these complaints are justified—and I am afraid that too often they are—it is a sad commentary indeed on our state of mind. We have always had a certain number of people, of course, who have no pride in their work, who take the easy way out. This is no new phenomenon. But if the failure becomes chronic—if we reach the point where most of us are interested primarily in the weekly paycheck and something called security—this will no longer be a vigorous nation.

I must confess that I am perplexed as to how you go about teaching children sound work habits these days. In the days of my youth—and I refer to myself only because my experience was somewhat typical of the times—virtually every kid in my home town of Abilene, Kansas, had jobs to do. There were always plenty of chores around the home, and on Saturdays and during summer vacations we earned money in outside jobs. If there were no jobs available, we made them. For example, I frequently raised sweet corn for the market.

Soon after high school—I didn't enter West Point until I was 21—I got a job in a refrigerating plant and worked up rather rapidly to be second engineer. I was so proud of my job that I almost burst my buttons. I was on duty from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M., seven nights a week, and I thought I had the best job in Abilene. Later, when I was about to graduate from West Point, there was some question as to whether I would receive my commission because of some rather serious injuries I had received in football and riding. Naturally I was concerned, but I was by no means frightened by the threat that I might be denied the occupation of an Army officer. I had learned long before how to work, and I knew that, come what may, I could earn my living.

Children need physical work

Yet, in our present urban civilization, so many of the home chores and so many of the jobs that once were open to youngsters have evaporated that parents are confronted with a hard, hard problem. True, schoolwork is more demanding than it used to be, and more homework is required; this is of some help in teaching habits of industry. Still, there is great value in a reasonable amount of physical work for children—accompanied by a reasonable degree of responsibility—and I think parents make a great mistake when they don't insist that their youngsters be responsible for some of the tasks that are still left to do around the home.

And while we are on the subject of physical things, I want to say a word about sports and good habits of play. When I hear of children—as I often do—who come in from school and, with at least tacit parental permission, plunk themselves down in front of the television for hours on end, instead of indulging in healthful outdoor play, I am, as the saying goes, fit to be tied. I think of the startling statistics on physical rejects in the drafts of World War II and the Korean conflict. I also think of the increasing mental troubles of the young and the middle-aged, many of which I am convinced stem partly from slothful physical habits—from our failure as a people to place enough emphasis on the cleansing therapy of vigorous physical recreation.

Our public schools could help more than they do on this problem—by trying harder to get all the youngsters into healthful sports, instead of concentrating so much of the effort on the handful of superior athletes who are good enough to make the team. Parents could do more to encourage the young fry to get into the Boy Scouts and other youth organizations which help build young bodies. And in the cities, where there is far too

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The general is "filled with admiration for the young." Here he chats with Gettysburg visitors.

little space and opportunity for outdoor play, we certainly should have more, many more, gymnasiums, basketball, tennis and handball courts, and all the rest—not only for the vital matter of physical development, but also to work off some of that excess energy which builds up in youth and can become dangerous if undirected.

In that nebulous better world of the future, I certainly would hope that every young man would develop at least a little skill in some interesting sport which he could carry with him through life. During my years in the White House, I am told, there were a good many gibes in the press about my habit of playing golf regularly. Actually, I didn't read these attacks very often, because I regarded them as trivial sniping and not worth my time or attention. I never took the trouble to defend myself, and I am not doing so now except in the context of what I am saying about the therapeutic value of sports.

Of one thing I am quite sure: My rounds of golf made the confining life of the presidency easier to bear and its problems easier to face and solve. Incidentally, it could be that some of the omniscient columnists never did find out that I tried every day in the late afternoon—weather and daylight permitting—to go out onto the White House grounds to pitch and putt and hit a few longer ones for an hour or so. It was a wonderful relaxation. It soothed the spirit and enabled me to be more congenial at dinner, and go back refreshed to my papers and reports of the evening.

It strikes me that any boy, any young man, who fails to learn the need for regular exercise is asking for trouble in later life. We have made profound medical advances in the past generation, but all the good doctors in the world, all the medical science at our command, cannot keep us healthy and clear of mind if we do not take care of ourselves. As Mother so often said, it is up to each one of us to play the cards.

College is not for everyone

Many millions of words have been written about our schools during the past decade, and there is no space in this brief article to dwell extensively on education, even if I were qualified to do so. On the whole, I think our public schools are doing a reasonably good job—an increasingly better job—and, with all the ferment now going on in the educational world, I am sure they will make still further progress in providing high-quality education. I am delighted to see that at last we are making a strenuous effort in some of our better schools to fit teaching and learning to the individual pupil—to give both the bright students and the slow ones the opportunity to progress at a speed commensurate with their own abilities. I hope the time will come when every public school will be able to take this important step.

There is one other observation I want to make on formal education. For a time in this country there was a great ground wave of opinion that every boy and girl was entitled to a college education. It was, I suppose, an extension of our democratic ideal that everyone should be educated. I believe profoundly that every young person should receive the maximum education and training commensurate with his ability; yet college for everyone is not an altogether realistic goal. We may as well face up to the fact that there are some boys and girls whose aptitudes do not qualify them for college.

The answer to this problem may be the establishment of many more two-year junior colleges at the local level—schools with two avenues of instruction. One avenue should lead to higher academic achievements; the other, through superior vocational training, to the skills so urgently needed these days. But in any event, even on the vocational side, the student should receive enough education in the requirements of good citizenship to enable him to distinguish between the specious and the sound in our way of life. The latter is most important.

Equally important is the need to arouse in our boys and girls an ambition to excel in whatever they do. The instinct to do well, I am convinced, exists in most young people, but sometimes it lies deep. It needs the prodding of parents and teachers to bring it out. Ambition is like the temper in steel: If there is too little, the steel is soft; if too much, the product is brittle. We have all seen cases where too much ambition has made a man ruthless and callous to the rights of his fellows. The stirrings of ambition in the young human animal must be directed with wisdom and balance.

But let us move on, briefly, to a few other matters. . . .

One of the improvements I would hope to see in that better world of the future lies in the area of communications—the press and television—which are also a form of education, unofficial but nonetheless important. They are important not only to this generation but to the youngsters whose thinking is profoundly influenced by radio, television and the printed word.

In many ways our public communications are excellent, far superior to those in many other countries. I never cease to be amazed at the speed and accuracy with which news is gathered and given to the people these days. The depth and perspective of many magazine articles is a tribute to the intelligence of the nation. I note a good many signs that television is beginning to become the great educational medium that it is someday bound to be.

And yet there is another side of the matter. As I prepare this article, the controversy over Dick Nixon's farewell speech to the press is still raging. Whether or not it was wise of Dick to lay down this bitter indictment of the press is a question which I shall not discuss here. But he did have a point. Throughout his public career, it seemed that a considerable segment of the press was on his back. I suppose it was an extension of the curious "I don't like Nixon" cult, which I never could really understand. In any event, it was obvious that many of the reporters did not like him, and frequently their bias showed through in their reporting of his activities and speeches.

Bias and the technique of the bitter personal attack are nothing new in the American press. We all know how the newspapers vilified Abraham Lincoln, but I suspect that most of us have forgotten that even George Washington was subjected to the same kind of defamation. During

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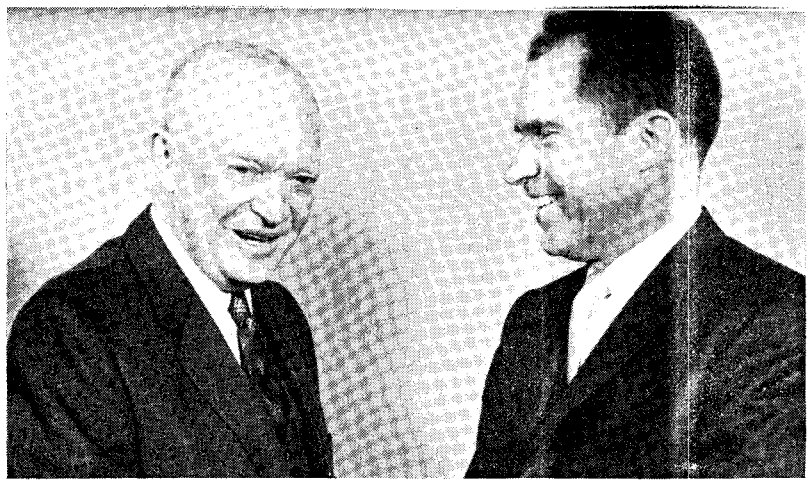

With Nixon: "I never could understand the 'I don't like Nixon' cult."

Reporters' "bias" hurt Dick Nixon

the latter years of his second term, newspapers spoke of him as a "tyrant," a "dictator" and an "impostor." A paper called the Philadelphia *Aurora* said, "If ever a nation has been debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by Washington."

Now, I believe implicitly in the freedom of the press, but I also believe in the responsibility of the press. The press and television are not just another business whose sole purpose is to make money; they are a public trust. If a thing needs attacking, then it should be attacked, and I honor our newspapers and magazines for the job they have done over and over in exposing evil. Moreover, every public man must expect criticism of his official acts and opinions. That is part of the democratic process.

What I am talking about, however, is not that kind of critical journalism. I am talking about bias in reporting and the arrogant sort of journalistic sharpshooting that occurs daily and weekly in all too many publications. This is the kind of character assassination before which a public man usually is defenseless, because libel action too often is quite futile. It could be that someday we shall have to enact stricter libel laws such as England has. I hope not. I hope rather that the communications industry of America will of itself come to show greater maturity.

I have a lot of good friends in the newspaper, magazine and television worlds, and I respect the principles and accomplishments of many of them. But there are others who confuse freedom of the press with license to be irresponsible. I think it would be well for the critics, both writers and commentators, to be thinking more about the effect of their words and tactics on their own children's development than about the size of the fees they get for their efforts.

Another situation which I trust will be improved in the years ahead is the climate of opinion in which our competitive-enterprise system operates—and will be operating when today's boys and girls are men and women playing their adult parts in American life. We have reached a point already where a great many people simply do not understand our American brand of economy and the profit motive which is its mainspring. I discussed this problem a few months ago in *The Post*, and I shall touch upon it here only lightly. In part, this situation, in which one economic class seems consciously pitted against another—a deplorable thing in a democracy—has come about through demagoguery. But the business community itself also is partly to blame. Through indifference and frustration and sometimes timidity, it has often failed to defend the very system which has made America strong and prosperous.

Business leaders have told me occasionally that they cannot participate in political activity because they have products to sell to all and they can ill afford to risk the displeasure of one large segment of their market. Frankly, I think this kind of withdrawal is both dangerous and needless; the American people are going to buy the best products they can get for the money regardless of the politics of the maker or distributor.

During the political campaign this past autumn, I was told of one manufacturing firm whose officers took a strong public position for a candidate of their choice. There was some talk of a labor-union boycott of the company's products, but the officials of the firm did not back down. There was no boycott, sales continued to increase, and the candidate in question, who is an idealistic and highly able man, was elected. Here was a fine lesson and a bright example for our youngsters.

We need more courage of this sort. Labor-union officials certainly do not hesitate to participate in politics—as is their right—and if we are ever to have a more equable climate of opinion in this country, the leaders of our private-enterprise economy will have to stand up and do battle for their principles. I look to the day when all economic classes will have a better understanding of the other fellow's problems—this works both ways—and we can get on with the harmonious building of a world which will be happier for all of us.

In the area of government itself, there are various things which need to be done to make our democratic system work better. Discussion of these may one day appear in another article; I can give here only brief mention to a few matters which have been much on my mind.

A limit on terms in Congress

I have been wondering, for example, whether possibly we should limit United States Senators to two six-year terms, and whether members of the House should be elected for four years instead of two and permitted only three of these longer terms. In the early years of the republic, there was a strong tendency for men to come into public life for relatively brief periods and then return to their regular occupations. We had fewer people who made a lifetime profession of office-holding, and as a result we had more frequent infusions of new blood and fresh viewpoints.

If we should now limit, by amendment to the Constitution, the tenure of members of Congress, we would no longer have the unhappy spectacle of elderly Senators and Congressmen perpetuating themselves in powerful official positions, handling legislative matters of the utmost importance to the entire nation. They have been able to do this simply because they represent "safe" districts that habitually return them to Congress—where, by reason of mere longevity, they become chairmen of legislative committees. Admittedly, such a change could scarcely be applied to any members now in Congress, but for all new entrants in the future such a reform could have some advantages. One big effect should be to encourage more Congressmen to vote their own convictions rather than to use their votes, principally, as a crutch to help them to reelection.

After all, we have already limited the presidency to two terms, and it strikes me that what is good for the President might very well be good for Congress.

There are other governmental matters which urgently demand our thoughtful attention. We need a complete overhaul of our tax structure to restore incentive. We need better executive salaries in government to enable it to compete on a more realistic footing with private employers for the top talent that is so badly needed in Washington. We must push on, reasonably but steadily, toward the goal of full civil rights, so that this will be a better world for *all* the children, whatever the color of their skin. And one of these days, surely, we must learn to operate our welfare programs strictly on the basis of need. I believe in compassionate government, but I do not believe in making handouts from the public purse so easy that we develop in this country a permanent class of mendicants who don't want to work. We must tell our children that relief should not become a way of life.

Finally, the better world I envision for future generations would be the kind of world in which people can lead what we call normal lives. For a whole generation, between 1930 and the early 1950's, we plodded through one cataclysmic period after another—deep depression, world war, serious inflation and economic strife, and more war. I understand that some of the political critics now charge the government which existed from early 1953 through 1960 with the high crime of producing tranquillity in America. I happen to be proud of the relative tranquillity of those years, and I think this country could use some more of the same. There is, after all, something to be said for stability with its greater opportunity for real progress.

Now and then I hear young people complain that there is no point in trying to make anything of their own lives, because one of these days the world is going to be blown up, anyway. Well, in the first place, I do not believe the world is going to be destroyed by nuclear explosion, although any sane person must recognize that the possibility exists. Secondly, the surest way to "blow up" our nation is by indolence and lack of principle. This is the danger from within—perhaps greater than the danger from without—but I firmly believe we shall survive it, too, and go on to even finer things as a free and self-dependent people. **THE END**

Ike (with pet Weimaraner) on leisure: "Golf made presidential problems easier to face." ▶

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Perils of Pauline

America's highest-paid female TV commentator, Pauline Frederick, fights skeptical bosses, prettier rivals and video's glamour code.

by GAY TALESE

In an elegant apartment on Manhattan's Sutton Place recently the guests were about to drain their drinks and go into the dining room when their hostess, Pauline Frederick, was called to the telephone. It was the NBC news desk with word that the cold war had suddenly heated. A quick sumup of United Nations reaction was needed. Miss Frederick dialed some of the news sources she has cultivated during her 10 years as the National Broadcasting Company's UN correspondent. Moments later she was analyzing the world situation in a broadcast from her telephone to the NBC radio network. Her voice carried not a hint that a half dozen people were waiting for her dinner.

Miss Frederick's ability to get the story no matter how pressing the deadline, nor how hungry the guests, is one reason why she is America's highest-paid, best-known female commentator on television or radio. Perhaps it also explains why she has never married.

"Oh, I would like to be married," she said recently at her UN office overlooking the East River. "I would *love* to be married!" Her emphasis increased. "I would gladly give up my career to be happily married!" Most of her friends doubt all this. They contend that Pauline is irrevocably and completely committed to the full-time task of chasing the news, and that no man in his right mind would ever condone her 16-hour-a-day schedule or her habit of hopping on the next plane—whether it be bound for Moscow, Martinique, or Mexico—if there's the slightest chance of getting a story.

Such dedication, of course, has earned her a fine reportorial reputation. One of her fans, poet Carl Sandburg, applauds her "rare mind and spirit," and Paul Hoffman, the former Marshall Plan administrator, calls her "the Voice of the United Nations." Adlai Stevenson has toasted her as "my youngest old friend at the United Nations," and fellow NBC newscaster Chet Huntley hails her as "our dependable right arm in sorting out the legalities, the propaganda, the nationalistic sensitivities and the international nuances which frequent the UN."

Beneath all her success and her drive, however, are several complexities. She has a deep sense of inferiority and a conviction she does not appeal very much to the opposite sex. She developed this low opinion of her looks during her girlhood days in Harrisburg, Pa., where she was plagued by allergies and by buck teeth. Moreover, she was skinny, shy, and taller than most boys.

"I was," she recalls with unconcealed horror, "an ugly duckling."

The image of what she used to be, or what she *thought* she used to be, seemingly still haunts her, making her at times both resentful of, and rebellious against, the glamour laws that must be obeyed by ladies on TV. She resents, for instance, the demand by her bosses that she wear contact lenses instead of glasses on-screen because the former supposedly give her a more youthful appearance. She wears the lenses, but her eyes are highly sensitive and she often suffers great pain as a result.

"You can't look like an old crow on television," she says with a trace of irritation, as if she'd very much like to look like an old crow to spite her NBC bosses.

She resents that she must sometimes rise at five A.M. for the *Today* show—an hour before her male colleagues—so that the make-up department will have the necessary time to darken her eyelashes, coat her skin with tawny coloring and fluff up her hair because, she says, "on television I seem flat-headed."

The troubles of a TV lady

She resents, in short, that it is not enough for a lady television commentator to be an astute reporter, or even a brilliant one; she must also seem wholesome to the home audience, should have sex appeal, and must never, *never* seem the far side of forty. (For this latter reason, she refuses to reveal her age.)

Yet a male commentator, she feels, can look like Bela Lugosi on television and can get away with it if he is brilliant at his job. "When a man stands up to speak," she says, "people listen, then look. When a woman gets up, people *look;* then, if they like what they see, they listen."

Perhaps at the root of her rebellion against television's emphasis on glamour is a belief that it puts her at a great disadvantage when she is compared with other female TV reporters. Actually it does just the opposite. Miss Frederick's obvious reserve on camera, a holdover from her girlhood shyness, and her resistance to the employment of female charm while commenting on world events, are what distinguishes her from other lady reporters, who often seem no more profound than the Weather Girl. Nonetheless, Miss Frederick has never taken cognizance of the fact that, unlike most of her species, she is comelier as a woman than she was as a girl. She sees herself only as she *was*, not as she is.

Miss Frederick actually *is* a quite handsome woman. She is five feet nine inches and very erect; she has graying blond hair, a curvesome figure (always concealed in conservative clothing), and an air of equanimity. She could pass as the headmistress of a school for girls.

$60,000 and free cab rides

Her combined income from NBC and various after-dinner speeches totals about $60,000 a year. And her reporting during the recent Cuban crisis, as well as during the rash of Congo crises, has impressed so many people that she has received many professional awards, several marriage proposals, and even occasional free rides from admiring New York cab drivers who have recognized her. Guides at the United Nations report that visitors, eager to see Miss Frederick in person, often inquire if she is part of the official tour (she isn't), and other Frederick fans have so closely identified her with the UN that, after Dag Hammarskjöld was killed in the African air crash, they sent *her* sympathy cards. Further evidence of her popularity was revealed not long ago when Gallup pollsters, after asking which of the world's women were most admired, announced that Miss Frederick placed in the top ten, along with Jacqueline Kennedy, Queen Elizabeth II, Senator Margaret Chase Smith, and the late Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Her professional sureness is backed by years of experience with newspapers, magazines and networks, for which she covered such events as the Nuremberg trials, the Suez crisis, political conventions, and conferences of foreign ministers in this country and abroad. During one such conference she strode unabashedly up to the parked

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Pauline riffles through mail in NBC office. She resents her bosses' demands that she wear contact lenses and submit to prebroadcast treatments by the network make-up department.

car of Russia's former Foreign Minister Molotov, rapped on his window, and thrust a microphone in front of him.

"I could have been shot," she recalls, half shocked, half shrugging. "But instead, after I asked, 'How was your trip to America, Mr. Molotov?' he answered through his interpreter that the trip was fine and he greeted the American people. Then the crowd of newsmen behind me began to push *me* into the car, and the car began to move. I snatched my arm out of the window just before it snapped shut."

At the first UN news conference granted by the UN's acting Secretary-General, U Thant, Miss Frederick's persistent questioning on the African issue led to his calling the Katanga leader, Moise Tshombe, "a very unstable man." A sudden hush came over the other correspondents, unaccustomed as they were to such frankness from Secretaries-General. The U Thant remark made a top world headline that day.

On Dag Hammarskjöld's trail

A few years ago, when the late Mr. Hammarskjöld was flying out of New York to negotiate disputes in Hungary and the Suez, Miss Frederick bought the last ticket on the same plane. She trailed him everywhere he went—Paris, Naples, Cairo, back to Paris. When she finally was able to get him to talk to her, he agreed only on condition that she attribute none of the interview to him. Had the disappointed Miss Frederick not respected Hammarskjöld so much, and realized how delicate his assignment was, she might have broken her silence. NBC, expecting her to tape a dramatic statement by Hammarskjöld, was disappointed. "I don't think some of them have ever forgiven me for not getting that scoop," she says.

When, late last summer, U Thant flew to Moscow for conferences with Nikita Khrushchev, Pauline's request to follow the acting Secretary-General was turned down by NBC's news directors. Unable to resist the gamble that a big story might come out of the trip, and unmindful of her sad experience during the Hammarskjöld trip, Miss Frederick followed Thant to Russia anyway. There was no *big* scoop, but she did pick

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"Though she has achieved what few other women have in journalism, she is not fulfilled and there has been much sadness in her life."

PERILS OF PAULINE

up enough information from Russian sources to report over NBC that Premier Khrushchev was desirous of a conference with President Kennedy when—or if—the Berlin situation simmered down. The White House followed up her report with a tentative acceptance of such a meeting, only to rule it out temporarily months later as a result of the Cuban crisis.

Pauline Frederick, in other words, cannot slow down. She must pursue even the remote chance that she'll get the story; if she fails, she still has the satisfaction of knowing that she tried. "I feel like I'm watching a ten-ring circus," she says. "So many things are going on in all the political arenas, and I find them irresistible."

On almost any afternoon she can be seen heel-clacking through the UN's corridors, notebook in hand, en route to interview a delegate or in the UN delegates' lounge, sipping Scotch, smoking a cigarette and casually chatting with a maharaja, a chieftain, a prince. Later in the afternoon she may be seen leaning out of her small NBC booth that overlooks the General Assembly, coolly listening while a delegate, arms flailing, blasts forth with a vitriolic speech. Seconds later, having jotted down the gist of the debate, Pauline swings around in her chair and faces a television camera. Her director begins the countdown (". . . *eight* seconds . . . *seven* seconds . . . *six* seconds . . .") and then, over the air, she summarizes the significance of the debate, what the diplomats were saying between the lines, and the speeches' effect on world politics. Sometimes her remarks have a prophetic quality that can be chilling. As Mr. Hammarskjöld was flying to the Congo trying to gain a peaceful settlement two Septembers ago, Miss Frederick was telling her audience, "Even though there will be no victory, this peacemaker will be sacrificed." The next day he was found dead in an air crash.

Ed Murrow turned her down

Before Miss Frederick could distinguish herself as a commentator, she had to overcome the traditional prejudice of male radio executives toward lady reporters. For example, after she had been graduated from The American University and worked for the Washington *Star* and United States News, Murrow turned her down in 1946 at CBS. In a staff memo, Murrow said:

"I have listened to the records submitted by Pauline Frederick. She reads well and her voice is pleasing, but I would not call her material or manner particularly distinguished. We have a long list of women applicants and, as you know, little opportunity to use them. I am afraid that Miss Frederick's name cannot be put very near the top of the list. E.R.M."

Had Pauline Frederick not been so used to disappointment, she might have turned heel at this point and returned to the Pennsylvania coal region where she was born into a postmaster's family, the second of three children. But she knew that there, as in other smaller cities, she would be forever confined to covering "women's news"—fashion shows, cooking advice, social notes. "I wanted to be a reporter," she says, "not just a woman's reporter."

Part of the resentment felt by men in the communications industry toward lady broadcasters may have been influenced by their sour recollections of the late Dorothy Thompson, who, during her heyday, fanned a "nagging Mother" image over the air waves.

"Dorothy was the scolding type, and I had a feeling a lot of people resented her," said Gerald Dickler, Miss Frederick's lawyer and manager. "Once, after Miss Thompson had gotten married for a second or third time, a friend of mine asked after the wedding, 'How did you like it?' and someone answered, 'I thought it was fine, but when the preacher asked Dorothy, 'Do you take this man?' I thought she'd answer, 'I do, *and now let me tell you why!*'

"Pauline," Dickler continued, "has none of these Thompson qualities, but it took some time to overcome the image of women on radio that Dorothy Thompson created."

How the big break arrived

Pauline Frederick's big break came in 1948 when she was hired by the news staff of ABC. She had been a stringer there for a couple of years. One day, with most of the ABC big guns in Washington, the network found it had two late-breaking New York stories. One was a truckers' strike, the other a foreign ministers' conference. The network figured it unwise to assign a woman to the truckers' strike, where violence was possible. So Pauline was sent to cover the conference, which she did lucidly and accurately. With her confidence charged as never before, she was on her way. In 1953 NBC hired her away from ABC and in 1956 she was part of the NBC team covering the political conventions. Most executives felt she did well. Still, a few NBC officials felt she did not ad-lib skillfully enough, and they were sufficiently powerful to have her bumped off the list of NBC staffers scheduled to cover the 1960 presidential conventions.

"No one actually ever told *me* what I did wrong at the 1956 conventions," she says, "but since I haven't done any political work since then, I naturally assumed I had fallen on my face. Once I got up the nerve to ask a lesser NBC executive—an executive who shall be nameless—about it, and I reminded him that after the '56 conventions I had gotten a telegram from Mr. Robert Sarnoff, then head of the network, saying I was one of those who had helped NBC do a fine job. But then this executive said, 'Oh, everybody got a telegram like that!'"

Miss Frederick was very depressed at this point. It seemed that her career was in a tailspin, and that her conservative brand of reporting might quickly go out of style.

Other women—prettier ones—were gaining great attention on rival networks. CBS had a stunning new correspondent, Nancy Hanschman, close friend of Vice President Lyndon Johnson; ABC had Lisa Howard, a former actress whom Nikita Khrushchev found so appealing during his last visit to the United Nations that he gave her more than one hour for an exclusive interview. NBC also had talented and attractive female television commentators waiting in the wings. Miss Frederick's jaw visibly dropped when a charming brunette appeared at the United Nations, announced she'd been assigned by NBC to "help" Pauline Frederick, and persisted in saying, in a most sincere way, "Oh, Pauline, you're working so-o-o-o hard. Why don't you take a *vacation?*"

Pauline's own feeling of frustration, and of possible failure, reached its peak once the 1960 conventions began. "I was practically the only regular at NBC who was left at home in New York," she recalls. "But then, on the night John Kennedy was nominated, the Congo crisis boiled over. I was on television from the UN regularly between 8:30 P.M. and 3:30 A.M.—that was the night Hammarskjöld called an emergency session of the Security Council to ask for authority to send military help to the Congo." Her fine reporting during those hectic days vindicated Miss Frederick with the network. NBC later reassigned the "helper" to another bureau.

While Pauline Frederick has achieved what few other American women have in journalism, she is not—as she would be the first to admit—entirely fulfilled, and there has been much sadness. Of the two men she has loved, one died years ago in a plane crash; the other died more recently of a heart attack. There was another man earlier in her life, she recalls, but when she revealed that she could not have children, he suddenly lost interest in her. A number of years later she received a call at the UN saying he was in the lobby, and would she like to lunch with him and meet his wife and son? Miss Frederick coldly clicked down the receiver.

"A restlessness about her"

So her life is her work and her work is inspired by her conviction that today the UN peace tables offer the only solution to a civilization that would otherwise blow itself up.

And when the UN is not in session, there seems to be a restlessness about her. At these times, delegates and staff personnel stay home. The glass slab of the UN is nearly deserted. Miss Frederick is officially on vacation on such days. Yet she generally goes to her third-floor office; she sits quietly at her desk answering her mail, rearranging her papers, and planning the work schedule she will follow once the UN activity resumes. Some people might think this depressing, but Miss Frederick does not seem at all depressed. Perhaps the reason is obvious. The United Nations is her home. **THE END**

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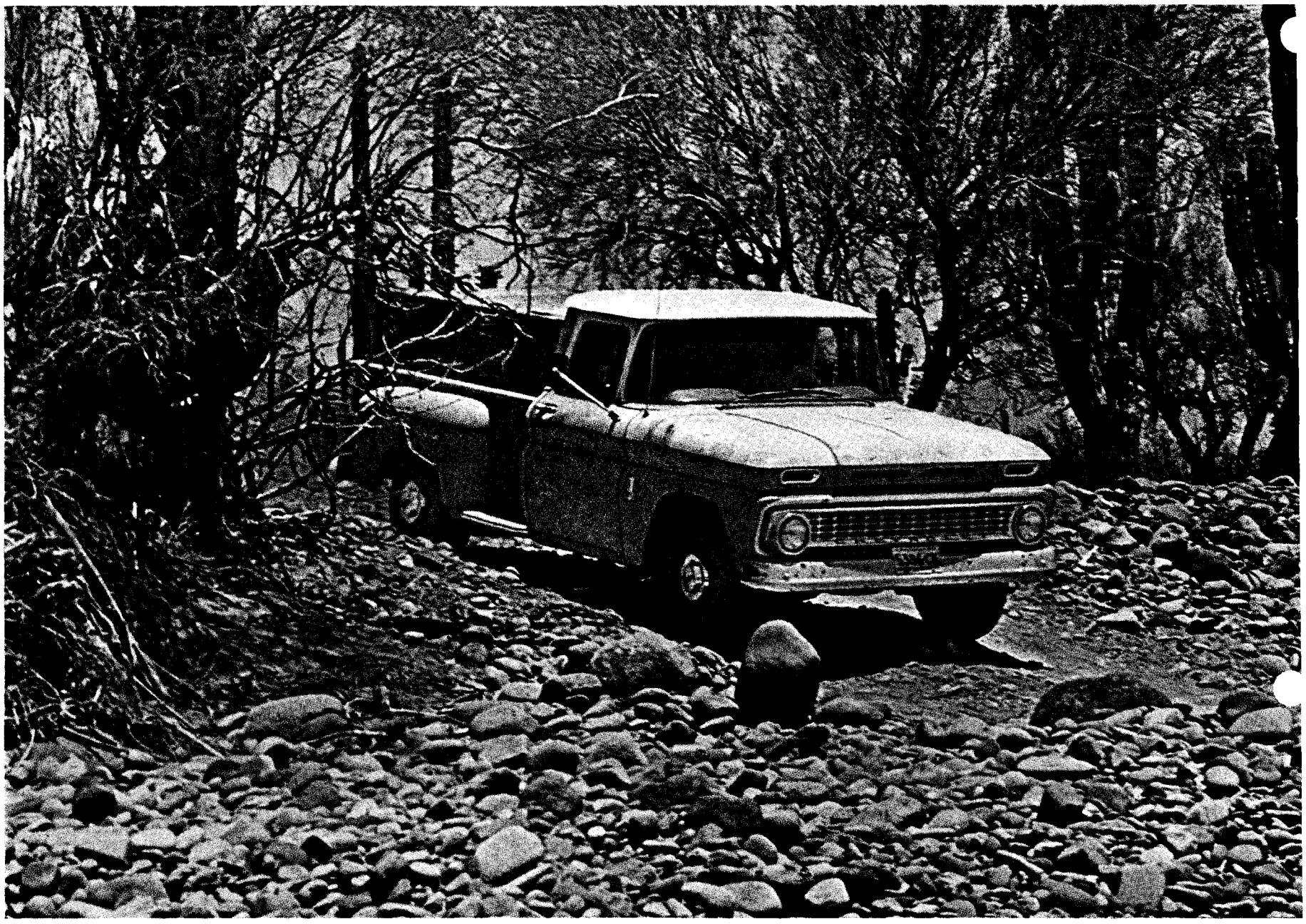

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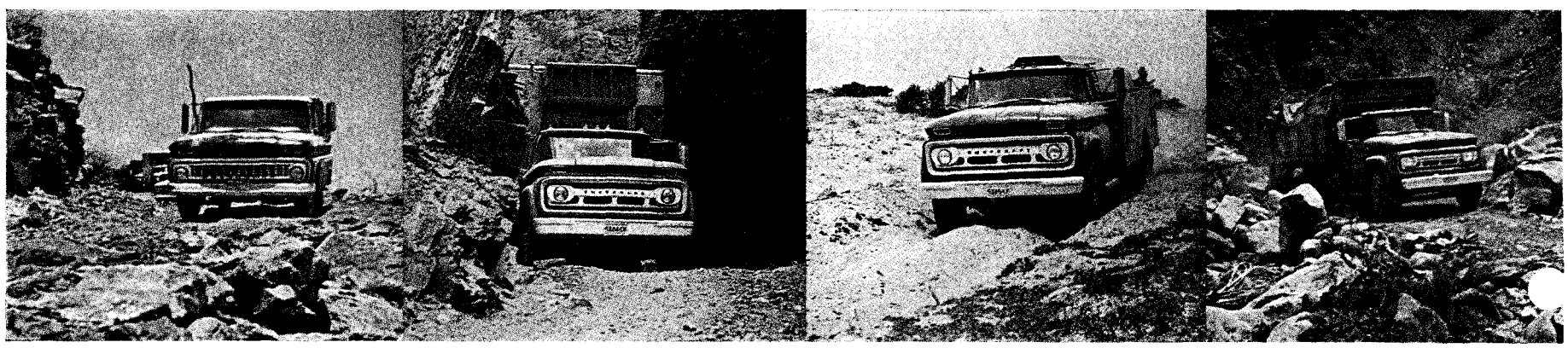

CHIEF ENGINE & CHASSIS ADVANCEMENTS FOR '63

NEW HIGH TORQUE *230-cu.-in. and 292-cu.-in. 6-cylinder engines are more efficient and powerful than their predecessors, weighing less but able to pull more.* **ALL CONVENTIONAL** *light-duty models now have independent front suspension with new coil springs* ***fighting road shock*** *for the benefit of truck, load and driver, but requiring no adjusting.* **REAR SUSPENSION** *on ½- and ¾-ton models is* ***variable-rate coil*** *which stiffens as the load increases and vice versa. Auxiliary rear springs are available for extreme service in Series C10 and C20 at extra cost.* **ALL MODELS NOW HAVE LADDER-TYPE FRAMES,** *fabricated of extra-*

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are called the "New Reliables"

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high-strength steel. Parallel channel side rails simplify special body installation. **SOLID FRONT AXLE AND VARIABLE-RATE SPRINGS** *all around are now standard on all medium- and heavy-duty models. You get more spring action when empty or loaded light for a better ride; stiff spring action when loaded heavy for greater stability. Across the fenders, width is* **UP TO 7 INCHES NARROWER** *on conventional medium- and heavy-duty units. You can* ***see better, maneuver easier*** *in tight quarters.*

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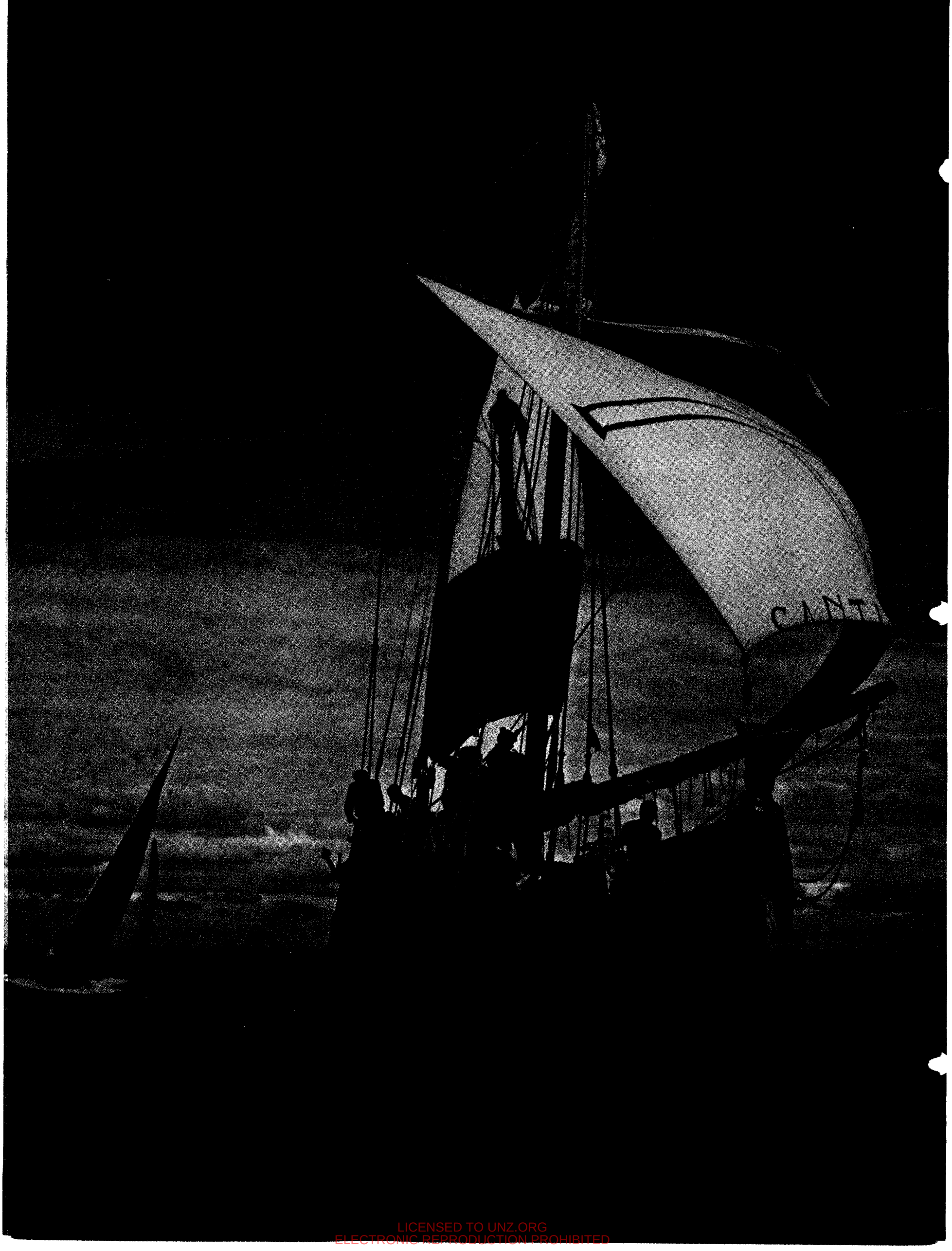

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"We sailed The Columbus Ship"

The incredible story of how nine men in a forty-two-foot boat braved wind and wave to re-create the first conquest of the Atlantic.

By ROBERT MARX, as told to William R. Shelton

It has been almost five centuries since Christopher Columbus set forth into the great unknown to discover a new world. The trip from the Canaries that took Columbus 36 days takes less than a week on a modern luxury liner, less than half a day on a jet. But despite all the centuries of change, which have turned oceans into lakes and discovery into commonplace, man still feels Adam's need to know the unknown, to reach into the boundless mysteries that lie beyond himself. Even in the space age, however, this need drives men not only to explore the new but to rediscover the half-forgotten past. And so it was that nine men set out last summer on one of the strangest adventures of modern times. They were determined to conquer the Atlantic just as Columbus had first conquered it almost five centuries before.

The ship they sailed in was scarcely bigger than a suburban businessman's weekend yacht. This 42-foot replica of Columbus's *Niña* (pronounced "Neen-yah") had no motor, no radio, no modern lifesaving equipment, no provisions except roughly the same as Columbus had carried. And its inexperienced crew soon ran into storms and hardships that might have made Columbus himself turn back. By the end of the 36th day, when the explorer had first sighted flickering lights at San Salvador in the Bahamas, the voyage of *Niña II* seemed to have ended in disaster. There were new bonfires lit in San Salvador, but *Niña II* was nowhere in sight.

On November 24, U.S. and British military planes began a search of the entire area. For six days they searched in vain. Then on the 30th a U.S. Navy P2V Neptune picked up a tiny radar blip 780 miles east of Puerto Rico. A few minutes later the pilot, Commander Vernon F. Anderson, sighted the tattered mainsail of what looked like a relic from another age. "It was like suddenly flying into the 15th century," says Anderson. He air-dropped a radio and some fresh supplies.

Three days later a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial and photographic team flew over *Niña II* in a Navy hurricane-hunter plane from Puerto Rico. Though virtually becalmed, the frail-looking craft had a genuine grandeur as she rose and fell on the gentle swells, her sails reaching out for every breath of wind. Over the air-dropped radio *Niña*'s only American crewman, Robert Marx, reported that the new explorers were determined to reach San Salvador "at all costs."

The same *Post* team returned to the scene 11 days later aboard a motor vessel and boarded *Niña II* to get Bob Marx's own story of the voyage. Marx, a 29-year-old native of Pittsburgh who was the vessel's pilot-navigator, is no stranger to adventure or to *The Post*. While a U.S. Marine at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, he spent his spare time diving in the treacherous waters off Cape Hatteras until he located the long-lost hulk of the Civil War craft *Monitor*. Later, as an accomplished underwater archaeologist, he spent years on Cozumel Island off Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula, recovering thousands of antiquities from one of the most important Spanish wrecks ever discovered (*The Saturday Evening Post*, August 27, 1960).

But all this was only a prelude to his epic adventure aboard *Niña II*. As an exact physical re-creation of Columbus's voyage of discovery it was a failure. But Marx and his eight comrades re-created something more important: the courage and determination that enabled Columbus to reach a new continent. THE EDITORS.

What was it like to sail across the Atlantic in one of Columbus's tiny ships? I don't know. But I do know that a similar expedition today is like this:

It's the sight of a black sky at noon and the sound of the wind rising and the knowledge that only a thin sheath of leaky wooden beams keeps you afloat over the surface of death. It's the sickening feeling as *Niña* suddenly heels over more than 60 degrees, a wall of water gushes over the side, and you fight to cut down the sails before the gale snaps the mainmast like a match.

It's the taste of brackish water, in smaller and smaller rations until there's no water at all, the taste of food that gets so rotten that you finally eat it in the dark so you don't have to look at it. It's the taste of freshly caught shark—harpooned, roped and writhing, and then battered to death on the deck—when you know that scores of other sharks are on the other side of those leaky beams, waiting for you.

It's not all a nightmare, of course. It's also the clean joy of a ship surging forward under sail, and the sound of your crewmates singing, and the sense that you're close to a kind of truth you can't find on land.

In my own case, I'd been ashore in Spain for a number of months, and I was getting restless for adventure. Not just any adventure. It was the adventures of the Spanish explorers that had long fascinated me. I'd read about them and I wanted to know more about what those voyages were really like.

I had gone to Spain in hopes of building a replica of a Spanish galleon and sailing it to the New World. Word about the project must have spread, for I got a telephone call one day from a young naval lieutenant, Carlos Etayo Elizondo. He had taken a leave of absence to sail across the Atlantic in his own replica of *Niña* and asked whether I'd be interested in joining him. By the time that telephone call ended I had abandoned my own project.

When I first met Carlos in late June he was dressed in a slightly soiled white Navy uniform and appeared to have a rather casual air, but his dark eyes blazed with a contagious obsession to sail *Niña II* to America. Since 1957, the 41-year-old Carlos told me, he had devoted himself almost exclusively to the reconstruction of *Niña*. After he received a modest inheritance he selected a shipyard in Pasajes, the seaport of San Sebastián, and the work began. The keel of *Niña II* was laid in January of 1962. The 42-foot ship was built of oak and pine from the Pyrenees, just as Columbus's ships were, and held together with wooden pegs and wrought-iron spikes, all driven in by hand. Carlos invested every cent he had to make her authentic—more than $20,000. On June 5 the workmen had ceremoniously launched the bare hull, and now they were building her masts and poop cabin.

"Your galleon is still in your head," Carlos said to me, "but my caravel is in the water. You are welcome to join forces with me." He offered me the job of pilot-navigator, and I accepted without hesitation. I even went a step further.

"Why not go exactly the way Columbus did," I asked Carlos, "eat the same chow, wear the same clothing, use the same arms and navigate by the same methods?"

He said he had considered this but didn't believe it possible. He thought no seaman would sign on with us under such handicaps. We argued about it all night, and he finally agreed to give it a try. My first job was to assemble costumes, cannon, swords and other authentic 15th-century gear for our voyage.

Before setting sail, however, I had another assignment, unlike anything that Columbus's lieutenants faced. Carlos had a suspicion that Americans weren't very brave, and he wanted to be sure of me. He wanted me to participate in the famous festival of the running of the bulls at

Leaving Palos, Spain, Niña II *sets out on her ambitious voyage to the New World.*

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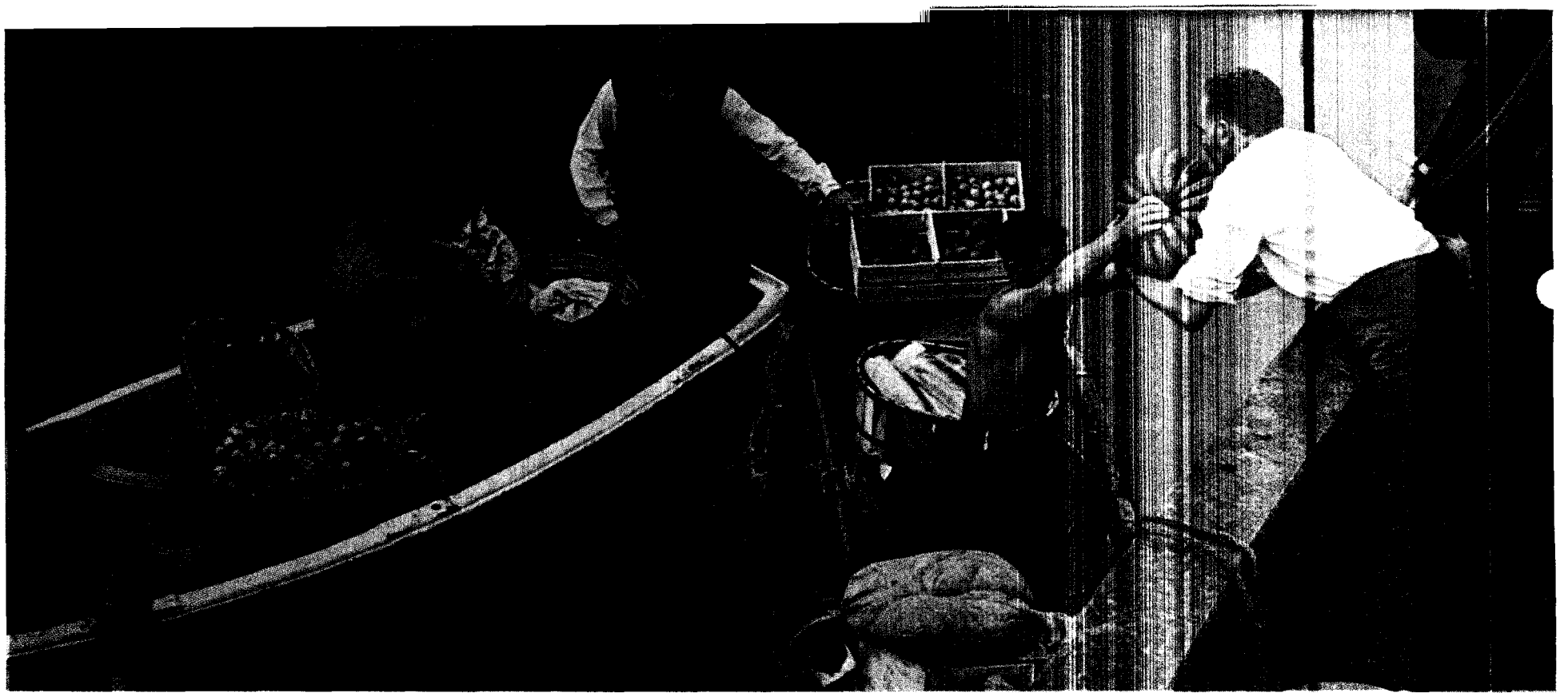

Loading only the same types of food carried by Columbus, the crew provisions Niña II *in the Canary Islands. Even the greenest fruits and vegetables turned rotten within a week.*

Pamplona. All I had to do was to get out in front of the bulls in the sealed-off streets and race them to the ring. Without quite knowing what I was in for, I agreed. When the starting gun sounded and hundreds of youths began a stampede toward the ring, Carlos just stood still, and I had to stand with him. Carlos had participated in nearly every run since he was a child, and as the bulls approached he stood there as though he were calmly greeting friends. My heart nearly stopped as the bulls thundered closer. Finally, as the bulls roared down on us, Carlos yelled "Now!" and we took off. I leaped for a window grille. It collapsed in my hands, and I fell back against the hindquarters of one bull. Then there were six more real daddies charging down on me. I ran at Olympic speed for about a mile until I finally scrambled over an eight-foot gate with the six bulls snorting at my heels. Carlos solemnly told me that he thought I had passed the test.

So I was good enough for *Niña*. And when I finally got my first glimpse of her in Pasajes, she looked to me like the eighth wonder of the world. Though far from complete, she had a dignity about her that made her just beautiful.

One of the final tasks of preparation was to find the right crew. What we most needed were authentic seamen, not adventurers. We were swamped with applications, even from females. One of the first authentic types we signed up was José Valencia Salsamendi, a swarthy, sturdy man of 38 who came from a long line of seafarers. After spending years as a commercial fisherman all over the world he had finally given up the sea in order to spend more time with his wife, but the lure of *Niña II* had been too great. Another authentic type was Nicolás Bedoya Castillo, a white-haired man of 69 with a face like cordovan leather. He suffered from rheumatism, but he had the wisdom of a lifetime at sea in the Spanish navy.

Some of the others were not quite so authentic, but they were equally eager to join. There was Antonio Aguirre Oronoz. He was 42, a harmonica player, a fisherman, a cook, a former professional boxer, strong as an ox. Then there were two carpenters who had helped build *Niña*. Neither of them had ever been to sea before.

Finally, on July 28, under the eyes of a curious crowd, we cast our moorings and set out into the sheltered bay to try our hands at the oars. It was a great beginning. Our oars were so short that they barely reached the water. None of us was used to rowing or keeping a beat. Our oars banged against each other like swords in battle. And the incoming currents kept pushing us against the mudbanks. After a few hours our hands were raw and blistered, and we had barely moved *Niña* 300 yards. As we struggled back to the dock the spectators laughed and jeered at us. "And in this crate which we can't get out of port," José said to me, "we are going to try to cross the Atlantic?"

Troubles holding a course

Crazy as it seemed, that was just what we were going to do. Three days later with favorable winds, we hoisted our lateen sail and prepared to try our beautiful ship against the fierce Atlantic. It was almost a disaster. In defiance of every law of sailing as we knew it, our *Niña* couldn't go 20 feet in a straight line. As we headed her out to sea, she insisted on drifting toward an ominous row of lava rocks. "To the oars!" cried Carlos. And with our oars, which barely skimmed the water, we had to row at double time for more than an hour before we brought her back to safety.

Both of our trusty carpenters were seasick, and one of them got so frantic that he fell into the hold and broke three ribs.

Did Columbus have problems like this? Perhaps. We retreated to port in nearby Guetaria to decide what should be done. The mizzenmast had to be reset and the rudder rebuilt bigger. And we needed two new crewmen to replace our two seasick carpenters, who just faded away once they got ashore. On August 12 we held our second sea trials. The extensive alterations had performed a miracle. *Niña II* held a reasonable course with both the square mainsail and lateen rig. We were the proudest men in Spain that night.

There were a few other last-minute preparations, such as getting more crewmen. At Guetaria we signed aboard a handsome Frenchman, Michel Vialars, a 29-year-old former army officer who was, fortunately for us, a trained veterinarian. Carlos also signed a priest, the Reverend Antonio Sagaseta, 46, of Pamplona. Columbus had no priest aboard, but our *padre* had been an artillery officer and an engineer. The priest, in turn, brought aboard an ancient cat, which I named Chirche. Chirche, perhaps wisely, developed an immediate antipathy to *Niña*. She leaped into the water and swam ashore. Some kids tossed her back to us. For nearly an hour Chirche struggled to reach dry land, even crossing on the lines, but the kids kept tossing her back. Finally she gave up in exhaustion and settled mournfully down on deck.

Our final preparations concerned food. We were determined to leave Guetaria with exactly the same provisions that Columbus had carried: biscuit, flour, lard, water, wine, vinegar, brandy, olive oil, almonds, raisins, cheese, sugar, salt, chick-peas, rice, garlic, onions, beans and sardines. Quite a menu. All the crewmen except Carlos and me were heavy smokers, but when we tried to talk the crew into doing without tobacco, on the grounds that tobacco was unknown in Columbus's time, we learned that this was too much to ask. We compromised by asking them to light their smokes with the ancient flints I had obtained in Madrid. I know it sounds crazy, but it was that kind of trip.

On August 23 a strong and favorable northwest wind, predicted to last 10 days, began off Spain's western coast. Since our official voyage began out of Palos, where Columbus had departed from Spain's southern coast, we consented to a two-day tow on the 24th to take us to the favorable winds. We estimated making the 950-mile leg to Palos in six days. That first night in heavy seas was a nightmare. Our caravel wandered behind our towboat like a crazed whale. Often we got so far sideways that we nearly capsized. Leathery old Bedoya exclaimed several times that all was lost. Our tiny lantern on the mast kept going out, and once at three A.M. we came within a few feet of being run down by a freighter. The tiller pulled and tugged at us with such massive force that we were all soon covered

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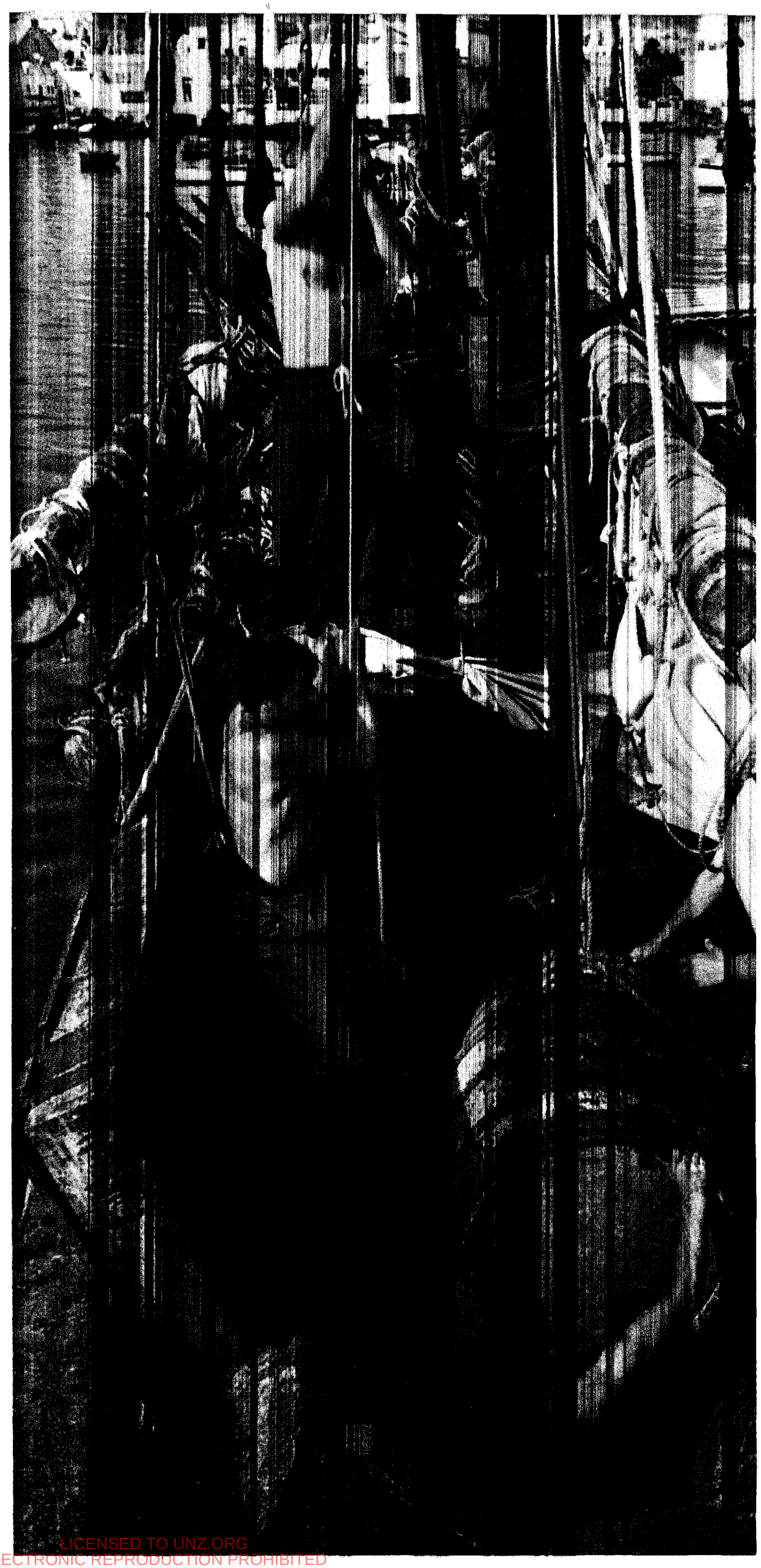
Oaken water casks are lowered to the hold.



"We even ate what Columbus's crew ate."

with bumps and bruises. One minute at the helm was like five minutes on a bucking bronc. After three days' struggle with *Niña* I had slept less than three hours and Carlos even less. None of us had time for a hot meal.

By then we were supposed to reach the favorable winds. We dropped our tow and were on our own. But the wind unaccountably died on us, and we wallowed in lifeless seas. After six days we felt as if we had lived at sea for months. Our water, stored in uncleaned old wine kegs, was almost completely spoiled; our bread looked as though it had turned to penicillin; we were covered with cat fleas; our cabin was damp and filthy.

On September 11 we finally reached Palos—tossed, buffeted, frightened, undernourished—and we hadn't even started. But we were following in Columbus's course, and Columbus had spent many weeks here as guest of the Franciscan friars at La Rábida Monastery. Could we do less? It seemed only reasonable that we should have dinner at the monastery, lunch with the governor and parties and celebrations without end. We met many descendants of the men who had sailed with Columbus, and they regarded us as national heroes. We got our water from the same well that Columbus had used, heard Mass in the same church and received our food largely from the descendants of Columbus's crew. We also picked up two new seamen. One was Manuel Darnaude Rojas-Marcos, whom we called Manolo, a 33-year-old soccer and spear-fishing buff. The other was José Robles, a comical man of 39 whom we called Pepe ("Joe"), since we already had another José aboard. He joined us with only the clothes on his back and not a cent in his pocket. We lost another passenger—Chirche, who had finally made her way back to dry land.

At sunrise on the 19th of September we started down the Río Tinto, passing La Rábida Monastery where the friars sang Gregorian chants. As we crossed the bar of the river, escorted by scores of yachts and fishing boats, buzzed by Spanish air-force planes, we knew we had finally begun our task of re-creating history. Our next stop—Columbus's next stop—was the Canary Islands, 1,000 miles away.

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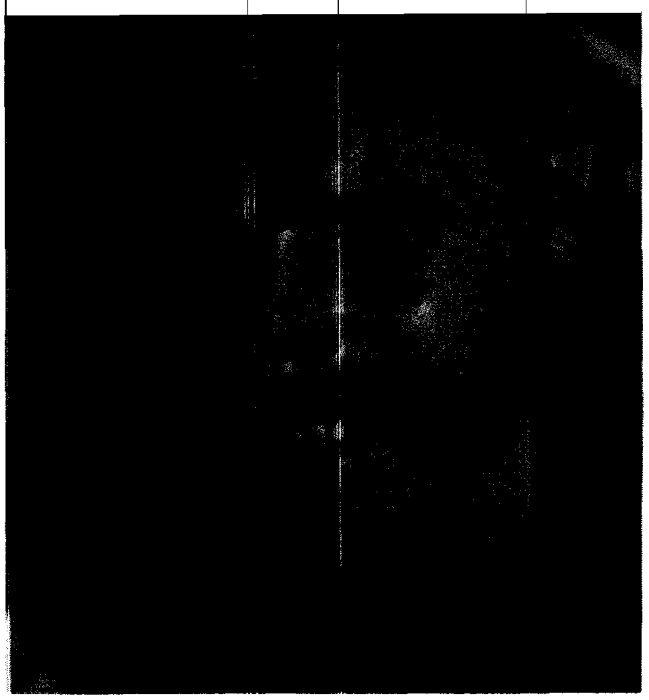
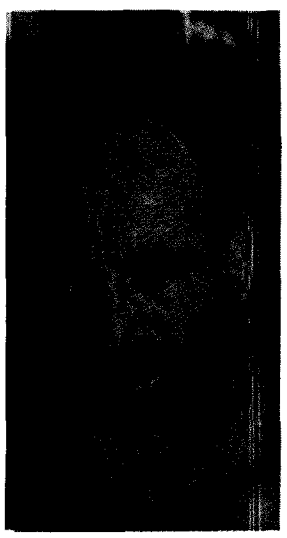
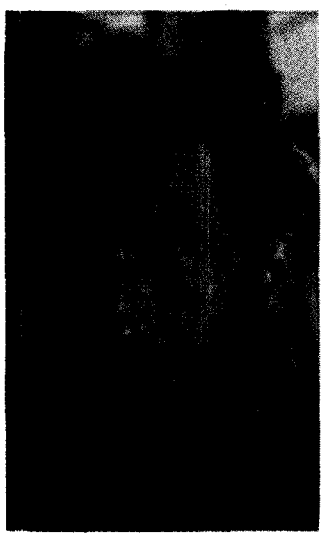
"We had fishermen, a priest,



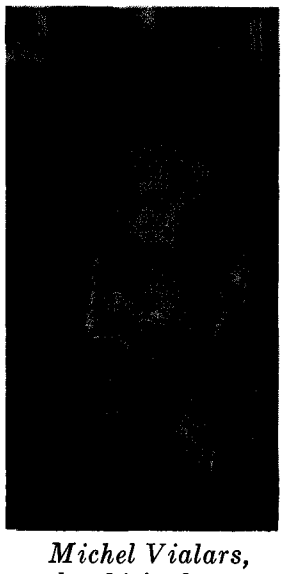
Robert Marx, 29, the only American on board the ship, is a skin diver, historian and adventurer.



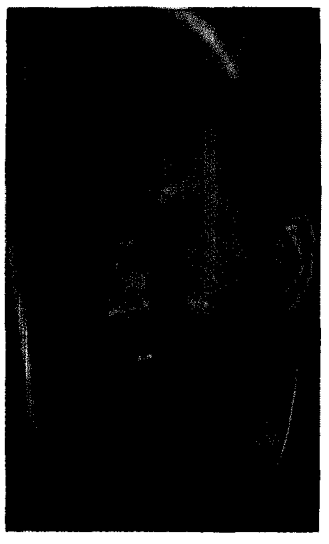
Padre *Sagaseta*, Niña's *chaplain.*



Lt. Carlos Etayo, Niña's *commander.*



Michel Vialars, the ship's doctor.



Manuel Darnaude served as a seaman.

Our troubles began again almost immediately. For three days we had to fight a wind that threatened to blow us into the Mediterranean. Then the winds died on us, and we sailed with all canvas spread. Around noon of our sixth day out we were all sitting on the quarterdeck eating our main meal of rice and beans and watching a school of porpoises playing around us. Suddenly the hot wind hit us, one of those sudden gusts that sweep off the North African desert. Our authentic wooden spoons and platters spilled all over the deck as *Niña* began heeling over to starboard, and we scrambled to hang onto masts and rigging. We could feel the wind rise by the minute. It was 35 knots, 45, then 60, with gusts of hot air raging even stronger. It all happened so quickly that we had no time to take in sail. The wind tugged and heaved at *Niña* until the ship heeled over almost on its side. Some of us hanging onto the port railing could see her keel knifing up out of the foaming water. Michel grabbed an ax to cut the mainmast, but I held him back. We didn't have to disable the ship; we just had to get the sails down.

The sky darkened ominously, and about every tenth wave washed completely over us. José, our best seaman, whom we sometimes called "the monkey," scrambled out over the churning seas on the yard, adding his weight to our efforts. The rest of us grabbed knives and slashed the sheets that held in the mizzensail. The loose lines now flailed at us like whips. Then the mainsail suddenly ripped, spilling the air and taking some of the pressure off *Niña*. With the mainsail in tatters we quickly lowered it.

But our troubles were far from over. The fierce storm raged on for more than 30 hours. Despite our steadying storm sail and sea anchor *Niña*'s old symptoms began reappearing, and she kept turning broadside to the waves, tossing like a cork. The cabin filled with two feet of water, and everything was a shambles. A four-gallon ceramic jug of olive oil had broken, and the sides and roof of the cabin were as slick as grease.

And now we discovered another major trouble. *Niña*, built with authentic timber from the Pyrenees and held together with hand-carved wooden pegs and handwrought iron spikes, leaked like an old washtub. For hours, we labored at the ship's two crude hand pumps until our bilge water again reached a safe level.

When the seas finally abated we went down to inspect the hold where our provisions were stored. The sight sickened us. Everything seemed destroyed. Jugs containing water, wine, vinegar and brandy were broken. Ceramic containers for rice, flour and beans were shattered. Altogether the storm cost us three-quarters of our water and half our food. As we went about repairing our sails we started the strict rationing that we maintained all the way to the Canaries. Perhaps we had learned a lesson: The sea can be most dangerous when she appears the most benign.

Another casualty of the storm was symbolic—the destruction of the 15th-century hourglasses we used for navigation timing, as Columbus did. I now had to dig down in the damp hold for my automatic pocket watch. We knew we were lost that night as we spotted a light from Africa when we thought we were 200 miles from the coast. My navigation instruments were replicas of the 15th-century quadrants and astrolabes, while Carlos used a sextant. Often my positioning would match that of the sextant or come within one degree (60 miles) of the sextant's position. My pocket watch was useful in timing sunrises and sunsets, which helped us estimate longitude.

As we limped along toward what we thought were the Canaries we gradually became somewhat more comfortable. Our bodies became better conditioned to the sea life, and the weather was warmer. Michel and I occasionally took baths in the sea in an effort to eliminate some of the fragrance of the cramped cabin. On the days we did our washing *Niña* looked like a clothesline on a blue Monday in Brooklyn. Since our bread baked in Palos had gone bad, I learned how to make a strange kind of *tortilla* out of unsifted flour, olive oil and sea water. They looked like mud cakes, but they tasted all right. For breakfast, and again at dinner, we usually had two *tortillas*, a sliver of raw onion and a thin slice of ham or cheese. Lunch was rice and beans or rice and lentils.

On the third of October we finally reached the Canary Islands, and we surprised everyone by entering Las Palmas instead of Gomera, as Columbus had done. I discovered then that my watch was five minutes slow and our anticipated Canary landfall was 70 miles off. As the pilot boat came out for us we put on fresh clothes and combed our long hair and beards. After all our hardships we had still scarcely begun our voyage. But again we underwent the sudden transformation from smelly, laboring seamen into celebrities. Thousands met us at the dock, including bevies of lovely European girls in bikinis. I think it is historically accurate to say Columbus never saw anything like this.

Like ragpickers on a spree

Our first treat was a hot bath ashore, then a 12-course meal in a fine restaurant. Nothing seemed too good for the crew of *Niña*, installed in the palatial Hotel Metropole. For some of our authentic crew this was the first luxury they had ever known, and we moved in like nine ragpickers among all the gorgeous gowns and dinner jackets.

After this round of festivities Father Sagaseta said Mass for us in the same church where Columbus is believed to have heard Mass before his ocean crossing. Then we went to *Niña* to prepare her for sailing. I had located a young nanny goat which we named Pinzona, after a beautiful girl we had all met in Palos. We also took aboard a winsome kitten. Antonio the cook named her Linda, which means "pretty" in Spanish. From the beginning Linda's soft eyes and playful ways made her the pride of the crew. We loved her. She had fleas, too, but her beauty more than compensated for her parasites.

After dramatically firing our falconette (a small cannon) we tried to row out of the harbor authentically. But the wind was too much for us, and we embarrassedly accepted a tow. When our tow finally cast off, I think we were all relieved to be at sea again after our revelries ashore. Now we finally began our mission. Now we were really setting out on Columbus's course to the New World. We did not realize it then, but during the weeks ahead we would face more peril even than Columbus on his voyage.

The first problem was food and water. We began with provisions that we estimated were good for roughly 50 days, but our estimates were partly

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a veterinarian—and a kitten."

wishful thinking. I suspected that most of the old water kegs we had taken on at Las Palmas were already leaking, and our fresh fruit was sure to rot quickly in the damp hold. To confirm my suspicions, a working party went below at the end of the first week and discovered that two faulty water barrels out of five had already leaked dry. That meant that we were starting with more than 40 percent of our water gone. Carlos ordered immediate rationing and asked that our 200 casks of wine be held in reserve, but our crew, long accustomed to wine, continued to drink it like rain water. On top of all this, we had sailed only 60 miles out of Las Palmas when we found that *Niña* was leaking again. To make it worse, one of our pumps had suction trouble.

Our original plan was to sail due west, never dropping below the 24th Parallel of latitude. But for 14 days the prevailing northeasterly trades never materialized. Instead we had steady westerly winds and calms, combined with southbound currents. I took our position whenever the weather permitted, and I could see we were being pushed steadily southward, even farther from San Salvador than when we began.

But our main worry right from the beginning was our dwindling supply of food and water. Our fruit went quickly. After just five days at sea more than half our supply of melons, bananas, oranges and tomatoes had rotted so badly that we had to throw them over the side. Carlos even started drinking tiny amounts of sea water to test one possible survival measure. Michel, anticipating the worst, began to build plankton nets so that we could scoop up the tiny marine organisms and eat them. Old Bedoya revealed his own anxiety when he reminded me that we shouldn't throw the goatskin away when the time came to kill and eat the goat because we might eventually need to eat the skin.

Such remarks made me wonder about Columbus and us. Which is worse—to know as we did that you have 3,000 miles to go and not enough food to get there, or to think that you have plenty of food and not know where you're going? It's a sort of philosophical question about the means and the end. Would you rather have an end without the means or the means without the end? Don't try to figure out the answer. There isn't any. The sea makes philosophers out of the simplest men, or vice versa.

And then there were other problems that may not have bothered Columbus. It is hard, for example, for a 20th-century man to get rid of the idea that there ought to be some kind of sanitation, or whatever you want to call it. Sanitary facilities aboard our tiny craft consisted mainly of the briny sea. While hanging over the side one day, one of our crewmen looked down into the gaping jaws of a shark just inches below him. This understandably began a shark scare aboard *Niña*. It threatened to curtail the refreshing sea baths that Michel, I and a few others took during calms. This was a minor tragedy, for our tiny cabin smelled far worse than low tide on a hot day. Old Bedoya, for one, had not taken a bath or changed his clothes for months. I could only entice the men into the water after diving beneath the hull myself to prove there were no sharks within range. It was a risk, but I felt it was worth it.

Fishing at first was deplorable. Once we saw some baby whales, and we often saw porpoise, sharks and flying fish, but we couldn't get anything aboard. On the ninth day out Antonio did catch a three-pound yellowtail which had two squid in its stomach, plus three smaller yellowtails. Then on our 12th day out the *padre* suddenly shouted that we had a big one. We had hooked a 10-foot tiger shark, and it was full of fight. It was sheer mass confusion as Bedoya tried to lasso its tail, Antonio tried to harpoon it and Carlos tried to ax it. The goat bleated in terror, and Linda meowed loudly from the rigging. Even after we got the shark aboard, it thrashed about wildly. It was a weird sight to see five or six men with axes, 15th-century spears, harpoons and even sledgehammers, trying to subdue the monster. The shark snapped at the men's legs. Everyone leaped madly about the deck. Then little Linda jumped right into the thick of it, expecting a meal, even balancing herself on the shark's head while it was gnashing away at everything in sight. That night we polished off a bottle of rum, played the harmonica and then couldn't sleep because of all the excitement.

Our bit of luck with fresh meat came none too soon. The next day we discovered that our remaining salt meat was full of worms. We ate our shark meat with sea-water tortillas again, since our flour was already moldy and turning all colors of the rainbow. Several of us were now quenching our growing thirst by alternating small amounts of salt water with Spanish red wine. By the fourteenth day our remaining water was undrinkable. It had turned a horrible shade of brown; it was full of living creatures and smelled worse than gall.

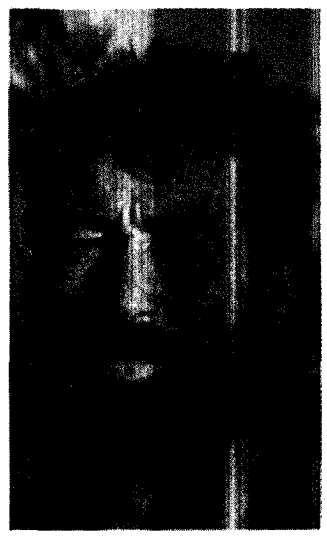
The storm strikes at sunset

This was all peaceful enough—a little dull and a little disgusting, but peaceful. Yet the primal force of the Atlantic Ocean, Columbus's Atlantic, was never far from us. Sixteen days southward bound from the Canaries, the first really big storm struck just at sunset. It bent the mainmast out of its socket. *Niña* heeled far to port and stayed that way, taking on water with every wave. It was my turn to man the tiller, and this was a tug of war between a man and the powerful waves battering the rudder at the other end of a fragile length of timber. After one hour at the helm I couldn't take it any more, and I collapsed exhausted on the floor. I dreamed that I was tied in the center of a tug-of-war rope with hundreds of people pulling at it from both ends. I dreamed that I had to resist desperately in both directions to keep from being pulled to pieces. Just as I was reviving, *Niña* suddenly heeled violently over to one side and a whole bookshelf full of navigation manuals came crashing down on my head.

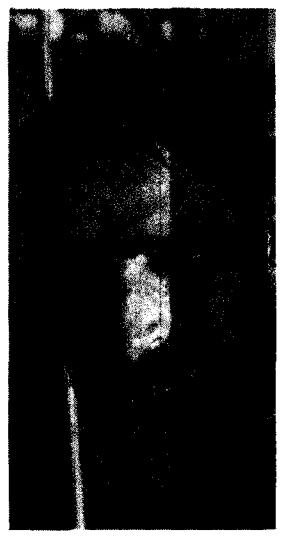
By the following morning the storm had abated slightly, but *Niña's* rudder was no longer functioning, and we were wallowing sickeningly in every swell. Pepe went down to inspect the hold and casually reported, "We are leaking below."

That wasn't all. Both our bilge pumps were useless. Constant wear had destroyed the suction. We had to start bailing. We formed a human chain leading up from the hold and passed up buckets and wooden bowls to keep the ship from sinking. And so it went for two days. The constant bailing was sapping our strength and making our thirst and hunger nearly unbearable. It was an endurance contest in which the stakes were our lives.

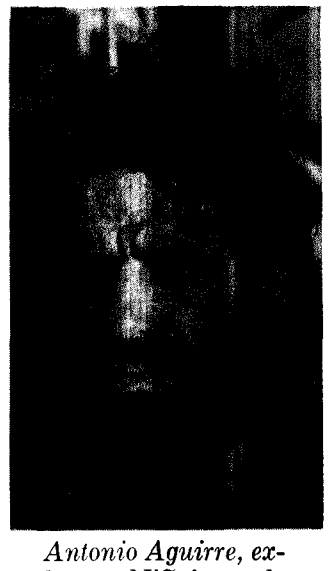
The ship's mascot Linda, a gift to the crew in Las Palmas, fell overboard in the night.



José Robles learned to read during voyage.



José Valencia, most valuable seaman.



Antonio Aguirre, ex-boxer, Niña's *cook.*

Nicolás Bedoya, 69, was the oldest.

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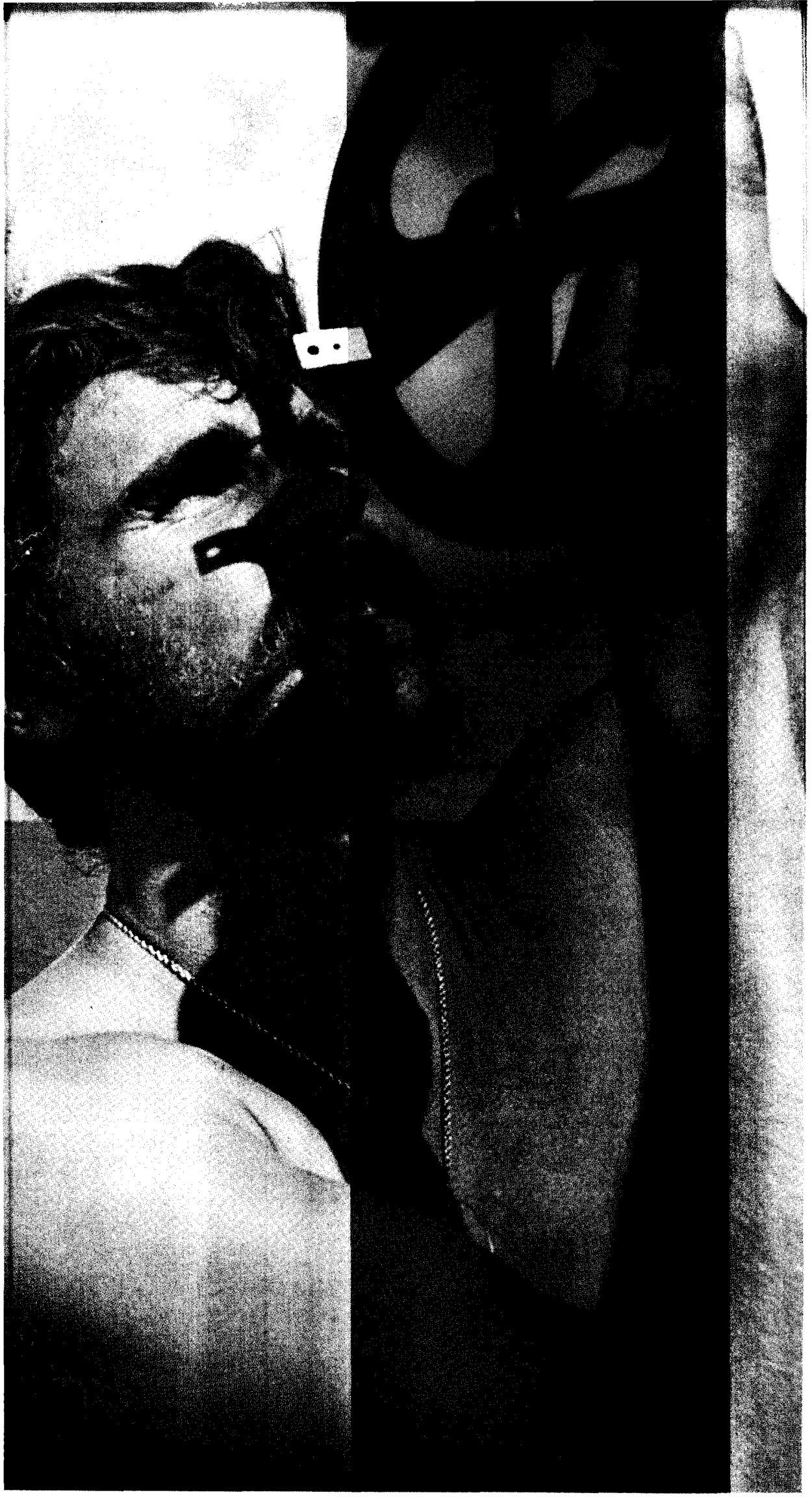

Navigator Marx shoots the sun with a 15th-century astrolabe, one of the crude instruments with which he plotted Niña*'s course. He also used charts from Columbus's era.*

"And the sea fed us."

Finally I decided to go over the side myself and try to patch the hull with crude caulking and wood plugs, as they had to do on the old Spanish galleons. I found the main hole, where a wooden peg had worked loose well below the water line. While Antonio and Bedoya were shaping a new plug for the hole I remembered the story about the Dutch boy and the dike. Like an idiot I put my thumb in the hole, gulping air occasionally as the ship rolled and my head came above water. Suddenly I was pulled deep under water. Then I realized I couldn't get my thumb out. I grabbed my knife. For an instant I thought I might have to cut off my thumb. But *Niña* rolled in time for me to breathe again. Quickly I enlarged the hole with my knife. I finally extricated my swollen thumb and managed to insert a new wooden plug.

But the storm had blown us southward, the wrong direction. And when the winds finally died we realized we were far off course and far behind a reasonably safe schedule, considering our water and food shortages. At first Carlos and I kept the precise record of our progress a secret from the men, as Columbus had done. But finally, as our rations dwindled, we felt we had to tell them. On the seventeenth day out, the point at which Columbus was already over half the distance to San Salvador, we were still wallowing along within insect range of the African coast. That night on deck we held a solemn ritual. First we opened a bottle of brandy, more in sadness than celebration. We all knew the serious implication of the decision we were about to make.

Every one of us faced the possibility of death, and everyone had a right to help decide our course. Should we head for the nearest land for more food and water or should we continue our struggle to make San Salvador? Each man aboard was given a piece of wood of about the same size. If he wanted to vote for San Salvador he was to throw the wood in the sea. If he wanted to vote to proceed to the nearest land he was to place the wood in the goat's empty water dish. It was dark, and each man could vote in secret. I thought I heard a faint splash, then another and another. I was the last to vote, and I found the goat's water dish empty, just as I expected. Unanimously we had voted to continue in Columbus's path. It was San Salvador or nothing, come what might.

Whether this was a vote of confidence or insanity, the northeasterly winds soon picked up and began driving us, for a change, toward San Salvador. In one day we actually went 117 miles, 80 in another, but our average was more like 45. Our decision certainly had done something for our morale. From that point on we set to work in a far more orderly way. Each favorable morning our work day began at 10 as we dried our straw-and-maize mattresses, straightened up the cabin and cleaned up after Linda and Pinzona. We managed to get the starboard pump repaired by sealing its cracks with some pitch, and every morning we performed the ritual of pumping. Life settled into the routine of the sea.

Food was still our principal concern since our rations were now down to the starvation level. To supplement the meager diet we devoted whole days to catching fish. We laboriously converted our 15th-century spears and lances into harpoons,

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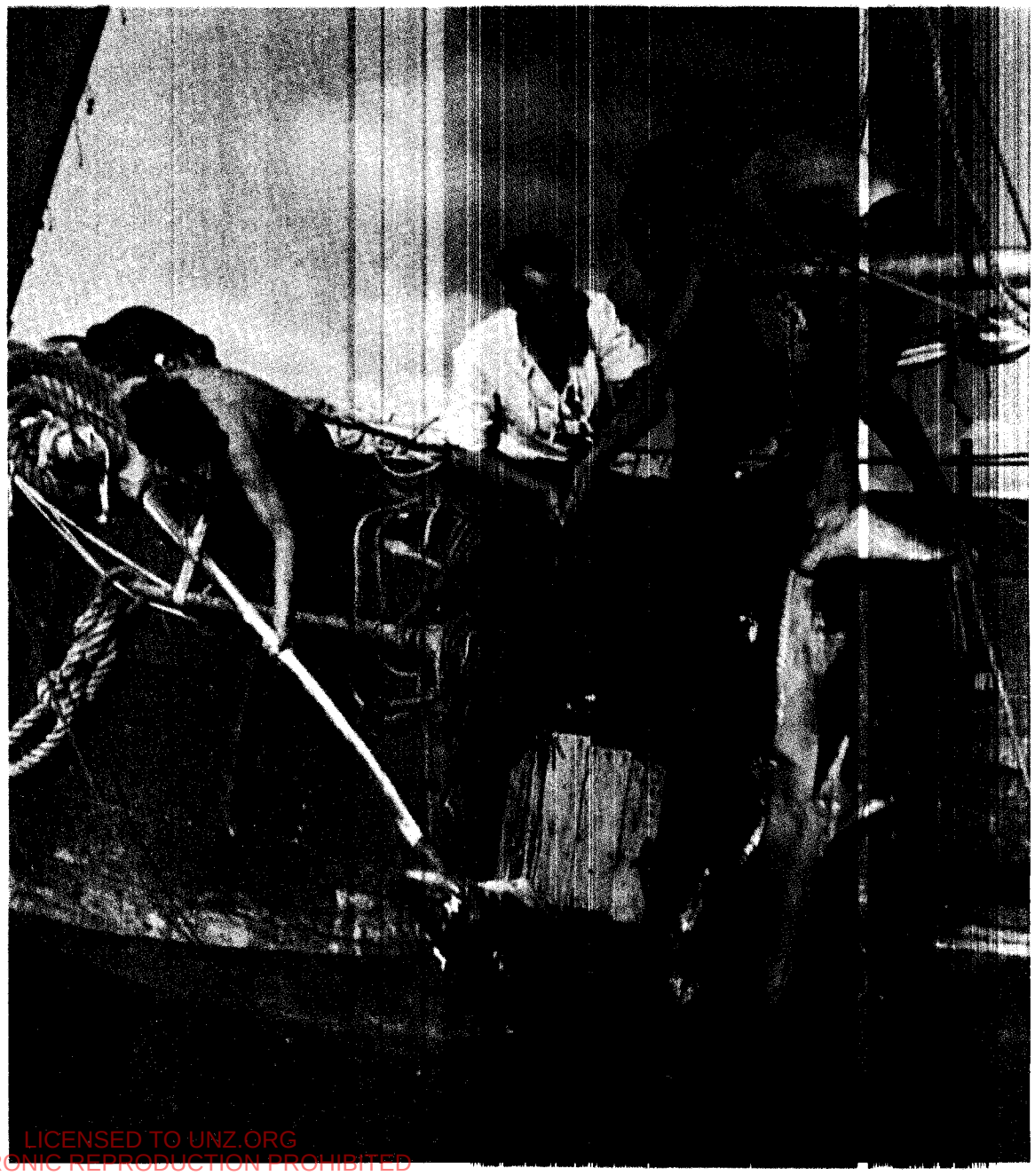
Father Sagaseta and Vialars try nourishing but unappetizing bowls of seaweed.

Perched on the bowsprit, spearfisherman Vialars draws a bead on a shark with his handmade harpoon.

Crew boats harpooned shark. Flesh was stripped and dried.



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After the storms there came a strange calm-

and we struggled hour after hour to spear pilot fish or dolphin. I even tried to harpoon a porpoise, though I had often told the rest of the crew that a porpoise is a true friend of man at sea and shouldn't be killed under any circumstances. I learned then and there that a man with a real empty stomach quickly changes his principles—or forgets them.

Finally we tried eating what we thought was plankton. The result was disastrous. We scooped in our fine mesh dragnets and found only a gelatinous blob in the bottom. Michel, José and I each gingerly took a tiny portion, making faces at the taste but trying to pretend it tasted like caviar. After a few moments José said his tongue was on fire. Michel complained of a sting and rushed to the stern and vomited. Then I too felt it—a sensation like the hottest of Mexican peppers on tongue and gullet. What we had scooped up was not plankton but hundreds of stinging baby jellyfish.

The animals had troubles too. We wondered if Linda had noticed that our dwindling supply of shark meat was tasting stronger each morning. I certainly noticed it. And poor Pinzona was getting more hungry stares every day. She was none too popular these days, for she'd eaten just about everything within reach—including most of the caulking in our skiff. We still loved her dearly, but the day would soon come when our hunger would overcome our love.

Before that day, however, Pinzona had to ride out the worst storm of all. It began on our 23rd day out when we were about 300 miles from Africa. The first storm warnings came at twilight. Lightning snapped on the horizon, and the seas began rising rapidly. So did the easterly wind. Within a few minutes we were plowing along at the unheard-of speed of seven knots, then eight or nine.

This was a storm out of Joseph Conrad. The sound of the wind through our rigging was a whine of fury. The gale whipped the spume of the waves in our faces and bent our mainmast like an archer's bow. *Niña* plunged up out of the water like a rearing horse, then nosed down so low that we couldn't steer. In the darkness we heard Manolo scream that he couldn't hold the tiller. We struggled to get the sails in, but we couldn't handle them. We even tried attacking them with our spears, but the wind finally did our work for us. It tore the bonnet sail to tatters, and in two hours we got the canvas to the deck.

That night seemed endless, but the next morning was worse. By nine o'clock the sky was darker than a gravedigger's foot. The rain pelted us like slivers of ice, and *Niña* plunged through the mountainous seas with the stability of a castaway cork. Poor Pinzona was whinnying in terror.

When I finally got below I found that Bedoya had a bad gash on his right hand and Antonio was feverish. The rest of us looked like zombies, and our ship seemed to be coming apart. The pressure on the mast had ripped open the seams of our top deck, and the rain poured in through the great cracks. But we were able to catch very little of it for drinking. During that second day every loose thing aboard washed over the side, including one of the pump handles. The other pump was useless. At the height of the storm we had to form bucket brigades and bail for our lives. No one said a word; we were desperate, scared men fighting for survival.

Mascot Linda investigates a dolphin.

On one of my watches during this second day the tiller had suddenly whipped both my wrists painfully against the bulkhead. I knew our great wooden rudder was broken, and without it we were at the mercy of the ocean. For a full day we tossed helplessly as each towering wave danced before our eyes like a waterspout. Seas broke over us from all quarters. The only way to move safely on deck was to crawl.

In spite of the danger of working in the storm, we had to fix that rudder before the seas pounded us to pieces. On the storm's third day we cut two of our rowing benches in half and made a crude sling. Then Carlos lowered me over the side with a supply of nails and line.

That was the most desperate and the most frustrating piece of carpentry I've ever tried. The rudder was split but still hanging together. It had to be firmly nailed. But as I tried to pound in the first nail the ship heaved, and I was under water. Then *Niña* pitched and the nail was out of my reach. As the stern came plunging down, I took a swing at it. Not once in 30 swings could I hit the nail squarely. A few glancing blows bent it. And I knew that just below me in the surging foam were sharks. All I could do was ignore them. It took two hours to pound in the first nail. It took 12 hours to drill three large holes through six inches of wood. When I finished the job on the fifth day I was so weak I had to be brought aboard with block and tackle. By then the storm was all but over, with the wind dying and the waves softening. It required a full 12 hours' rest before any of us could find the strength to put up the sails.

Another storm, and another

But our troubles were far from over. Just as we were getting peacefully under way again another storm approached. Scarcely a week after the hurricane ended we saw the same dreaded signals in the sky. And when that storm died another one came. This was the hurricane season—a full month after we'd expected to reach San Salvador. We scarcely kept track of when one storm ended and the next began. Our life became one long struggle, fighting with the tiller, fighting with the sails, and always bailing. To make the fight for survival worse, the winds and currents often worked against us, pushing us farther from our goal.

Hot meals were a rarity. Hunger was with us constantly. We all lost so much weight that our trousers threatened to fall off. Now we had to face a small personal tragedy. It was finally coming time for Pinzona to meet her fate.

Each day we eyed her hungrily and vowed to eat her on the morrow, but the next day we could always find a dozen reasons for postponing the slaughter. But Pinzona was growing thin. Her alfalfa and maize were all gone, and she seemed to survive only on salt water, wood and rope. One day Pepe milked her for the last time and gave the milk to Linda. We gave Pinzona a drink of fresh water, like a condemned man's last meal. Then José hit her over the head with a hammer, and Michel slit her throat. Nothing was wasted. The blood was fried with onions and ham fat, and the intestines were boiled for soup. We had to do it, but we hated our deed. So did Linda the cat. She seemed uncommonly sad for the next few days.

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and a discovery.

The rest of our food was a weird mixture of scraps from our dwindling stores and anything we could catch. We broke out a bottle of warm, foamy champagne when José harpooned a dolphin. Some of us tried to remove all the worms from our remaining raisins, figs and prunes and put the hulks on deck to dry. We discovered that rotten figs cooked with straight rum are divine. But we had to watch our alcohol consumption carefully, because we were all so tense and exhausted that an argument could start in a flash—and often did. Carlos ordered no politics discussed, and we rationed the wine to five *botas*, or goatskins, per day.

Late in November, on our 48th day at sea, yet another storm took us completely by surprise and almost wrecked us. It was a squall that came out of nowhere, and its first mighty breath ripped out one of the bits which braced the mast. This lethal bit, with a vicious spike attached, flailed wildly about at the end of its line, threatening us all. José, our best man in a pinch, knew our mast and sails would be lost in a moment unless we regained the needed support. As we shouted warnings he went after it like a *banderillero* duelling with a fighting bull. Time after time he had to duck for his life as the ugly spike snapped by him. Finally he caught it, nearly breaking his hand, and Carlos and I made the line fast.

And then we caught sight of the end. As the storm subsided we spotted our first floating Sargasso weed. It was just a dollar-sized chunk, but we knew we were at last approaching the great masses of floating weed which extend for several hundred miles near the Caribbean. Within a few hours we spotted patches of the dead-brown seaweed as large as a coffee table, and we mixed up a Sargasso-weed salad with vinegar and olive oil.

The Sargasso Sea also has its sinister side, its deadly calms. The winds which we had come to hate and fear now died away. Our tattered sails hung limp, and we scarcely moved, resting, like the Ancient Mariner's vessel, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." To take our minds off our hunger and thirst I read from the *padre*'s New Testament while the other crewmen practiced English. Occasionally we caught a triggerfish. We also caught a thin, silvery-blue fish that Michel said was a very rare species. It was about 18 inches long and had the razor teeth of a barracuda. He wanted to save it for a museum. But hungry men have no more interest in scientific specimens than they have love for a pet goat. We ate every scrap of the fish while Michel glared at us as though we were eating a newborn baby.

On the morning of November 30, on our 52nd day out of Las Palmas, there were signs that the calm was ending—but that worse lay ahead. We knew we were in the hurricane "slot," and we could sense trouble. There were fast-running winds aloft, a drop in atmospheric pressure that you could feel in your head, and fish wildly jumping about. In midafternoon, as we were sweating in the hot, humid air, Bedoya suddenly shouted, "*Avión en vista y viene directamente para nosotros*," or "Plane in sight and headed for us."

I sighted a twin-engine, dark-blue plane which I immediately judged to be a U.S. Navy hurricane hunter. It was roaring in upon us right on the deck. I was overjoyed to see it, but I shouted to

Clowning, old sailor Bedoya displays his agility.

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"We owed a debt to all the explorers of the past."

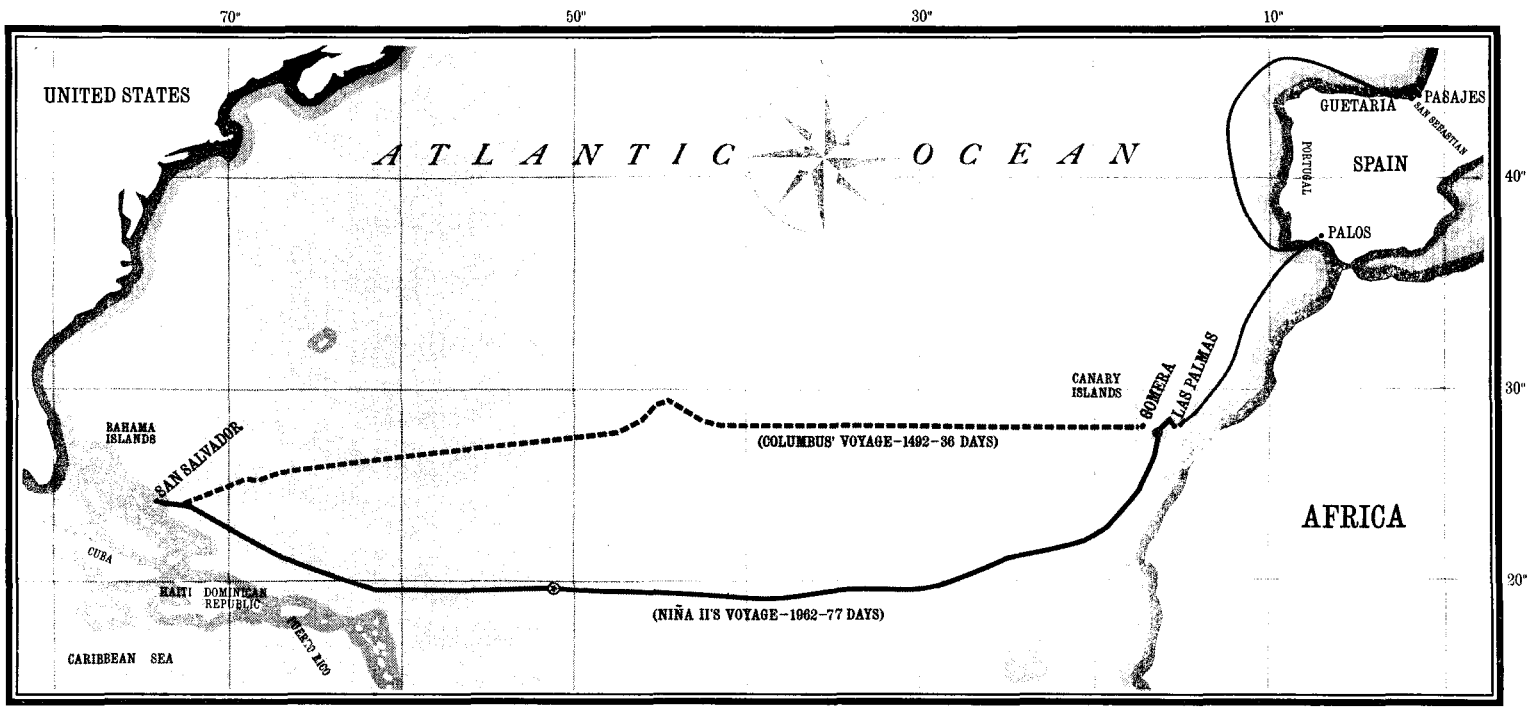

Chart shows Niña's *voyage from shipyard at Pasajes to Guetaria, from which she sailed August 24 for Palos, Columbus's departure port. She left Palos September 19 for Canary Islands, arrived in Las Palmas October 3. Leaving October 10, she was sighted by a fishing boat October 12 (star) and 50 days later, November 30, by a Navy plane (star). Christmas night,* Niña II *made San Salvador.*

Carlos that I was sure it was coming to warn us of a hurricane. As the plane buzzed us repeatedly the crew shouted their joy. We knew now that our families would know we were alive.

On subsequent passes the plane dropped a sonar-buoy radio transmitter, a life raft and a Gibson Girl emergency radio. We retrieved them all by swimming or rowing out in the skiff. We also got a note which asked if we were *Niña II.* "What do they think we are?" José exclaimed. "We look like a floating tree trunk that forgot to sink ten years back." When I finally got the one-way sonar buoy working I asked the plane to buzz us, then climb suddenly if a hurricane were approaching. We were as still as church mice as she buzzed us three times and each time failed to climb. So our fears were groundless, and we waved as the plane went on its way.

That night we sang *Anchors Aweigh* and other Navy songs until exhausted. It seemed incredible to the other crewmen that such a big plane would search for us, and I had to explain patiently that the U.S. Coast Guard and the U.S. Navy would search just as hard for any lost or overdue ship, whether an American was aboard or not. José said solemnly to me, "I'll never, as long as I live, forget the U.S. Navy."

Three days later two other Navy planes buzzed us for three hours. After consulting with Carlos I told the planes on the sonar-buoy radio that we still intended to head not for the nearest land—at Antigua—but for San Salvador. We didn't need any help—except water, for we were down to our last emergency jars.

But we still had to sail our way in and there were some 600 miles—and probably more storms—between us and our destination. There was also a tragedy. One morning we missed Linda. During the night she had failed to cuddle next to me. I took it for granted that she was somewhere else on the ship. The next morning we turned the ship upside down. We unfurled the lateen sail where she sometimes slept. We thoroughly inspected the hold. But Linda was not to be found. She had become more and more brazen about leaping about the rigging and taking chances, and she could only have fallen overboard during the night. Her voice was very weak, too weak for us to hear. Gradually we realized that Linda was gone. We were heartsick. The *padre* solemnly said a prayer for her.

It was strange how much we missed her, this tiny stray kitten who had joined us in Las Palmas and kept us company through all the rages of the Atlantic. Without her mewing and preening and climbing the rigging, our ship seemed curiously lifeless from then on.

Our two weeks' calm finally ended. On our 59th day out the merciful trades that had supported Columbus from Spain finally began in earnest and drove us for six glorious days toward the Bahamas. We sang, jumped playfully around the deck, occasionally opened a bottle of spirits and prayed for water to augment the few gallons the Navy had dropped to us. From time to time we saw ships or planes, but we were still determined to continue our voyage as "authentically" as possible. We needed water, and we were grateful for tobacco, but when the Navy or Coast Guard dropped radios to us we asked that no ships be sent to aid us. To the world outside our small ship this must seem a foolish dedication to the ideal of authenticity. But to the crew of *Niña II* it was important. We had endured great peril for a historical principle. It would have been a serious matter to forfeit it all in a moment of physical weakness. We knew full well that we still belonged to the 20th century; three times during the last phase of our trip we had seen the awesome spectacle of great rockets rising silently into the skies above distant Cape Canaveral. But we were also members of that ageless fraternity of seamen, each of whom owed a debt of gratitude to all the great explorers of the past.

Two days before our target arrival date of Christmas, we established a lookout on the mainmast, night and day. And just as on Columbus's trip, it wasn't long before somebody thought he saw land, then saw it fade. After a half dozen false alarms nobody paid much attention when José Valencia announced at 3 P.M. on Christmas Eve that he saw something "suspicious" on the horizon. Only this time it didn't fade away. There it stayed, green and solid—land. As we realized what had happened, we gathered and began singing *Salve Regina.* The tears started to our eyes as we looked toward the haven awaiting us.

But it wasn't that easy. Our charts told us little about how to approach San Salvador, and it was sundown, with no sign of anyone awaiting us on the island. We decided to circle the island to reach the town of Cockburn. By midnight, steering toward the lights of the town, we got within half a mile of the pier—but we couldn't get in. No matter what we did, the wind and current pushed us back, the anchor wouldn't hold, and we had no way of signaling the town. All that exasperating night we drifted backward, away from our goal, until by dawn we were 15 miles out to the west of the island. At noon that day I finally used one of the flares the Navy had dropped us to signal a passing airliner. The Navy and Coast Guard sent a small motor vessel out for us, and it finally towed us in. It was not the perfect ending, but by this time we didn't care. As we staggered ashore just before midnight on Christmas, our 77th day, we felt an overwhelming sense of triumph—and relief. José Robles fell to his knees and kissed the earth. The townspeople, by now out in throngs, welcomed us with cheers and calypso songs and started a feast that lasted until 4 A.M.

Now I had at least a small idea of how Columbus must have felt on October 12, 1492. Above all I felt the infinite satisfaction of having accomplished what we set out to do, of following as nearly as we could in the historic wake of the great explorer. In the end that was worth the strain and the terror, the doubts and the endless labor against the sea. **THE END**

Westward, ever westward, following Columbus's course, Niña II *pursues the setting sun as she nears her destination at San Salvador.*

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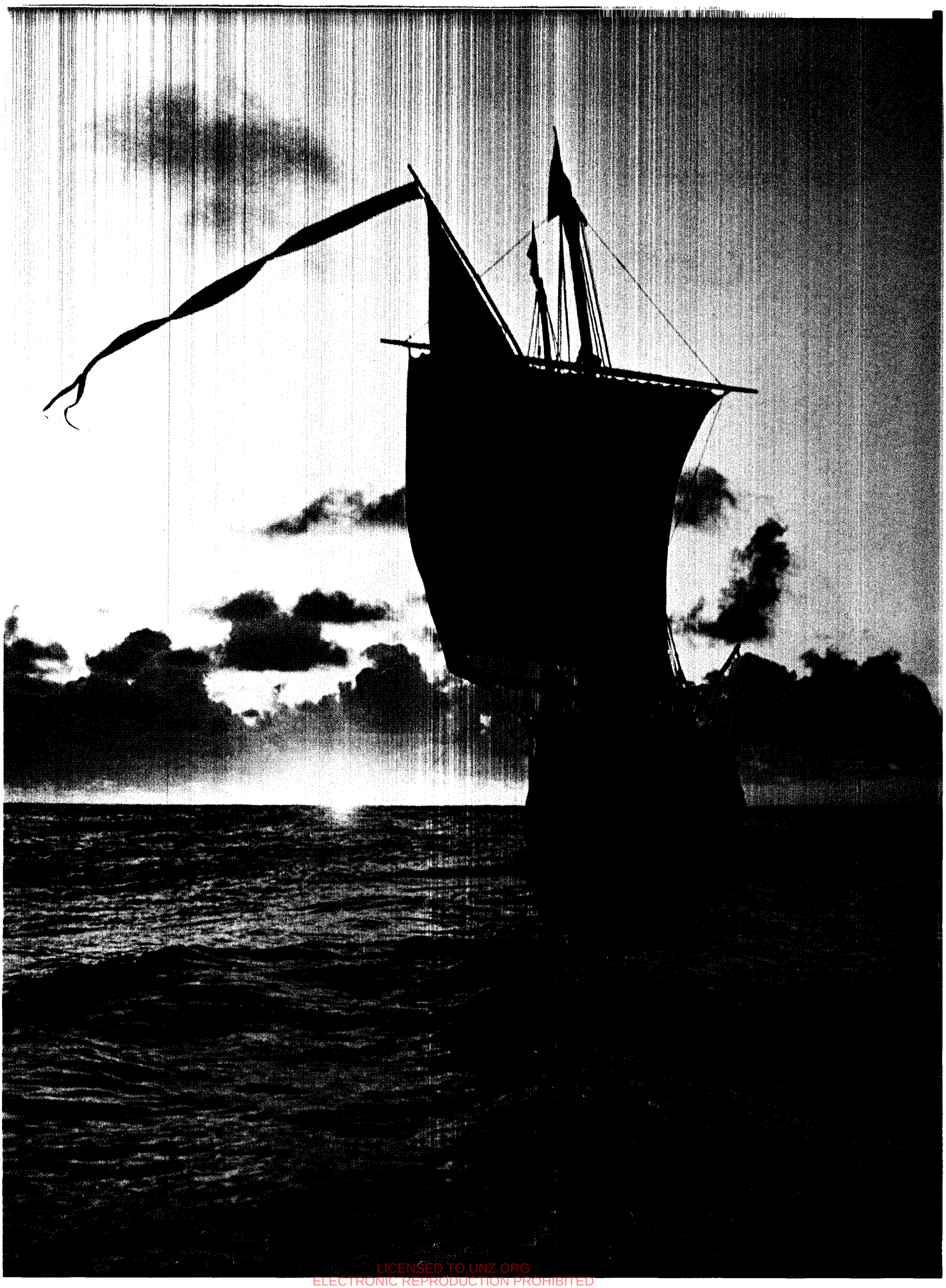

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by WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Golf-Ball Goof

The weird sport of the nocturnal ball retriever is dying, but one illicit practitioner treads the water holes and scores success by the bushel basket.

A successful artist requires dexterous toes and a strong heart.

My neighbor Mr. Roby—I have changed his name in deference to the poaching laws—goes out two or three nights a week to swim for golf balls in the water holes of eastern Long Island's golf courses. He retrieves the balls from the muddy bottom with his toes, using a motion as deft as any in the game of golf itself, and sells them to a dealer who comes out periodically from New York with a van.

One morning when I saw Mr. Roby in his garage sorting his previous night's catch, I went over to ask if he would tell me the secrets of his clandestine trade. For, like every other golfer, I have driven many a ball into these gaping ponds and thought helplessly of the treasure sunken in them.

Mr. Roby greeted me warmly. "Look at this one, son," he said. "Ain't she a beauty?" He was holding up a shiny white ball, revolving it slowly between his fingers as an ornithologist might examine a precious egg. "Not a mark on her—only hit once—and then right into the water." He laid the ball in a pail along with several dozen other new ones, obviously quite pleased with his latest haul. "Yes, sir," he said, "I've really been hitting 'em lately."

I asked where he had been.

"At the National, over in Southampton," he replied. "They've got the best golf balls; no doubt about that." I had no doubt about that—the National is a renowned playground of the rich, and in its membership a fair share of America's wealth is compressed. "They say you've got to have a million dollars before you can join," Mr. Roby said, his blue eyes dancing at the thought of how many good golf balls the millionaires would buy and lose in a single summer. He was a spry little man, going on 50 but well preserved by water, exercise and night air.

All golfers know the wet hex

"I mostly work the National," he went on. "It has six water holes at least, and I only do one a night—that's the only way to clean it out good—so that when I've done all six the first one is full up again." Small mountains of golf balls, encircling Mr. Roby on the garage floor, confirmed his skill and testified to the hex that water casts over golfers good and bad. The garage was also cluttered with crab nets, poles, waders and two huge clam rakes, and I asked if these were the tools of his craft. The question seemed to insult him.

"Those are just for the really icy days when it's too cold to swim and I just go out and poke around the edges. But when you swim for 'em, all you need is a bathing suit and a bag.

"What I do is I wait till after dark and I drive over there and park my car somewhere in the woods. Then I just walk right in and go to the hole that I want to clean out. I strip down to my trunks and hang this bag around my neck and dive in. That's about nine o'clock. The bag holds a hundred balls, and when it starts to get heavy—

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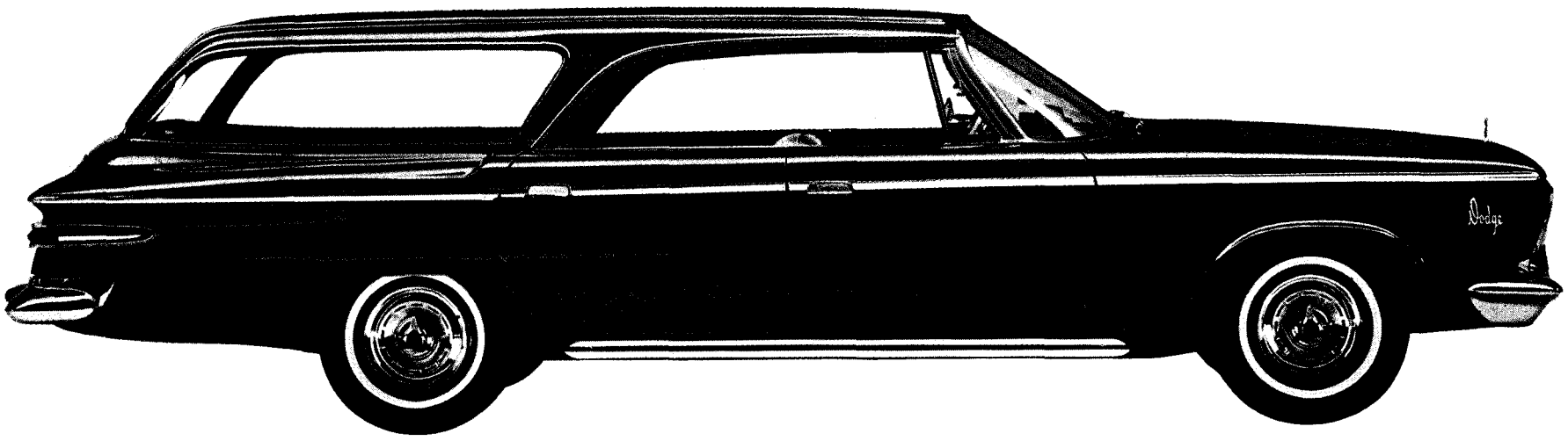
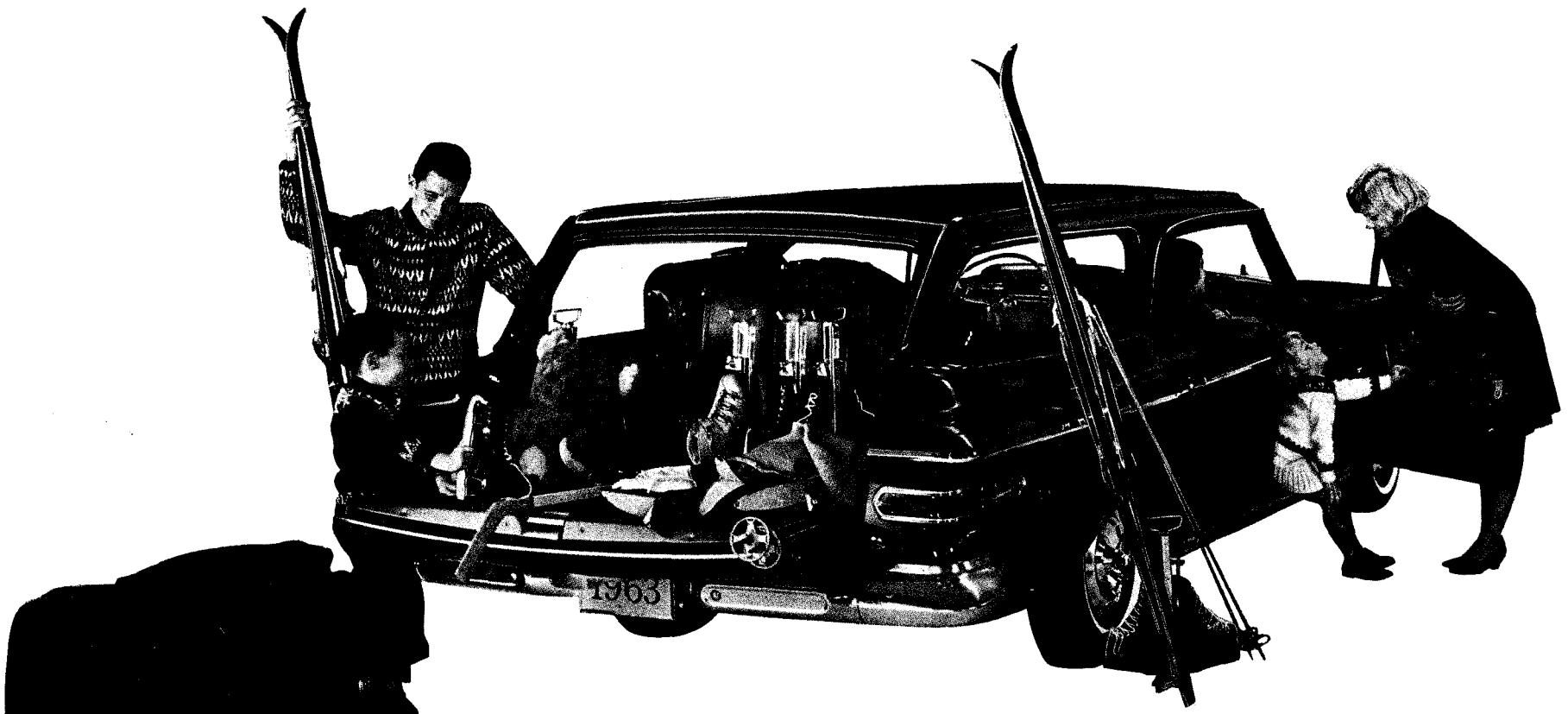
THE DEPENDABLES FROM DODGE!



WE'LL TAKE ON ANYONE



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GOLF-BALL GOOF

maybe around twelve or one—I know it's time to go."

"You mean you stay in the water that whole time?" I asked.

"Yes, and I don't step on the bottom, either. I tread water. I keep moving my arms round and round in big circles, like this, and feel along the mud with my feet. I just kind of balance. It doesn't pay to put your feet down or you'll sink into the mud. Besides, you never know what you're going to find down there." He chuckled. "One night I thought I was stepping on a bog, but the bog started to move, and it turned out to be one of those big terrapins. Seventy pounds at least. I've bumped into a lot of turtles in my time. It's a funny thing—I've seen in magazines that those big turtles bite, but I guess they only do that when they're on land, because none of 'em ever bit me."

"What else do you bump into?"

"Well, you're always bumping into some kind of fish, and once in a while an eel will get scared and run into you. That's quite a feeling. Then there's a lot of horseshoe crabs—they can be dangerous with those tails—and sometimes I see a muskrat go by. That scares you, especially on a dark night.

"Of course it all depends," he continued, "on what course you're working. I used to work the old country club over at Riverhead. It was a real swampy place because all the water from the duck farms ran through there, and I don't have to tell you what kind of water *that* was. That's where I stepped on the turtle. And it has the biggest frogs in the world. But talk about clucks! They were all cut-to-rubber jobs."

Explaining his terminology, Mr. Roby said that a cluck is "a ball that's hacked up pretty bad," and a cut-to-rubber is, as its name suggests, a still more mutilated specimen, beyond which there is no worse grade. Judging by his account, the Riverhead club had been richer in marine life than in members, and I asked why he had bothered to go there. He said he liked the variety.

"Anyway, they've gone out of business now," he said. I remarked that I wasn't surprised and that he was probably well off without it. "Best thing that ever happened to me," he agreed. "Taught me not to waste my time on a lot of lousy old clucks."

Delicate touch with toes

At this point Mrs. Roby came into the garage and stopped to admire the new balls that her husband had bagged during the night. "Those are real nice, Sam," she said, with evident pride, and sat down on an overturned pail to hear the rest of his narrative. "Have you told him how you pick them up with your feet?" she asked.

"I was just about to do that," Mr. Roby said, brightening, and went on with the tale. "You've got to be just tapping the top of the mud," he explained. "That's the only way to get the good ones. You don't want some old cut-to-rubbers that've been buried in the mud for years. The best ones sit right on the mud, and you just squeeze 'em between your toes, and roll 'em up on your foot, and reach down and get 'em and pop 'em in the bag."

He demonstrated by gripping a ball between his two feet and raising both legs until he could grab the ball with his fingers. "It's a quick motion," he said. "One, two and into the bag."

"Sam's got a very delicate touch," Mrs. Roby said.

"But it doesn't always go that fast," he added. "Some balls are so touchy they wiggle around, and it takes five minutes to land them. Some have been pressed down into the mud by a rake or by someone who doesn't know how to go after a ball right, and that's when you've got to know your business. I can tell immediately if it's a ball or a clam or a stone, but there aren't many fellers that can. Sometimes I take a few friends along, and they get five or six balls while I get 80 or 90. They're always bringing up a shell or some other fool thing, or a fish scares them and they get out.

"The trouble is," he went on with some disdain, "people are spoiled. They just want to go around the edge with a rake. Used to be, three or four of us would go and make it a party out there in the water—you know—take a bottle and have a little nip to keep warm. Now I can hardly get anybody to go. I think I'm the only one who swims for 'em anymore."

"I think you are, Sam," Mrs. Roby said. "It's a dying art."

Mention of the good old days—or rather, nights—roused Mr. Roby to a nearby icebox, where he got three cans of beer, for himself, his wife and me. "When you're out there in the water," I said, "I would think you'd need more than a nip to keep warm. Don't you get very cold?"

Gnat-size problems are big

"Well, it's some cold when you first jump in," he replied, "but after a while the water is warmer than the air. Besides, you're paddling away all the time, so you keep warm. I never come ashore to rest or to empty the bag. If a man did that he'd be so cold he wouldn't want to go back in. The ideal night in the summer is one that has a little breeze to keep the bugs away. If you don't have a breeze those gnats will cut a hole right through you."

Two young Roby girls came into the garage on some errand, looked approvingly at their father's latest catch, and sat down to recall his better exploits. "Did you tell about stepping on the

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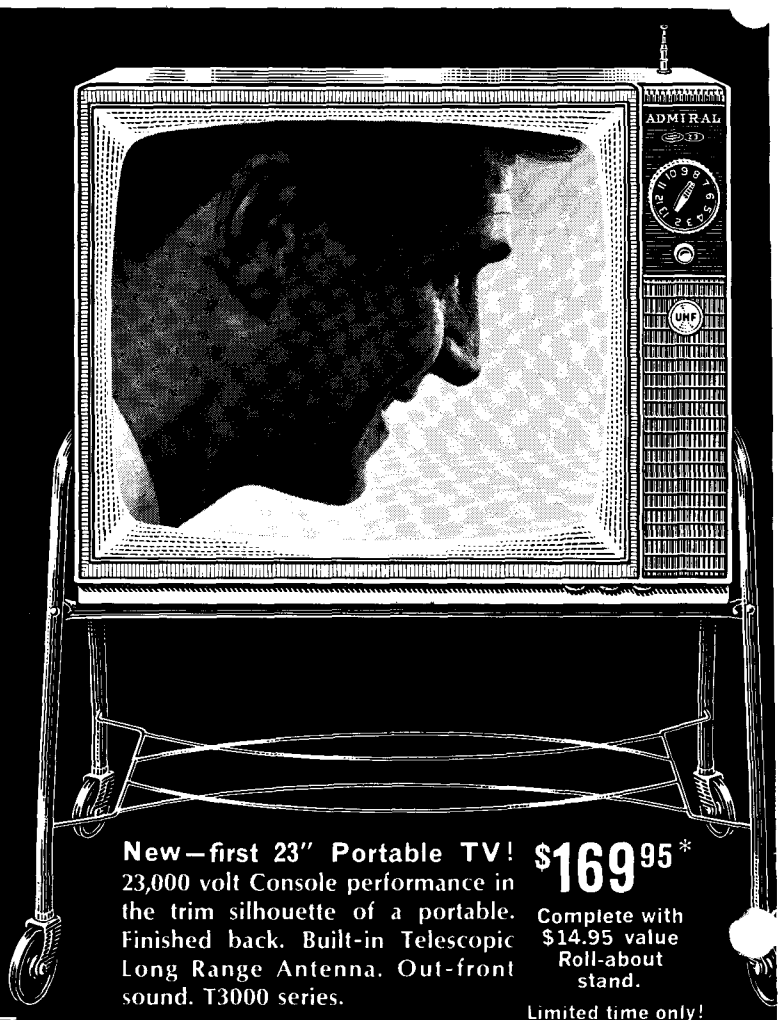

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turtle?" one of them asked. The other one wanted to know if he ever worried about getting caught.

"Now there again, that's something that depends on where you work," Mr. Roby said, reveling in the niceties of his trade. "Lots of clubs have a friend that they let work the water holes, and the pro or the foreman gets a percentage of the take. You go up west and you'll find that somebody at every club has the concession." (By "up west" he meant the western part of Long Island.) "Now if I was to work a course like that some night, the regular man would know, next time out, that someone was nosing around, and that wouldn't be healthy. Here it's different from one club to the next. That club over yonder—its foreman is a golf-ball hound like me, so naturally he doesn't want anybody around. Other clubs, they don't work the course at all."

Mr. Roby kept sorting golf balls into five separate pails, lingering over the new ones and hurrying past the clucks. "I take and divide them up," he explained, "according to what shape they're in. The first grade is a brand-new ball of a good make. They cost $1.25 apiece, and I get $4 a dozen. Not much, is it? Then comes a brand-new ball of a cheaper make; they bring $3 a dozen. These new balls mustn't have a spot on 'em. All I do is scrub 'em up a little.

"Next comes a good ball that's got a bruise or is faded—you know—the shine is gone. I get $2.25 a dozen for them. What the dealers do is they repaint them and restamp them with the manufacturer's stamp—they can fake all those stamps—and sell them to pros and golf shops for the secondhand trade. After that come the clucks; as I was telling you, those are cheap balls that are pretty beat up, and I get $1.20 a dozen. Last come the cut-to-rubbers. I'll collect a bushel, and the dealer will give me a price for the lot. He'll put plastic covers on and sell 'em to driving ranges."

Depressing price problems

"I don't like those old rubber ones," his younger daughter said.

"You've got to take what you find in this business," Mr. Roby told her. "But what burns me is that the price of clucks has gone down. I used to get $1.60 or $1.70 for them, but nowadays people don't want clucks, even just to fool around with. Everybody's got to have new golf balls. Why, when I was a caddy I'd sell second-hand balls to rich people right on the course—had my pockets loaded with 'em. Now everyone wants the best. Of course I will admit that there's more balls available today. There's more people playing."

"Do you always use the same dealer?" I asked.

"Yes, and I'll tell you why. There's a lot of dealers come around when they hear you're a golf-ball hound. They ask you to name your price for the different grades, and then they say, 'Oh, come on; that's too much,' and they try to argue you down. But my dealer has his regular price. He drives out from the city maybe three times a year and I'll have about four bushels for him each time."

"How much does that come to?"

"Oh, a couple of hundred dollars at least," Mr. Roby said, going to the ice-box for more beer. "I suppose it comes to a thousand a year, but don't tell the income-tax people that. It's hard work, of course, but I'm used to it. I ought to be—been doing it all my life."

I was curious to know how Mr. Roby got started in his avocation. (He is a house painter by trade.) He gazed off into the past and finally said, "It's funny—I've always liked golf balls. When I was about eight there was an old man, must've been 70 years old at least, who used to collect golf balls, and on his way home he'd stop by our house—he and I were friends—and he'd dump a lot of cut-to-rubbers on the grass for me, and I'd putt and fool around with 'em.

"When I was 14 I started caddying at the club here in town. I'd see those balls go into the water and I'd think, 'Oh, boy!' and I'd come back at lunchtime and get 'em. Many a time I played hooky from school to come down and clean out a pond. Nobody used to bother you then. You could go anywhere at all. Lately I've been chased away from there so many times I'm plain disgusted."

He went back moodily to sorting the golf balls. One that he held up was worn with age and faded to a pale pink. "Now here's something that will interest you," he said. "This ball's 30 years old and still good. The water preserves them—don't ask me why." He went to a shelf and brought down a pail of these antiques, and we all puzzled out their faint old trademarks and odd patterns. Mrs. Roby said she had never seen a ball with square indentations instead of little round holes. "That ball was made before you were born," Mr. Roby told her.

Training a tired hound

I asked Mrs. Roby if she ever went with her husband on his expeditions.

"Only once," she said. "Sam assured me that there weren't any water rats or anything in the pond, so I went in. Well, I wasn't in one minute when something big and bushy swam right by my face. I got out fast, and I'm not going back. But I think it's sad that nobody will go with Sam anymore. He's even trying to train the dog now." She pointed to a doleful hound sleeping under a tree. "That's right," Mr. Roby said. "I throw balls into a big bucket and try to get him to go after them, but he just splashes around the outer edge. I honestly think that fool dog doesn't like water." THE END

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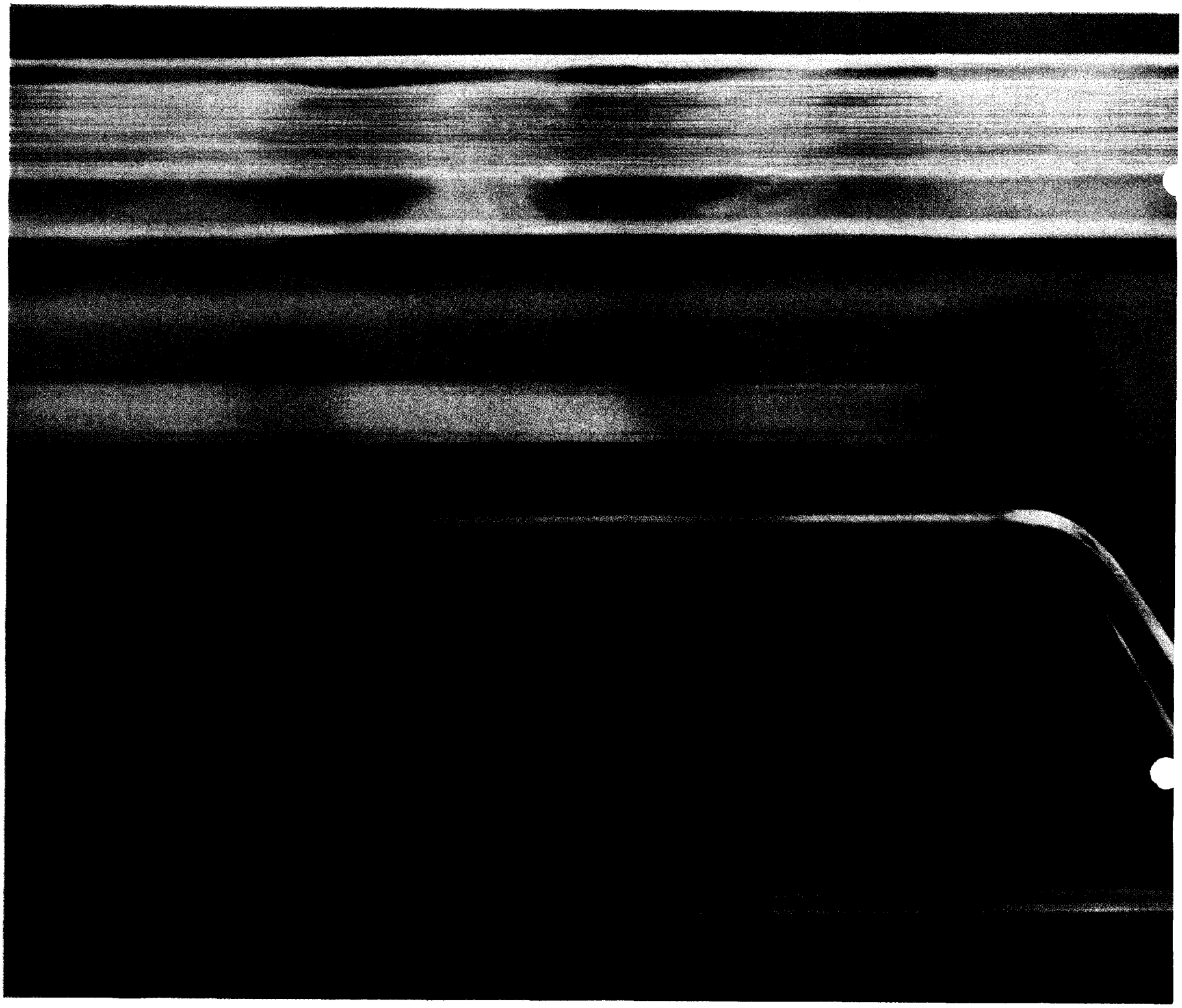

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An intriguing tale of cruelty and revenge on the ski slopes of the Swiss Alps by Irwin Shaw. Before a man seeks vengeance for the past, he should know the present.

The Inhabitants of Venus

He had been skiing since early morning, and he was ready to stop and have lunch in the village, but Mac said, "Let's do one more before eating," and, since it was Mac's last day, Robert agreed to go up again. The weather was spotty, but there were a few clear patches of sky, and the visibility had been good enough for decent skiing most of the morning. The *téléférique* was crowded, and they had to push their way in among the bright sweaters and anoraks and the bulky packs of the people carrying picnic lunches and extra clothing and skins for climbing. The doors closed and the cabin swung out of the station, over the belt of pine trees at the base of the mountain.

The passengers were packed in so tightly that it was hard to reach for a handkerchief or light a cigarette. Robert was pressed, not unpleasurably, against a handsome young Italian woman with a dissatisfied face, who was explaining to someone over Robert's shoulder why Milan was such a miserable city in the wintertime. "*Milano si trova in un bacino deprimente*," the woman said, "*bagnato dalla pioggia durante tre mesi all'anno. E, nonostante il loro gusto per l'opera, i Milanesi non sono altro che volgari materialisti che solo il denaro interessa.*" Robert knew enough Italian to understand that she was saying that Milan was in a dismal basin which was swamped by rain for three months a year and that the Milanese, despite their taste for opera, were crass and materialistic and interested only in money.

Robert smiled. Although he had not been born in the United States, he had been a citizen since 1944, and it was pleasant, in the heart of Europe, to hear somebody else besides Americans being accused of materialism and a singular interest in money.

"What's the Contessa saying?" Mac whispered above the curly red hair of a small woman who was standing between him and Robert. Mac was a lieutenant on leave from his outfit in Germany. He had been in Europe nearly three years and, to show that he was not just an ordinary tourist, he called all pretty Italian girls Contessa. Robert had met him a week before in the bar of the hotel where they were both staying. They were the same kind of skiers, adventurous and looking for difficulties; they had skied together every day, and they were already planning to come back at the same time for the next winter's holiday, if Robert could get over again from America.

"The Contessa is saying that in Milan all they're interested in is money," Robert said, keeping his voice low, although in the babble of conversation in the cabin there was little chance of being overheard.

"If I was in Milan," Mac said, "and she was in Milan, I'd be interested in something besides money." He looked with open admiration at the Italian girl. "Can you find out what run she's going to do?"

"What for?" Robert asked.

"Because that's the run I'm going to do," Mac said, grinning. "I plan to follow her like her shadow."

"Mac," Robert said, "don't waste your time. It's your last day."

"That's when the best things always happen," Mac said. "The last day." He beamed—huge, overt, uncomplicated—at the Italian girl, who took no notice of him. She was busy now complaining to her friend about the natives of Sicily.

The sun came out for a few minutes, and the cabin grew hot, with 40 people jammed into such a small space, and Robert half-dozed, not bothering to listen to the voices speaking French, Italian, English, *Schweizerdeutsch* and German, on all sides of him. Robert liked being in the middle of this informal congress of tongues. It was one of the reasons he came to Switzerland to ski whenever he could take time off from his job. In the angry days through which the world was passing, there was a ray of hope in this good-natured, polyglot chorus of people who smiled at strangers, who had collected in these shining white hills merely to enjoy the innocent pleasures of sun and snow.

The feeling of generalized cordiality that Robert experienced on these trips was intensified by the fact that most of the people on the lifts and runs seemed more or less familiar to him. Skiers formed a kind of loose international club, and the same faces kept turning up year after year in Mégève, Davos, St. Anton, Val d'Isére, so that after a while you had the impression you knew almost everybody. There were four or five Americans in the cabin whom Robert was sure he had seen at Stowe at Christmas. The Americans had come over in one of the chartered ski-club planes that Swissair ran every winter on a cut-rate basis. They were young and enthusiastic, and none of them had ever been to Europe before, and they were noisily appreciative of everything—the Alps, the food, the snow, the weather, the peasants in their blue smocks, the chic of the lady skiers and the skill and good looks of the instructors. They were popular with the villagers because they were so obviously enjoying themselves. Besides, they tipped generously, in the American style, with what was, to Swiss eyes, an endearing disregard of the fact that a service charge of 15 percent had been added automatically to every bill before it was presented to them. Two of the girls were very attractive, in a youthful prettiest-girl-at-the-prom way, and one of the young men, a lanky boy from Philadelphia, the informal leader of the group, was a beautiful skier who guided the others down the runs and helped the dubs.

The Philadelphian, who was standing near Robert, spoke to him as the cabin swung high over a steep, snowy face of the mountain. "You've skied here before, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes," Robert said, "a few times."

"What's the best run down this time of day?" the Philadelphian asked. He had the drawling, flat tone of the good New England schools that Europeans use in their imitations when they wish to make fun of upper-class Americans.

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INHABITANTS

"They're all OK today," Robert said.

"What's this run everybody says is so good?" the boy asked. "The—the Kaiser something-or-other?"

"The Kaisergarten," Robert said. "It's the first gully to the right after you get out of the station on top."

"Is it tough?" the boy asked.

"It's not for beginners," Robert said.

"You've seen this bunch ski, haven't you?" The boy waved vaguely to indicate his friends. "Do you think they can make it?"

"Well," Robert said doubtfully, "there's a narrow, steep ravine full of bumps halfway down, and there are one or two places where it's advisable not to fall, because you're liable to keep on sliding all the way if you do."

"We'll take a chance," the Philadelphian said. "It'll be good for their characters. Boys and girls," he said, raising his voice, "the cowards will stay on top and have lunch. The heroes will come with me. We're going to do the Kaisergarten."

"Francis," one of the pretty girls said, "I do believe it is your sworn intention to kill me on this trip."

"It's not as bad as all that," Robert said, smiling at the girl.

"Say," the girl said, looking with interest at Robert, "haven't I seen you someplace before?"

"On this lift, yesterday," Robert said.

"No." The girl shook her head. She had on a black, fuzzy, lambskin hat, and she looked like a high-school drum majorette pretending to be Anna Karenina. "Before yesterday. Someplace."

"I saw you at Stowe," Robert confessed. "At Christmas."

"Oh, that's where," she said. "I saw you ski. Oh, my, you're *silky*."

Mac broke into a loud laugh at this description of Robert's skiing style.

"Don't mind my friend," Robert said, enjoying the girl's admiration. "He's a coarse soldier who is trying to beat the mountain to its knees by brute strength."

"Say," the girl said, looking puzzled, "you have a funny little way of talking. Are you American?"

"Well, yes," Robert said. "I am now. I was born in France."

"Oh, that explains it," the girl said. "You were born among the crags."

"I was born in Paris," Robert said.

"Do you live there now?"

"I live in New York," Robert said.

"Are you married?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Barbara," the Philadelphian said, "behave yourself."

"I just asked the man a simple, friendly question," the girl protested. "Do you mind, *Monsieur?*"

"Not at all."

"*Are* you married?"

"Yes," Robert said.

"He has three children," Mac added helpfully. "The oldest one is going to run for President in the next election."

"Oh, isn't that too bad?" the girl said. "I set myself a goal on this trip. I was going to meet one unmarried Frenchman."

"I'm sure you'll manage it," Robert said.

"Three children," the girl said. "My! How old are you, anyway?"

"Thirty-nine," Robert said.

"Where is your wife now?" the girl said.

"In New York."

"Pregnant," Mac said, more helpful than ever.

"And she lets you run off and ski all alone like this?" the girl asked incredulously.

"Yes," Robert said. "Actually I'm in Europe on business, and I'm sneaking off for ten days."

"What business?" the girl asked.

"I'm a diamond merchant," Robert said. "I buy and sell diamonds."

"That's the sort of man I'd like to meet," the girl said. "Somebody awash with diamonds. But unmarried."

"Barbara!" the Philadelphian said.

"I deal mostly in industrial diamonds," Robert said. "It's not exactly the same thing."

"Even so," the girl said.

"Barbara," the Philadelphian said, "pretend you're a lady."

"If you can't speak candidly to a fellow American," the girl said, "who can you speak candidly to?" She looked out the plexiglass window of the cabin. "Oh, dear," she said, "it's a perfect monster of a mountain, isn't it? I'm in a fever of terror." She turned and regarded Robert again. "You do look like a Frenchman," she said. "Terribly polished. You're definitely sure you're married?"

"Barbara," the Philadelphian said forlornly.

Robert laughed, and Mac and the other Americans laughed, and the girl smiled under her fuzzy hat, amused by her own clowning and pleased at the reaction she was getting. The other people in the car, who could not understand English, smiled good-naturedly, happy, even though they were not in on the joke, to be the witnesses of this youthful gaiety.

Then through the laughter Robert heard a man's voice say, in tones of quiet, cold distaste, "*Schaut euch diese dummen amerikanischen Gesichter an! Und diese Leute bilden sich ein, sie waren berufen, die Welt zu regieren.*"

Robert had learned German as a child from his Alsatian grandparents, and he understood what he had just heard, but he forced himself not to turn to see who had spoken. His years of temper, he liked to believe, were behind him, and, if nobody else in the cabin had overheard or understood the words, he was not going to be the one to force the issue. He was here to enjoy himself, and he didn't feel like getting into a fight or dragging Mac and the other kids into one. Long ago he had learned the wisdom of playing deaf when he heard things like that, and worse. If some bastard of a German wanted to say, "Look at those stupid American faces. And these are the people who think they have been chosen to rule the world," it made very little real difference to anybody, and a grown man ignored it if he could. So he didn't look to see who had said it, because he knew that if he picked out the man he wouldn't be able to let it go. This way—as long as the hateful voice was anonymous—he could let it slide, along with many other things that Germans had said during his lifetime.

The effort of not looking was difficult, though, and he closed his eyes, angry with himself for being so disturbed by a scrap of overheard malice. It had been a perfect holiday up to now, and it would be foolish to let it be shadowed, even briefly, by a random voice in a crowd. If you came to Switzerland to ski, Robert told himself, you had to expect to find some Germans. But each year now there were more and more of them, massive, prosperous-looking men and sulky-looking women with the suspicious eyes of people who believe they are in danger of being cheated. Men and women both pushed more than was necessary in the lift lines, with a kind of impersonal egotism, an unquestioning assumption of precedence. When they skied they did it grimly, in large groups, as if under military orders. At night, when they relaxed in the bars and *Stüblis*, their merriment was more difficult to tolerate than their dedicated daytime gloom and *Junker* arrogance. They sat in red-faced platoons, drinking gallons of beer, volleying great bursts of heavy laughter and roaring glee-club arrangements of student drinking songs. Robert had never heard them sing the Horst Wessel song, but he had noticed that long ago they had stopped pretending they were Swiss or Austrian, or that they had been born in Alsace. Somehow to the sport of skiing, which is, above all, individual and light and an exercise in grace, the Germans seemed to bring the image of the herd. Once or twice when he had been trampled in the *téléférique* station he had let some of his distaste show to Mac, but Mac, who was far from being a fool under his puppy-fullback exterior, had said, "The trick is to isolate them, lad. It's only when they're in groups that they get on your nerves. I've been in Germany for three years, and I've met a lot of good fellows and some smashing girls."

Robert had agreed that Mac was probably right. Deep in his heart he wanted to believe that Mac was right. Before and during the war the problem of the Germans had occupied so much of his waking life that V–E Day had seemed a personal liberation from them, a kind of graduation ceremony from a school in which he had been forced to spend long years trying to solve a single boring, painful problem. He had reasoned himself into believing that defeat had returned the Germans to rationality. So, along with the relief he felt because he no longer ran the risk of being killed by them, there was an almost-as-intense relief that he no longer had to think about them.

After the war he had believed in establishing normal relations with the Germans as quickly as possible, both as good politics and as simple humanity. He drank German beer and even bought a Volkswagen, although he would not have favored equipping the German army with the hydrogen bomb. In the course of his business he had few dealings with Germans, and it was only here, in this village in the Graubünden where their presence was becoming so much more apparent each year, that the idea of Germans disturbed him anymore. But he loved the village, and the thought of abandoning his yearly vacation because of the prevalence of license plates from Munich and Düsseldorf was repugnant to him. Maybe, he thought, from now on he would come at a different time, in January instead of late February. Late February through early March, when the sun was warmer and shone until six o'clock in the evening, was the German season. The Germans were sun gluttons, and they could be seen all over the hills, stripped to the waist, sitting on rocks, eating their picnic lunches, greedily absorbing each precious ray of sunlight. It was as though they came from a country perpetually covered by mist, like the planet Venus, and had to soak up as much brightness and life as possible during their short holidays in order to endure the harsh gloom of their homeland and the conduct of the other inhabitants of Venus for the rest of the year.

Robert smiled to himself at this tolerant concept and felt better disposed toward everyone around him. *Maybe*, he thought, *if I were a single man I'd find a Bavarian girl and fall in love with her and finish the whole thing off.*

"I warn you, Francis," the girl in the lambskin hat was saying, "if you do me to death on this mountain there are three juniors at Yale who will track you down to the ends of the earth."

Then he heard the German voice again. "*Warum haben die Amerikaner nicht genügend Verstand*," the voice said, low but distinctly, near him, the accent clearly *Hochdeutsch*, not *Zurichois* or any of the other variations of *Schweizerdeutsch*, "*ihre dummen kleinen Nutten zu Hause zu lassen, wo sie hingehören?*"

Now he knew there was no avoiding looking and there was no avoiding doing something about it. He glanced at Mac first, to see if Mac, who understood a little German, had heard. Mac was huge and could be dangerous; and, for all his easy good nature, if he had heard the man say, "Why don't the Americans have the sense to leave their silly little tramps at home where they belong?" the man would have been in for a beating. But Mac was still beaming placidly at the Contessa. *That was all to the good*, Robert thought. The Swiss police took a dim view of fighting, no matter what the provocation, and Mac, enraged, would wreak terrible damage in a fight and would more than likely wind up in jail. For an American career soldier stationed in Frankfurt a brawl like that could have serious consequences. *The*

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"Briefly, you each inherit one million dollars—oops! wrong will."

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worst that can happen to me, Robert thought as he turned to find the man who had spoken, *is a few hours in the pokey and a lecture from the magistrate about abusing Swiss hospitality.*

Almost automatically Robert decided that when they got to the top he would follow the man out of the car, tell him quietly that he, Robert, had understood what had been said about Americans, and swing immediately. *I just hope*, Robert thought, *that whoever it is isn't too damned big.*

For a moment Robert couldn't pick out his opponent-to-be. There was a tall man with his back to Robert, on the other side of the Italian woman, and the voice had come from that direction. Because of the crowd Robert could see only his head and shoulders, which looked bulky and powerful under a black parka. The man had on the kind of black cap that had been worn by the Afrika Korps during the war. Beneath the cap the blond hair, which was thick and very low on the back of his neck, was plentifully streaked with gray. The man was with a plump, hard-faced woman who was whispering earnestly to him but not loudly enough for Robert to hear what she was saying. Then the man said crisply in German, replying to her, "I don't care how many of them understand the language. Let them understand," and Robert knew that he had found his man.

A tingle of anticipation ran through him, making his hands and arms feel tense and jumpy. He regretted that the cabin wouldn't arrive at the top for another five minutes. Now that he had decided the fight was inevitable he could hardly bear waiting. He stared fixedly at the man's broad, black-nylon back, wishing the fellow would turn and show his face. Judging by the man's height and the width of his shoulders he was at least 20 pounds heavier than Robert, but Robert was wiry and in good condition, and in the days when he still got into fights he had been a stubborn performer with a punch surprisingly damaging for someone his size. He wondered if the man would go down with the first blow, if he would apologize, if he would try to use his ski poles. Robert decided to keep his own poles handy, just in case, although Mac could be depended upon to police matters thoroughly if he saw weapons being used. Deliberately Robert took off his heavy leather mittens and stuck them in his belt. Bare knuckles would be more effective. He wondered fleetingly if the man was wearing a ring. He kept his eyes fixed on the back of the man's neck, willing him to turn. Then the plump woman noticed his stare. She dropped her eyes and whispered something to the man in the black parka, and after several seconds he turned, pretending that it was a casual, unmotivated movement. The man looked squarely at Robert, and Robert thought, *If you ski long enough you meet every other skier you've ever known.* At the same moment he knew that it wasn't going to be a nice, simple little fistfight on top of the mountain. For the first time in his life he wanted to kill a man, and the man he wanted to kill was the one whose icy blue eyes, fringed with pale, blond lashes, were staring challengingly at him from under the black peak of the Afrika Korps cap.

It was a long time ago, the winter of 1938, in the French part of Switzerland, and he was 14 years old. The sun was setting behind another mountain, and it was 10 below zero, and he was lying in the snow with his foot turned in that funny, unnatural way, although the pain hadn't really begun yet, and the eyes were looking down at him.

He had done something foolish, and at the moment he was more worried about what his parents would say when they found out than about the broken leg. He had gone up alone, late in the afternoon when almost everybody else was off the mountain. And even so he hadn't stayed on the packed snow of the regular runs, but had started bushwhacking through the forest, searching for powder snow that hadn't been tracked by other skiers. One ski had caught on a hidden root, and he had fallen, hearing the sickening, dry cracking sound from his right leg even as he pitched forward.

Trying not to panic, he had sat up, facing in the direction of the normal track, seeing the markers 100 meters away through the pine forest. If any skiers happened to come by they might just, with luck, be able to hear him if he shouted. He did not try to crawl toward the line of poles, because when he moved a queer feeling flickered from his ankle up his leg into his stomach, making him want to throw up.

The shadows were very long in the forest, and only the highest peaks were rose-colored now against a frozen green sky. He was beginning to feel the cold, and from time to time he was shaken by spasms of shivering.

I'm going to die here, he thought. *I'm going to die here tonight.* He thought of his parents and his sister comfortably seated this moment, probably having tea, in the warm dining room of the chalet two miles down the mountain, and he bit his lips to keep back the tears. They wouldn't start to worry about him for another hour or two yet, and then when they did, and started to do something about finding him, they wouldn't know where to begin. He had known none of the seven or eight people on the lift with him on his last ride up, and he hadn't told anyone what run he was going to take. There were three different mountains, with separate lifts and numberless variations of runs that he might have taken, and finding him in the dark would be an almost hopeless task. He looked up at the sky. There were clouds moving in from the east, a high black wall covering the already darkened sky. If it snowed that night there was a good chance they wouldn't even find his body before spring. He had promised his mother that no matter what happened, he would never ski alone, and now he had broken the promise, and this was his punishment.

Then he heard the sound of skis coming fast, a harsh, metallic sound on the iced snow of the run. Before he could see the skier he began to shout with all the strength of his lungs, frantically, "*Au secours! Au secours!*"

A dark shape appeared high above him for a second, disappeared behind a clump of trees, then shot into view much lower down, almost on a level with the place where he was sitting. Robert shouted wildly, not uttering words anymore, just a senseless, passionate, throat-bursting claim on the attention of the human race, represented, for this one instant at sunset on this cold mountain, by the dark, expert figure plunging, with a scraping of steel edges and a *whoosh* of wind, toward the village below.

Then, miraculously, in a swirl of snow, the figure stopped. Robert shouted. The sound of his voice echoed hysterically in the forest. For a moment the skier didn't move, and Robert shook with the fear that it was all a hallucination, a mirage of sight and sound, that there was no one there on the beaten snow at the edge of the forest, that he was only imagining his own shouts, that despite all the fierce effort of his throat and lungs he was mute, unheard.

Suddenly he couldn't see anything. He had the sensation of something sinking somewhere within him, of a rush of warm liquid inundating all the ducts and canals of his body. He waved his hands weakly and sank slowly over in a faint.

When he came to, a man was kneeling over him, rubbing his cheeks with snow. "You heard me," Robert said in French. "I was afraid you wouldn't hear me."

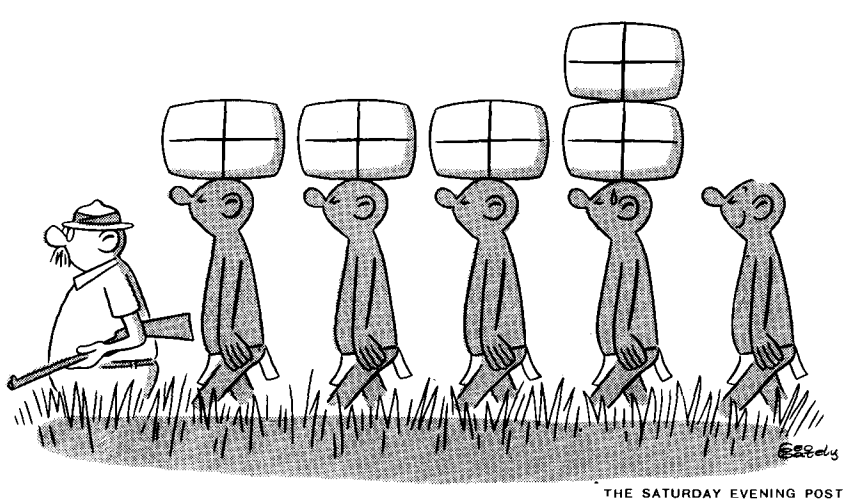
"*Ich verstehe nicht*," the man said. "*Nicht parler Französisch.*"

"I was afraid you wouldn't hear me," Robert repeated, in German.

"You are a stupid little boy," the man said severely, in clipped, educated German. "And very lucky. I am the last man on the mountain." He felt Robert's ankle, his hands hard but deft. "Nice," he said ironically, "very nice. You're going to be in plaster for at least three months. Here—lie still. I am going to take your skis off. You will be more comfortable." Working swiftly, he undid the long leather thongs and stood the skis up in the snow. Then he swept the snow off a stump a few yards away, got behind Robert and put his hands under Robert's armpits. "Relax," he said. "Do not try to help me." He picked Robert up. "Luckily, you weigh nothing. How old are you—eleven?"

"Fourteen," Robert said.

"What's the matter?" the man said, laughing. "Don't they feed you in Switzerland?"



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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL, Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

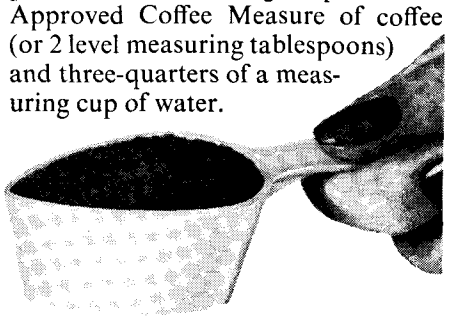
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

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"I'm French," Robert said.

"Oh." The man's voice went flat. "French." He half-carried, half-dragged Robert over to the stump and sat him down gently on it. "There," he said, "at least you're out of the snow. You won't freeze—for the time being. Now, listen carefully. I will take your skis down with me to the ski school, and I will tell them where you are and tell them to send a sled for you. They should get to you in less than an hour. Now whom are you staying with in town?"

"My mother and father. At the Chalet Montana."

"Good." The man nodded. "The Chalet Montana. Do they speak German too?"

"Yes."

"Excellent," the man said. "I will telephone them and tell them that their foolish son has broken his leg and that the patrol is taking him to the hospital. What is your name?"

"Robert."

"Robert what?"

"Robert Rosenthal," Robert said. "Please don't say I'm hurt too badly. They'll be worried enough as it is."

The man didn't answer immediately. He busied himself tying Robert's skis together and slung them over his shoulder. "Do not worry, Robert Rosenthal," he said. "I will not worry them more than is necessary." Abruptly he started off, sweeping easily through the trees, his poles held in one hand, balancing Robert's skis across his shoulders with the other hand.

His sudden departure took Robert by surprise, and it was only when the man was a considerable distance away, almost lost among the trees, that he realized he hadn't thanked the man for saving his life. "Thank you," he shouted into the growing darkness. "Thank you very much."

The man didn't stop, and Robert never knew whether his cry had been heard or not. Because after an hour, when it was completely dark, with the stars covered by the clouds that had been moving in from the east, the patrol had not yet appeared. Robert had a watch with a radium dial. Timing himself, he waited exactly one hour and a half, until 10 minutes past seven, and then decided that nobody was coming for him and that if he hoped to live through the night he would have to crawl out of the forest somehow and make his way down to the town by himself.

He was rigid with cold by now, and suffering from shock. His teeth chattered in a frightening way, as though his jaws were part of an insane machine over which he had no control. There was no feeling in his fingers anymore, and the pain in his leg came in ever-enlarging waves. He had put up the hood of his parka and let his head sink as low on his chest as he could, and the cloth of the parka was stiff with his frosted breath. He heard a whimpering sound somewhere around him, and it was only after what seemed like several minutes that he realized the whimpering sound was coming from him, and that there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Stiffly, with exaggerated care, he tried to lift himself off the tree stump without putting any weight on his injured leg, but at the last moment he slipped and twisted the leg as he went down into the snow. He screamed twice and lay with his face in the snow and thought of just staying that way and forgetting the whole thing, the whole intolerable effort of remaining alive. Later on, when he was much older, he came to the conclusion that the one thing that had kept him moving was the thought of his mother and father waiting

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for him, with an anxiety that would soon become terror, in the town below.

He pulled himself along on his belly, digging at the snow with his hands, using rocks, low-hanging branches and snow-covered roots to help him, meter by meter, out of the forest. His watch was torn off somewhere along the way, and when he finally reached the line of poles that marked the packed snow and ice of the run he had no notion of whether it had taken him five minutes or five hours to cover the 100 meters from the place where he had fallen. He lay panting, sobbing, staring at the lights of the town far below, knowing that he could never reach them, knowing that he had to reach them. The effort of crawling through the deep snow had warmed him, though, and his face was streaming with sweat, and the blood coming back into his numbed hands and feet jabbed him with a thousand needles of pain.

The lights of the town guided him now, and here and there he could see the marker poles outlined against the small, cozy, Christmasy glow of the lights. It was easier going, too, on the packed snow of the run. From time to time he managed to slide 10 or 15 meters without stopping, tobogganing on his stomach, screaming occasionally when his broken leg banged loosely against an icy bump, or twisted as he went over a steep embankment to crash down on a level place below. Once he couldn't stop himself and fell into a swiftly rushing small stream and pulled himself out of it five minutes later with his gloves and midsection and knees soaked with icy water. And still the lights of the town seemed as far away as ever.

Finally, after he had stopped twice to vomit, he felt he couldn't move anymore. He tried to sit up, so that if the snow came that night there would be a chance somebody might see the top of his head sticking out of the new cover in the morning. He was struggling to push himself erect when a shadow passed between him and the lights of the town. The

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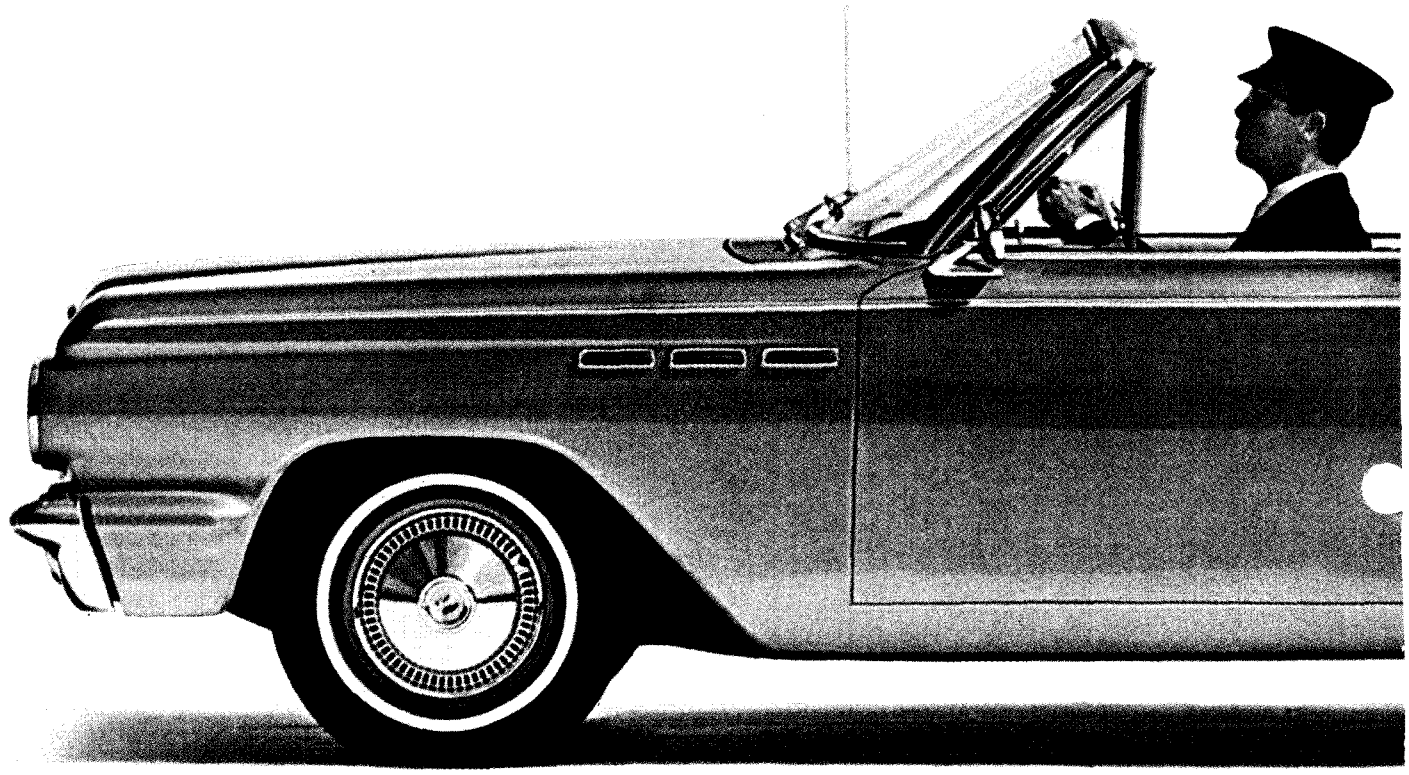

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shadow was very close and with his last breath he called out. Later on, the peasant who had rescued him said that what he had called out was "Excuse me."

The peasant had been moving hay on a big sled from one of the hill barns down to the valley, and he rolled the hay off the sled and put Robert on instead. Then, braking carefully and taking the sled on a path that cut back and forth across the run, he brought Robert down to the valley and the hospital.

By the time his mother and father had been notified and reached the hospital, the doctor had given him a shot of morphine and was already setting the leg. So it wasn't until the next morning, as he lay in the gray hospital room, sweating with pain, his leg in traction, that he could get out any kind of coherent story for his parents about what had happened.

"Then I saw this man skiing very fast, all alone," Robert said, trying to speak without showing how much the effort was costing him, trying to take the look of shock and agony from his parents' set faces by pretending that his leg hardly hurt at all, and that the whole incident was of small importance. "He heard me and came over and took off my skis and made me comfortable on a tree stump, and he asked me what my name was and where my parents were staying, and he said he'd go to the ski school and tell them where I was and to send a sled for me, and that he'd call you at the chalet and tell you they were bringing me down to the hospital. Then after more than an hour—it was pitch dark already—nobody came, and I decided I'd better not wait anymore and I started down and I was lucky and I saw this farmer with a sled and ——"

"You were very lucky," Robert's mother said flatly. She was a small, neat, plump woman with bad nerves, who was at home only in cities. She detested the cold, detested the mountains, detested the idea of her loved ones running what seemed to her the senseless risk of injury that skiing involved, and she came on these holidays only because Robert and his father and sister were so passionate about the sport. Now she was white with fatigue and worry, and if Robert had not been immobilized in traction she would have had him out of the accursed mountains that morning on the train to Paris.

"Now, Robert," his father said, "is it possible that when you hurt yourself the pain did things to you and that you just imagined you saw a man and just imagined he told you he was going to call us and get you a sled from the ski school?"

"I didn't imagine it, Papa," Robert said. The morphine had made him feel hazy and heavy-brained, and he was puzzled that his father was talking to him that way. "Why do you think I might have imagined it?"

"Because," his father said, "nobody called us last night until ten o'clock, when the doctor telephoned from the hospital. And nobody called the ski school either."

"I didn't imagine him," Robert repeated. He was hurt that his father seemed to think he was lying. "If he came into this room I'd know him right off. He was wearing a white cap, he was a big man with a black anorak, and he had blue eyes. They looked a little funny because his eyelashes were almost white, and from a little way off it looked as though he didn't have any eyelashes at all."

"How old was he, do you think?" Robert's father asked. "As old as I am?" Robert's father was nearly 50.

"No," Robert said. "I don't think so."

"Was he as old as your Uncle Jules?" Robert's father asked.

"Yes," Robert said. "Just about." He wished his parents would leave him alone. He was all right now. His leg was in plaster, and he wasn't dead, and in three months, the doctor said, he'd be walking again, and he wanted to forget everything that had happened last night in the forest.

"So," Robert's mother said, "he was a man of about twenty-five, with a white cap and blue eyes." She picked up the phone and asked for the ski school.

Robert's father lit a cigarette and went over to the window and looked out. It was snowing. It had been snowing since midnight, heavily, and the lifts weren't running today because a driving wind had sprung up with the snow and up on top there was danger of avalanches.

"Did you talk to the farmer who picked me up?" Robert asked.

"Yes," said his father. "He said you were a very brave little boy. He also said that if he hadn't found you you couldn't have gone on more than another fifty meters."

"Sssh." Robert's mother had the connection with the ski school now. "This is Mrs. Rosenthal again. Yes, thank you, he's doing as well as can be expected," she said, in her precise, melodious French. "We've been talking to him, and there's one aspect of his story that's a little strange. He says a man stopped and helped him take off his skis last night after he'd broken his leg, and promised to go to the ski school and leave the skis there and ask for a sled to be sent to bring him down. We'd like to know if, in fact, the man did report the accident. It would have been somewhere around six o'clock."

She listened for a moment, her face tense. "I see," she said, and listened again.

"No," she said, "we don't know his name. My son says he was about twenty-five years old, with blue eyes and a white cap. Wait a minute. I'll ask." She turned to Robert. "Robert, what kind of skis did you have? They're going to look and see if they're out in the rack."

"Attenhofer's," Robert said. "One meter seventy. And they have my initials in red up on the tips."

"Attenhofer's," his mother repeated over the phone. "And they have his initials on them. 'R.R.' In red. Thank you. I'll wait."

Robert's father came back from the window and doused his cigarette in an ashtray. Beneath the holiday tan his face looked weary and sick. "Robert," he said with a rueful smile, "you must learn to be more careful. You are my only male heir, and there is very little chance that I shall produce another."

"Yes, Papa," Robert said. "I'll be careful."

His mother waved impatiently at them to be quiet and listened again at the telephone. "Thank you," she said. "Please call me if you hear anything." She hung up. "No," she said to Robert's father, "the skis aren't there."

"It can't be possible," Robert's father said, "that a man would leave a little boy to freeze to death just to steal a pair of skis."

"I'd like to get my hands on him," Robert's mother said, "just for ten

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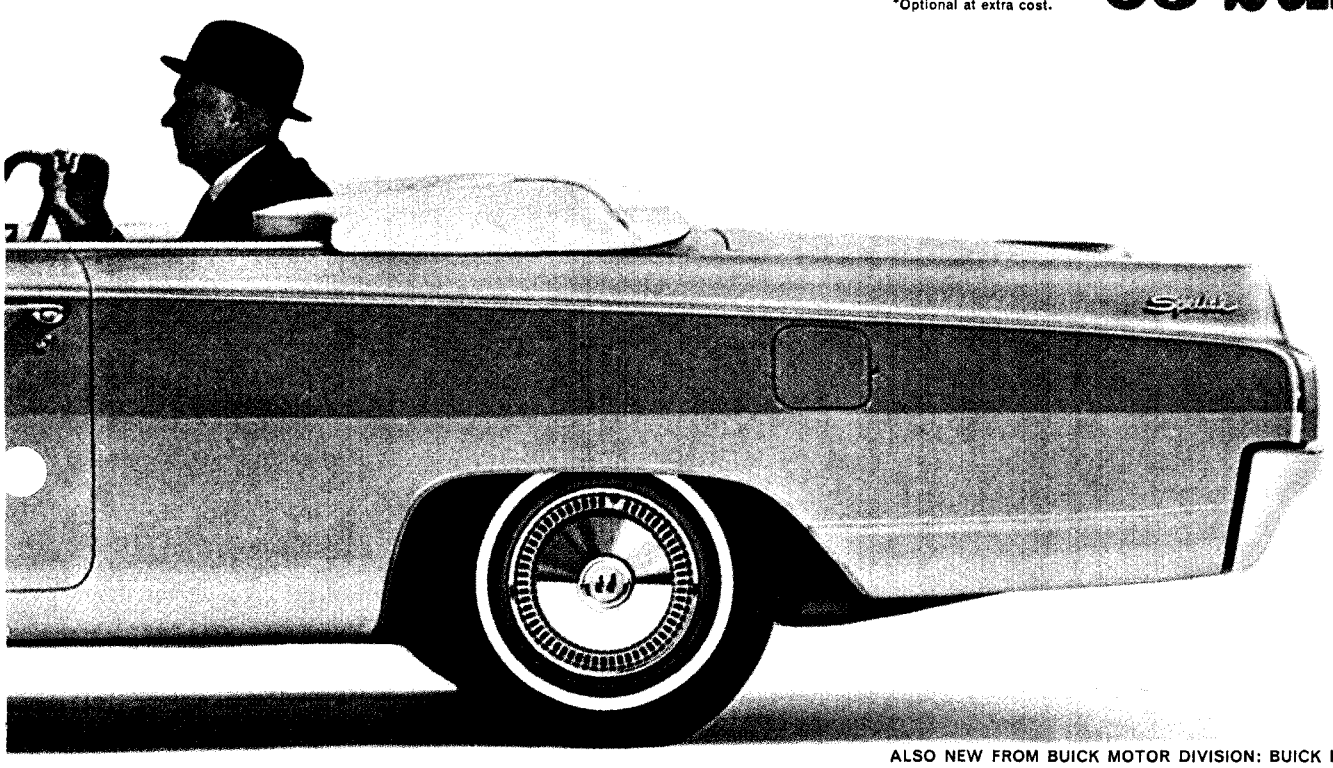

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minutes. Robert, darling, think hard. Did he seem—well—did he seem normal?"

"He seemed all right," Robert said, "I suppose."

"Was there any other thing about him that you noticed? Think hard. Anything that would help us find him. It's not only for us, Robert. If there's a man in this town who would do something like that to you, it's important that people know about him before he does something even worse to other boys."

"Mama," Robert said, feeling close to tears under the insistence of her questioning, "I told you just the way it was. Everything. I'm not lying, Mama."

"What did he sound like, Robert?" his mother said. "Did he have a low voice, a high voice, did he sound like us, as though he lived in Paris, did he sound like any of your teachers, did he sound like the other people from around here, did he ——"

"Oh," Robert said, remembering.

"What is it? What do you want to say?" his mother said sharply.

"I had to speak German to him," Robert said. Until now, what with the pain and the morphine, it hadn't occurred to him to mention that.

"What do you mean, you had to speak German to him?"

"I started to speak to him in French, and he didn't understand. We spoke in German."

His parents exchanged glances. Then his mother said gently, "Was it real German? Or was it Swiss German? You know the difference, don't you?"

"Of course," Robert said. One of his father's parlor tricks was giving imitations of Swiss friends in Paris speaking first French and then Swiss German. Robert had a good ear for languages, and, aside from having heard his Alsatian grandparents speak German since he was an infant, he was studying German literature in school and knew long passages of Goethe and Schiller and Heine by heart. "It was German, all right," he said.

There was silence in the room. His father went over to the window again and looked out at the snow falling like a soft, blurred curtain outside. "I knew," his father said quietly, "that it couldn't just have been for the skis."

In the end, his father won out. His mother wanted the police to try to find the man, even though his father pointed out that there were perhaps 5,000 skiers in the town for the holidays, a good percentage of them German-speaking and blue-eyed, and that trains arrived and departed with them five times a day. Robert's father was sure that the man had left the very night Robert broke his leg, but during the remainder of his stay in the town Mr. Rosenthal prowled the snowy streets and went in and out of bars searching for the face that would answer Robert's description of the man on the mountain. He said it would do no good to go to the police and might do harm, because once the story got out there would be plenty of people to complain that this was just another hysterical Jewish fantasy. "There are plenty of Nazis in Switzerland, of all nationalities," Robert's father told his mother in the course of an argument that lasted for weeks, "and this will just give them more ammunition—they'll be able to say, 'See, wherever the Jews go they start trouble.'"

Robert's mother, who was made of sterner stuff and who had relatives in Germany who smuggled out disturbing letters, wanted justice at any cost, but after a while even she saw the hopelessness of pushing the matter further. Four weeks after the accident, when Robert finally could be moved, as she sat beside her son, holding his hand, in the ambulance that would take them to Geneva and then on to Paris, she said in a dead voice, "Soon we must leave Europe. I cannot stand to live anymore on a continent where things like this are permitted to happen."

Much later, during the war, after Mr. Rosenthal had died in occupied France and Robert and his mother and sister were in America, a friend of Robert's, who had also done a lot of skiing in Europe, heard the story of the man in the white cap and told Robert he was almost sure he recognized the man from the description Robert gave. It was a ski instructor from Garmisch, or maybe from Oberndorf or Freudenstadt, who had a couple of rich Austrian clients with whom he toured each winter from one ski resort to another. Robert's friend didn't know the man's name, and the one time Robert got to Garmisch it was with French troops in the closing days of the war, and of course nobody was skiing then.

Now the man was standing just three feet from him, on the other side of the pretty Italian woman, his face framed by the straight black rows of skis, looking coolly, with insolent amusement, but without recognition, at Robert from under his almost-albino eyelashes. He was approaching 50 now, and his face was fleshy but hard and healthy, with a thin, set mouth that indicated control and self-discipline.

Robert hated him. He hated him for the attempted murder of a 14-year-old boy in 1938; he hated him for the acts he must have condoned or collaborated in during the war; he hated him for his father's death and his mother's exile; he hated him for what he had said about the pretty little American girl in the lambskin hat; he hated him for the impudence of his glance and the healthy, untouched robustness of his face and neck; he hated him because the man could look directly into the eyes of someone he had tried to kill and not recognize him; he hated him because he was here, bringing the idea of death and vengeance into this silvery bubble climbing through the placid holiday air of a kindly, welcoming country.

And most of all he hated the man whose cap was black now because the man betrayed and made a sour joke of the precariously achieved peace that Robert had built with his wife, his children, his job, his comfortable, easy-going, generously forgetful Americanism since the war.

The German deprived him of his sense of normality. Living with a wife and three children in a clean, cheerful house was not normal; having your name in the telephone directory was not normal; lifting your hat to your neighbor and paying your bills was not normal; obeying the law and depending upon the protection of the police was not normal. The German sent him back through the years to an older and truer normality—murder, blood, flight, conspiracy, pillage and ruin. For a while Robert had deceived himself into believing that the nature of everyday things could change. The German in the crowded cabin had now put him to rights. Meeting the German had been an accident, but the accident had revealed what was permanent and nonaccidental in his life and in the life of the people around him.

Mac was saying something to him, and the girl in the lambskin hat was singing an American song in a soft, small voice, but he didn't hear what Mac was saying, and the words of the song made no sense. He had turned away from the German and was looking at the steep stone escarpment of the mountain, now almost obscured by a swirling cloud. He felt confused and battered, and the images that raced through his mind were shadowy, veiled, like his glimpses of the mountain through the cloud—the man in the black cap lying in the snow, in a spreading red stain, himself standing over the man with a pistol in his hand (where could he find a weapon on this peaceful mountain?), the man struggling beneath him, the feel of the crushed, gasping throat between his strangling hands, the last terrified look of recognition and understanding, the man in the black cap sliding, skis flailing, hands clutching at the icy surface, going toward the brink, screaming as he went over and whirled down toward the rocks below.

And he himself? What? The plotter of a perfect crime? The joyous murderer? The just executioner? The prisoner in the dock, explaining his justifiable crime? Condemned and waking, morning after morning for the rest of his life, in a prison cell? Or exonerated and going back, as though nothing had happened, to his neat white house and ordering his wife and children to believe that nothing had changed, that although there was blood on his hands he was still the same husband, the same thoughtful father he had always been?

Murder. Murder. Men killed every hour for much less reason. They killed in the course of burglaries in which the loot was no more than 10 or 15 dollars. They killed in bars for differences of opinion. They killed in support of abstract political ideas; they killed for love, for religion, jealousy, out of exasperation.

In other times men had killed for a slight, for a glass of wine thrown in the face. Was he civilized beyond the point of avenging slights? What had to be thrown in his face before he acted, what sneers was he prepared to endure?

Was it cowardice that made him hesitate? Was he like his father, holding back because he was worried about the opinion of neighbors who said Jews made trouble wherever they went?

Other Jews had killed without compunction, careless of all opinion. The Stern gang terrorists in Palestine, Jewish gangsters in the United States. Not all Jews were like his father.

And in Europe and Africa and Asia there was constant slaughter—Algerian revolutionaries shooting policemen on the bustling streets of Paris, a student in Japan running a sword through a political leader, Congolese sergeants bayoneting tribal opponents. After all, murder was a commonplace event. Even in the United States, every hour of every day in the year, a murder was reported to the police.

During the war he had been ready enough to kill—for an ideal, for a country, for the safety of men who wore the same uniform he did. But it was harder to think of killing for himself, to avenge a wound out of his own past. Was it modesty on his part? Did he feel that he was not important enough for so grave and irrevocable an act? Was he finally the victim of his mother's fussing and tender love, of nannies saying "Naughty boy," of polite schools, of rabbis dreaming about Jerusalem, of children's books, of coaches on long-forgotten athletic fields talking about fair play, of that vague, comfort-shaped, false, all-pervading doctrine by which Americans lived, whose key word was "arbitrate"?

What was there subject to arbitration between him and the man in the black cap who had left him on the mountainside to die?

It was not even a terribly special case. In the world of hatred and agony that the Germans had created, meetings between persecutors and victims were unavoidable. There had been so many persecutors, and for all their zeal they had left so many victims alive. There were the stories, so frequent in Europe, of men who had been in concentration camps who had confronted their torturers after the war and turned them in to the authorities, and had the satisfaction of witnessing their execution. But to whom could he turn this German over—

"I've come to complain about the noise."

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the Swiss police? For what crime, under what criminal code?

He could do what an ex-prisoner had done in Budapest three or four years after the war when he had met one of his former jailers on a bridge over the Danube and had simply picked the man up and thrown him into the water and watched him drown. The ex-prisoner had explained who he was and who the drowned man was and had been let off and treated as a hero. But Switzerland was not Hungary, the Danube was far away, the war had been finished a long time ago.

Robert moved tensely in the crowded cabin. He could feel the sweat running unpleasantly down his ribs under his heavy sweater. The presence of so many people, chattering away with nothing on their minds but lunch or how to perfect the new Austrian ski technique, disturbed him and made it difficult for him to think. And he had to think. In a few minutes they would be on top of the mountain and a decision would have to be made, a decision which would change the course of his life.

No matter what he did, he had to get rid of Mac. This was something he could only solve alone. With Mac out of the way he could follow the man and wait for events to push him to one action or another. He might even surprise the man alone somewhere on the slopes and contrive a murder that would look like an accident. Maybe the man would insult him, enrage him to a point where instinct would take over, swamping all hesitation.

Whatever he did that day, Robert knew that he was not going to make it any kind of a duel. It was punishment he was after, not a symbol of honor. He closed his eyes and envisaged himself finishing the man off in some isolated place, hidden from all eyes by the enveloping cloud—how the finish would come he didn't know. Somehow. Then he would pull the body off into the forest, leave it there for the snow to cover, for weeks, months (VICTIM OF SKIING ACCIDENT DISCOVERED BY FARMER TWO MONTHS AFTER DISAPPEARANCE), then get out of the country fast, divulging nothing to anyone.

Robert had never killed a man. During the war he had been assigned by the American Army as part of a liaison team, to a French division, and, though he had been shot at often enough, he had never fired a gun in Europe. When the war was over he had been secretly thankful that he had been spared the question of whether or not he was capable of killing. Now he understood—he had not been spared. The question was still open. His war was not over.

And if he didn't kill—then what? Get the man alone, beat him to the ground, kick in his head with the big, heavy ski boots, leave him disfigured, marked for life with a broken face to bear witness to the vengeance he had so thoroughly deserved?

Maybe that, Robert thought; *maybe that. Let him go to the police and complain. I would like that.* He had a feeling that no matter what happened, the man would keep the police out of it if he could.

So, Robert decided, *follow him. See what develops. Don't let him out of your sight. Let what happens happen.*

And swiftly—it had to happen swiftly, before the man realized that he was the object of any special attention, before he began to wonder about the American on his tracks, before the face of the skinny 14-year-old boy on the dark mountain in 1938 emerged in his memory from the avenging face of the grown man before him now.

"Say, Robert." It was Mac's voice finally breaking into his consciousness. "What's the matter? I've been talking to you for thirty seconds and you haven't heard a word I said. Are you sick? You look awfully queer, lad."

"I'm all right," Robert said. He made a great effort to make his face look like the face of the man Mac had skied with every day for a week. "I have a headache. That's all. Maybe I'd better eat something, get something warm to drink. You go ahead down by yourself."

"Of course not," Mac said. "I'll wait for you."

"Don't be silly," Robert said, trying to keep his tone natural and friendly. "You'll lose the Contessa. Actually I don't feel much like skiing any more today. The weather's turned lousy." He gestured at the cloud that was blanketing the mountain. "You can't see a thing. I'll probably take the lift back down."

"Hey, you're beginning to worry me," Mac said anxiously. "I'll stick with you. You want me to take you to a doctor?"

"Leave me alone, please, Mac," Robert said. He had to get rid of Mac. If it meant hurting his feelings he'd make it up to him someway later. "When I get one of these headaches I prefer being alone."

"You're sure now?" Mac asked.

"I'm sure."

"OK. See you at the hotel for tea?"

"Yes," Robert said. *After murder*, he thought, *I always have a good tea. After murder—or whatever.* He prayed that the Italian girl would put her skis on and move off quickly once they got to the top so that Mac would be gone before he started off after the man in the black cap.

The cabin was swinging over the last pylon now and slowing down to come into the station. The passengers were stirring, arranging clothes, testing bindings in preparation for their descent. Robert stole a quick glance at the German. The woman with him was knotting a silk scarf around his throat with little wifely gestures. She had the face of a cook, splotchy, with a red nose. Neither she nor the man looked in Robert's direction. *I will handle the problem of the woman when I come to it*, Robert thought.

The cabin stopped, and the skiers began to disembark. Robert was close to the door and was one of the first out. Without looking back he walked swiftly away from the station and into the shifting grayness of the mountaintop. The mountain dropped off in a sheer, rocky face on one side of the station, and Robert went over and stood at the edge, looking out. If the German for any reason happened to come near him, to see how thick the cloud was on that side or to judge the condition of the snow on the Kaisergarten, which had to be entered farther on, but which cut back under the cliff lower down where the slope became more gradual, there was a possibility that a quick move on Robert's part would send the man crashing down to the rocks 100 meters below, and then the whole thing would be over. Robert turned and faced the station exit, searching the crowd of brightly dressed skiers for the Afrika Korps cap.

He saw Mac come out with the Italian girl. He was talking to her and carrying her skis, and the girl was smiling warmly. Mac waved at Robert and then knelt to help the girl put on her skis. Robert took a deep breath. Mac, at least, was out of the way. And the American group had decided to have lunch on top and had gone into the restaurant near the station.

The Afrika Korps cap was not to be seen. The German and the woman had not yet come out. There was nothing unusual about that. People often waxed their skis in the station where it was warm or went to the toilets downstairs before starting down the mountain. It was all to the good. The longer the German took, the fewer people there would be hanging around to notice Robert when he set out after the man.

Robert waited at the cliff's edge. In the swirling, cold cloud, he felt capable, powerful, curiously light-headed. For the first time in his life he understood the profound, sensual pleasure of destruction. *I think I can do it*, he thought; *I really think I can do it.* He waved gaily at Mac and the Italian girl as they moved off together on the traverse to one of the easier runs on the other side of the mountain.

Then the door to the station opened again, and the woman who had been with the German came out. She had her skis on, and Robert realized that they had been so long inside because they were putting their skis on in the waiting room. In bad weather people often did that so they wouldn't freeze their hands outdoors on the icy metal of the bindings. The woman held the door open, and Robert saw the man in the Afrika Korps cap coming through the opening. But he wasn't coming out like everybody else. He was hopping, with great ability, on one leg. The other leg had been cut off at mid-thigh. To keep his balance the German had miniature skis fixed on the ends of his poles, instead of the usual thonged baskets.

Through the years Robert had seen other one-legged skiers, veterans of Hitler's armies who had refused to let their mutilation keep them off the mountains they loved, and he had admired their fortitude and skill. But he felt no admiration for the man in the Afrika Korps cap. All he felt was a bitter sense of loss, of having been deprived at the last moment of something that had been promised him and that he had wanted and desperately needed, because he knew he was not strong enough to murder or maim a man already maimed, to punish the already punished, and he despised himself for his own weakness. Now he understood something else too. He understood why the German had been so carelessly loud in expressing his contempt for the Americans in the cabin. His severed leg conferred on him a cripple's immunity, and, cynically, he had enjoyed it to the full.

Robert watched as the man made his way across the snow with crablike cunning, hunched over the poles with the infants' skis on their ends. Two or three times, when the man and the woman came to a rise, the woman got behind the man silently, and pushed him up the slope until he could move under his own power again.

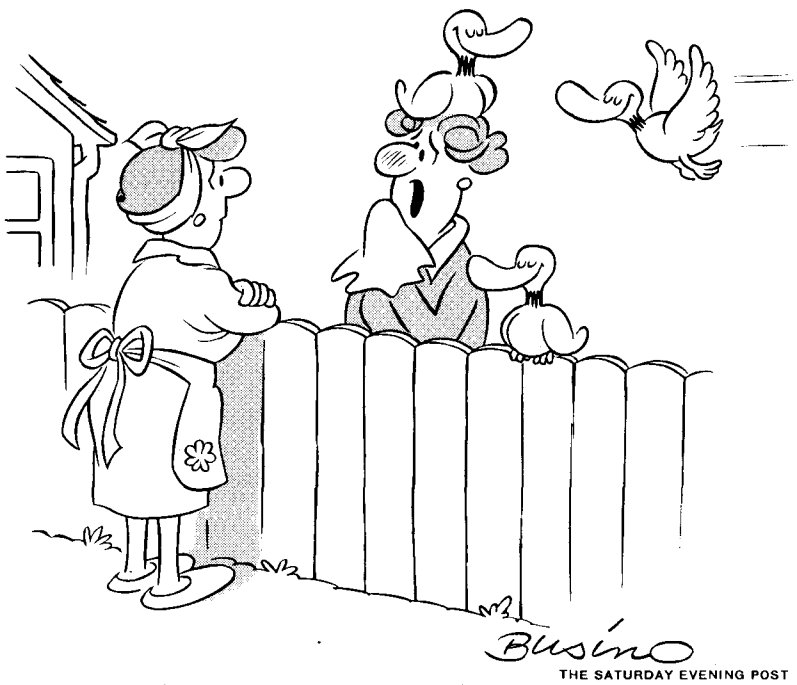
The cloud had been swept away, and there was a momentary burst of sunlight. In it Robert saw the man and the woman traverse to the entrance of the steepest run on the mountain. Without hesitating, the man plunged into it, skiing skillfully, overtaking the more timid or weaker skiers who were picking their way cautiously down the slope.

Dully Robert watched the two of them descend the mountain, the man hideously graceful, wounded and invulnerable, and soon the couple became tiny figures on the white expanse below. Now Robert knew there was nothing to be done, nothing more to wait for except a cold, hopeless, everlasting forgiveness.

The two figures disappeared out of the sunlight into the solid bank of cloud that cut across the lower part of the mountain.

Then Robert went back to where he had left his skis and put them on. He did it clumsily. His hands were cold because he had taken off his mittens in the *téléférique* cabin in that hopeful and innocent past 10 minutes ago when he had thought the German insult could be paid back with a few blows of a bare fist.

He went off fast on the run that Mac had taken with the Italian girl, and he caught up with them before they were halfway down. It began to snow when they reached the village, and they went into the hotel and had a hilarious lunch with a lot of wine, and the girl gave Mac her address and said he should be sure to look her up the next time he came to Milan. **THE END**



"It happens every time I blow my nose."

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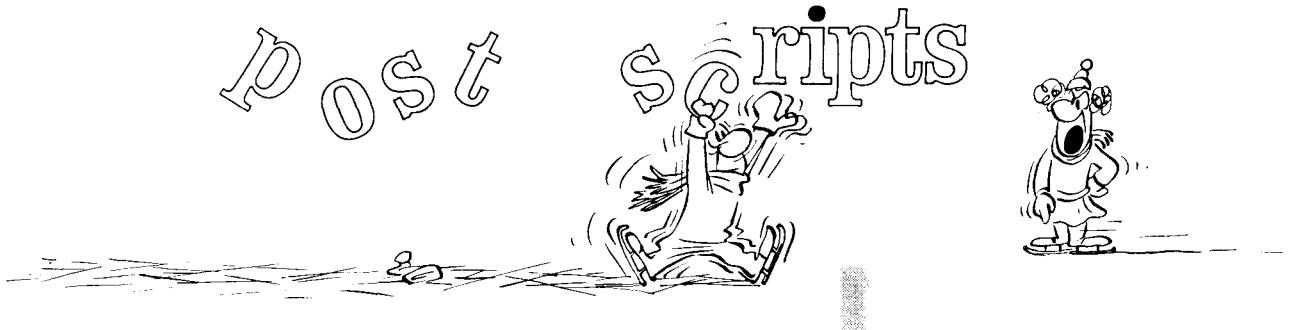
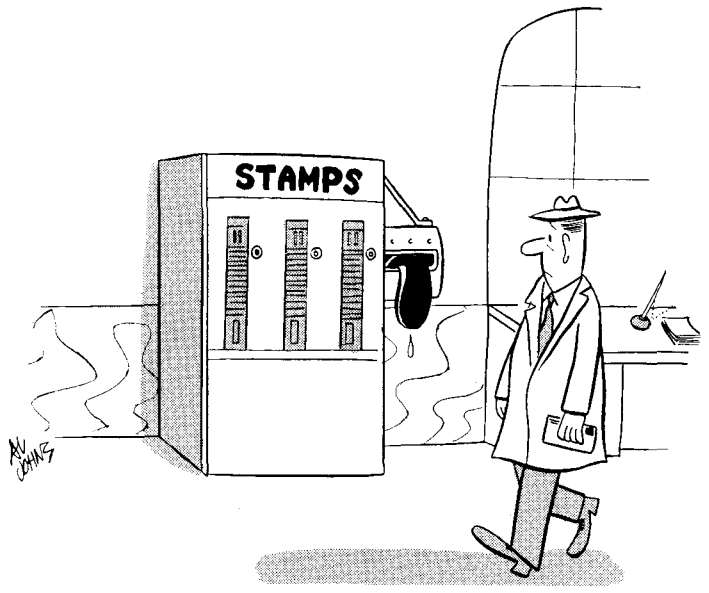
Post scripts



"Orgies aren't what they used to be!"



". . . hailed as the cosmetic miracle of the ages, guaranteed to —— Oh, never mind."

1 1 1 1) 1 1 1 1 1 1

"Watch your posture, Susan!"

oo oo oo oo oo

"Are your eyes bothering you, Mildred?"

oo oo oo oo ** oo oo oo

"She's a starry-eyed little thing, isn't she?"

t t t t T t t

"Well, some people just like being different."

s s s s s l s s s

"You're a bundle of nerves, Floyd—relax!"

0 0 0 0 X 0 0 0

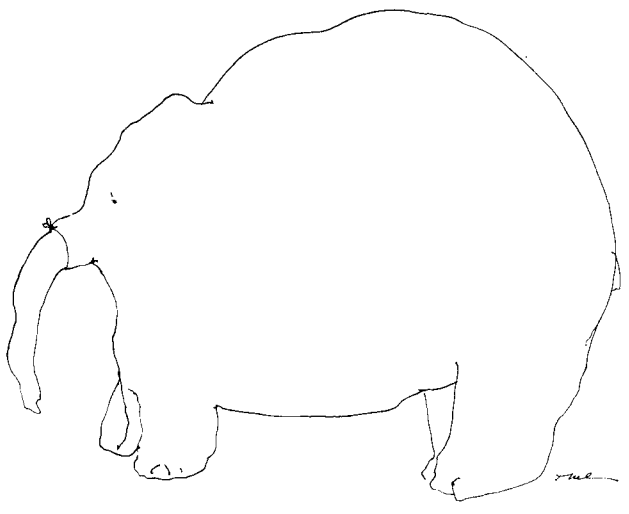
"He's just not our kind of people."

(((((( ) ((((

"I said, '*Left face!*'"

CHARLES V. MCGUIRE

"Whoops."



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The final saga of Mickey Cohen

Last stop: Alcatraz

The paunchy little gangster had a "foolproof" scheme for defrauding the Government. Here is the inside story of how Federal agents put him behind bars at long last.

By Dean Jennings

Mr. Mickey Cohen, unemployed gangster, was in his customary cocky mood when he boarded my boat that autumn afternoon. He was wearing a new tan sports suit with an Eisenhower-type jacket—"There ain't nobody has got a suit like this," he said proudly. There was a roll of $100 bills in his pants pocket, and he exuded an almost stifling scent of lavender.

"Hey," he said. "I never seen Alcatraz up close. Can you get near it?"

I backed the cruiser out of her berth at Belvedere, a suburban community 15 miles north of San Francisco, and 10 minutes later we were idling in the swells off the notorious Rock.

"So that's the joint," Cohen said. He picked up my binoculars and swept the cellblock from one end to the other. When he put the glass down, his mouth had a wry smile. "If I ever make the joint," he said, "do you think I could get a nice room with a view?"

Suddenly he was serious. "Listen," he said, "I'm only kiddin'. I ain't gonna be in here or any other joint. Those jerks at Internal Revenue got nothin' on me, and I mean *nothin'*."

At that very moment the "jerks" in the Intelligence Division of Internal Revenue were gathering their forces for perhaps the most challenging assignment in their history. It would be an overwhelmingly difficult task, because Mickey had perfected what seemed to be an invulnerable scheme for cheating the Government.

The inside story of the Government's investigation, which continued day and night for three years at a cost of $500,000, could not be told before. It has now bee made available to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The story began on an October morning in 1955 when Cohen came out of McNeil Island Penitentiary. He had been locked up more than four years for cheating on his Federal income tax—the only time in his violent career he had done time for a felony conviction. For all practical purposes, Mickey was washed up as a big-time hoodlum when he came home to Los Angeles.

His homicidal pals had long since filled up the cemeteries. Mickey, himself a target for assassins no fewer than 10 times, owed the Government some $512,000 in taxes and penalties, and seemed chastened and reformed.

On September 18, 1957, Mickey took what seemed like the first step to oblivion. At Internal Revenue Service offices in Los Angeles, he told Collection Officer Guy McCown that he had no hope of paying his debt to the Government. Under oath, he signed a statement that, aside from clothing and personal effects, he didn't have a dime.

Sometimes Government officials write off such debts and close the books. Distrusting Cohen, they kept his account alive. They had the right hunch. For on that very day, after swearing that he was broke, Mickey bought himself a new Cadillac brougham. The cost: $16,222.24.

During the next six months Micke moved into a luxurious Westwood Village apartment with seven vari-hued telephones, $10,000 worth of decorator touches, a built-in soda fountain and a fireplace with his initials embedded in mosaic. He appeared nightly in the best restaurants, where he paid dinner checks

Nightclub stripper Candy Barr pouts in a Dallas, Texas, jail after her arrest on narcotics charge. Once Cohen's "personal doll," she is currently serving 15 years in Texas.

Curvaceous Liz Renay, another stripper and onetime favorite of the Anastasia gang in New York, "loaned" money to Cohen. A convicted perjurer, she's in prison also.

"Dream girl" Sandy Hagen watches tearfully as officers lead Cohen away to start serving his term at Alcatraz. Unwittingly she supplied evidence that led to the mobster's conviction.

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of as much as $300. He dated Liz Renay, a willowy stripper who was a favorite of the Anastasia mob in New York, and he presented a solid-gold watch to Fred Sica, a New Jersey gangster who had become his bodyguard.

During this same period he fought with police in Chicago who had arrested him as a vagrant, got into a bloody brawl with a Federal narcotics officer in Los Angeles, and slugged a waiter in a Hollywood restaurant.

As in earlier days, Mickey seemed to commit these acts with impunity. "Cohen has deliberately projected an image of himself," the Los Angeles *Mirror-News* said in a bitter editorial, "as a half-comic pixie, a martyr to police persecution, a harmless eccentric ex-mobster. He lives high, high as a gang lord, while decent folk pay income taxes."

Love letters from Lana

On April 4, 1958, Mickey's close friend Johnny Stompanato, a blackmailer, was knifed at the home of Lana Turner. Mickey paid for the funeral. Shortly afterward the supposedly destitute Cohen spurned a $5,000 offer from a New York newspaper for Lana's love letters to Stompanato, giving them instead to the Los Angeles *Herald-Express.*

When the letters appeared in print, Ben Hibbs, then editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, called me into his office and said, "How does Mickey Cohen get away with all these things?"

"I don't know," I said. "But maybe it's time to find out."

For the next seven weeks I lived in what Senator Estes Kefauver once called "the dim and dirty world of the contemptible little mobster, Mickey Cohen."

I dined at Mickey's apartment—with monogrammed linen and imported silver—and I met most of the men who made up the "new Mickey Cohen gang": Joe and Fred Sica, both Mafia men; Max Tannenbaum, a New York burglar; Willie Howard, Phil Packer and Jack (The Enforcer) Whalen of Los Angeles; and Ellis (Itchy) Mandel of Chicago. All but Mandel were ex-convicts.

I sat in expensive nightclubs with Cohen and occasionally drove him around Hollywood or Beverly Hills as he ran mysterious little errands. I watched him get fitted for new suits at $250 each, and saw wardrobe closets filled with 1,500 pairs of socks, 50 pairs of $50 silk pajamas, and neckties by the hundreds. It was clear that Cohen was spending more than $100,000 a year. But he had not paid a nickel on his debt to the Government, nor had he paid any current income tax. For a while Mickey pretended to prospective "partners" that he was making money from a nursery enterprise called Michael's Greenhouses. When the foreman of the county grand jury had Mickey in for questioning, he was embarrassingly vague about plant life. "It is obvious that you don't know much about your business," the foreman told him.

"Sure I do," Mickey said belligerently.

"All right—name one flower you have out there."

"Well," Mickey said at last, "uh . . . well . . . we had one called . . . oh, hell, it sounds like 'Philadelphia.'"

Cohen's flashy wardrobe included 60 custom-made suits, 60 pairs of shoes, 1,500 pairs of socks.

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"For the jury, Cohen wisecracked, sulked and raged."

MICKEY COHEN

The nursery business folded, but not until Mickey had milked it for thousands of dollars, none of which he reported on his tax returns. I finally asked him, "Where do you get all your money, and how come you don't pay taxes?"

"Look," he said angrily, "you can't expect Mickey Cohen to go around like a bum. Why should I give them what little money I have when they'll only throw it away on some foreign country? Anyway, the money I get ain't taxable."

"Where do you get it?"

"Oh, loans, mostly," he said. "There's still some powerful people around Los Angeles who got money only because I helped 'em make it in the old days. I got unlimited credit with them."

I suspected that blackmail was involved in some of these loans. When I checked a list of suckers who had loaned him money 10 years earlier I discovered that he had borrowed $56,000 and had not paid back one cent. Now a new crop of pigeons was lending him thousands of dollars they would never see again.

In operating his loan system, Cohen had enough experience with the law to know that the Government, to make a case against him, would have to prove in each instance that (a) the loan was pure blackmail based on fear; (b) there was deceit or lying involved, or (c) the lender expected something in return.

"Let 'em try to prove them loans wasn't legitimate," Mickey said boastfully to me. "They'll never make it."

Cohen had a second source of cash which he mentioned. It seems that author Ben Hecht had an agreement with Cohen to write Cohen's life story. By the time I arrived in Los Angeles, Hecht had written only a few pages and was dubious about the whole project. But Cohen, using Hecht's reputation as a front, had persuaded several victims to lend him huge sums in exchange for "a piece" of the book-and-movie property.

Hecht was stunned when I told him what Cohen was doing and eventually dropped the project.

I declined Cohen's invitation to write the book myself, instead turning out a series of *Post* articles titled MICKEY COHEN—THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A HOOD. I named some of the trusting friends and acquaintances who, up to that time, had "invested" almost $100,000 in the nonexistent book and movie.

When I left Los Angeles, Cohen was not only snickering openly at the Internal Revenue Service, but, as Government agents later revealed, he had had the effrontery to file tax returns for 1956 and 1957 showing a total income of $2,472.84—$1,200 of which had been earned by his wife, Lavonne—and a return for 1958 in which he reported no income at all. Then Mickey flew to Philadelphia and filed a $1,000,000 libel action against *The Post* and me. He later dropped the suit.

Because of the suit I had shipped my entire confidential file—three volumes with 250,000 words of notes, photostats and other documents—to *The Post*'s legal staff. I then started on a vacation cruise down the Inland Waterway, feeling that the Internal Revenue Service had fumbled the ball in the Mickey Cohen case. I discovered almost immediately that I was wrong.

No sooner was I under way than a young and talented special agent named Donald F. Bowler called at the magazine office and confiscated my Cohen files. Eighteen days later, when I docked my boat at Lantana, Florida, Special Agent John C. Cronin greeted me with a summons which would let Government agents question me under oath about anything in my Cohen dossier.

Setting up a nerve center

Now, almost four years later, I can reveal how the Intelligence Division of the Internal Revenue Service worked on a seemingly hopeless case.

The investigation was formally started in June, 1958. For agent Donald Bowler the investigation was a familiar story. Nine years earlier, fresh off the campus at Loyola University of Los Angeles with a degree in accounting, Bowler was sworn in as a special agent and assigned to the Government's first Cohen tax probe.

Figuring there would be plenty of Cohen's ex-associates with stories to tell in the new tax case, Bowler set up a nerve center in the Los Angeles Subway Terminal Building. Bowler and two other agents, along with Virgil Crabtree, a group supervisor in the Intelligence Division, were to spend almost three years in this control center.

As word spread that the heat was on Mickey, Bowler and Crabtree began getting dozens of anonymous tips about his intricate financial operations. Information also poured in from cooperating agencies—the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Police Department, the Los Angeles County sheriff's office and others.

Now and then the chase turned up surprising names. Comedian Jerry Lewis, for instance, admitted he had loaned Cohen $5,000 without interest or security or even a note. Red Skelton reported that Mickey had tried to sign him to play the leading role in the nebulous Cohen life story. Jimmy Durante's personal manager had loaned Mickey $500 which had not been repaid.

Many of the early leads came from bank records. So many canceled checks, notes, loan papers and money orders choked Bowler's office that the case eventually filled 23 file drawers.

Mickey often went to absurd lengths to cover the trail. On one occasion he "borrowed" $7,500 from a Chicago lawyer named George Bieber. The check was made out to Lillian Weiner, Mickey's sister, and was turned over to James Bernstein, a nightclub operator. Bernstein deposited the check and bought a cashier's check for $7,500. Without leaving the bank, Bernstein cashed the check and bought half a dozen smaller cashier's checks payable to himself. Then he cashed those checks, walked across the street and handed the money to Cohen.

Bowler uncovered another device in which Liz Renay acted as accomplice. When Bowler questioned her, she said she had loaned Mickey $5,500, and produced canceled checks made out to him. They were drawn on her account in a New York City bank. Checking Miss Renay's financial history, Bowler found that she was unable to pay current bills.

She had received the money from Mickey himself. When she gave him the checks—all marked "Loan" so the money wouldn't be taxable—he deposited the cash in her account to cover them. With this system he could take $5,500 of his own money out of hiding and not have to account for it as taxable income. Miss Renay was later convicted of perjury for giving false testimony to a Federal grand jury on this transaction.

As the work went on, agents in other cities were asked to run down leads. In Memphis, Government men found Max Feigenbaum, a retired shoe manufacturer who had been bilked out of $18,950 on the Cohen movie deal. In New Orleans canceled checks turned up proving that Mickey had been paid $3,000 for "arbitrating" a Los Angeles vending-machine war. In Cincinnati a horticulturist named Charles Schneider revealed that he had paid Cohen $2,350 to promote the singing career of his daughter Janet. Mickey did nothing for the girl and didn't report the income.

While all these witnesses were being questioned—40 agents were simultaneously rounding them up in 20 cities outside California—Bowler found a Hollywood man with a curdling story to tell.

He was Bernard Koomer, a nightclub owner and operator. Mickey had come to him in 1957 with the familiar pitch—a Hollywood studio was going to pay him $150,000 for his life story, and the completed picture would be officially endorsed by Billy Graham. Two days later Koomer gave Mickey two checks totaling $10,000 and received in exchange a large diamond ring as security.

The next morning, suddenly uneasy about the deal, Koomer stopped payment on the checks and met Mickey at the nightclub to return the ring. Mickey turned purple with rage and snatched the ring from Koomer's hands. Late that evening Koomer and his wife began getting threats on the telephone. Koomer knew of Cohen's sinister history and was chilled with fright. He finally reached Cohen on the phone in New York, apologized for the "misunderstanding" and said he was sending a check for $7,500. Mickey came back from New York, turned on the charm and assured Koomer and his wife that he had fixed everything with "the boys" and that there wouldn't be any trouble. Koomer eventually put up another $7,500 and got a promissory note for the $15,000. No part of the sum has ever been repaid.

Agents also talked to Candy Barr, a onetime Texas stripper who had been Mickey's doll. Candy was disenchanted with Cohen, even though she admitted that he had spent about $60,000 trying to keep her from going to prison on a narcotics charge.

On December 2, 1959, while the investigation was at its height, Mickey gave a dinner party at Rondelli's Restaurant in the San Fernando Valley. His guests included Phil Packer, Sam LoCigno and a former waitress named Claretta Hashagen, who had replaced Miss Barr in Mickey's affections. Elsewhere in the restaurant was Jack Whalen, who it seems had suddenly become *persona non grata* to the Cohen mob.

Somewhere between the entree and the dessert, Whalen got a .38 bullet in his head. Miss Hashagen and the other guests departed, but Cohen was still there when Sergeants Jack McCreadie and Jack Gotch of the Los Angeles homicide squad arrived.

Help from a "dream girl"

They gave him a routine going-over but found nothing. Later that evening, however, during a chat with Miss Hashagen in her apartment, the officers had better luck. "What'll I do," she asked offhandedly, "with all this jewelry?" It turned out that as they were hastily leaving the restaurant Packer had handed her an assortment of jewelry and told her to hang onto it.

"We'll take it," Sergeant Gotch said. She gave the officers a three-and-a-half-carat diamond ring, a heart-shaped diamond pendant, a platinum watch and other items. That same night the sergeants handed the jewelry to Crabtree and Bowler at their downtown office.

The police check of Mickey's wallet had yielded a pawn ticket—which also was given to Bowler—and his men went to a Los Angeles pawnshop, where they recovered a huge diamond ring. (Lavonne

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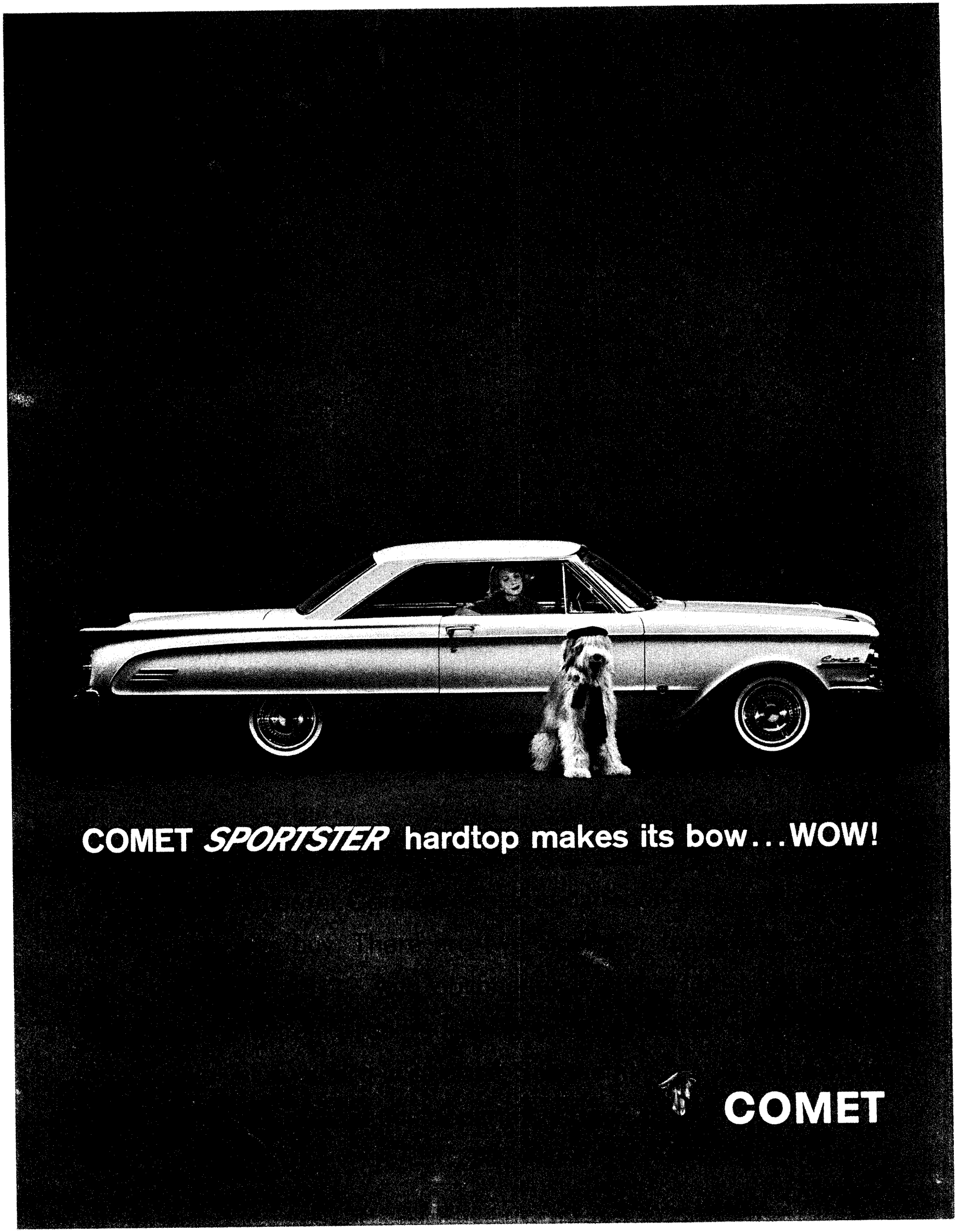

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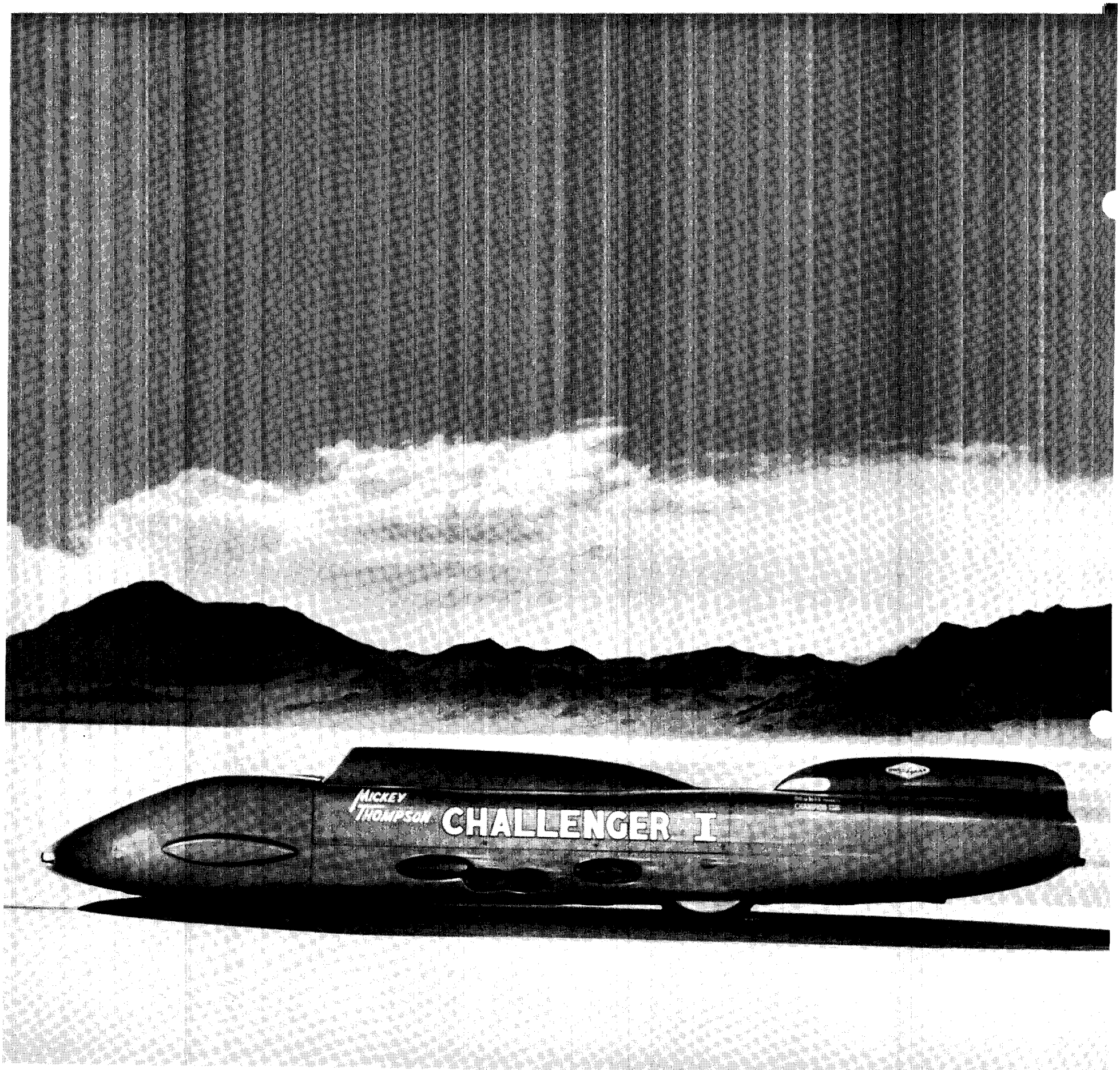

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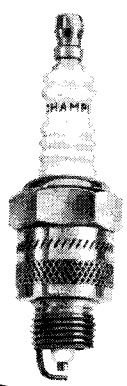

CHAMPION

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Cohen's claim: "I never done no wrong."

MICKEY COHEN

Cohen, Mickey's ex-wife, who once told me with some bitterness that Mickey swiped $60,000 worth of her jewelry, identified the ring as one he had taken.)

The confiscated stone has since been appraised at $17,640 and will soon be sold to make a token payment on Mickey's tax debts.

Sam LoCigno was later found guilty of firing the shot that killed Whalen and has been doing time on a manslaughter conviction. Claretta Hashagen has changed her name to Sandy Hagen. What she cannot change, though, is the ironic fact that she—whom Mickey considered the dream girl—unwittingly put the finger on her man. The jewelry became key evidence at Mickey's trial and proved that he had deliberately concealed assets.

By the time Bowler had wrapped up his case, he and other agents had interviewed some 400 witnesses. Many of them had had a part in giving or lending Mickey more than $400,000 during the three-year period. Nine of them had given him $106,737 for a percentage in the nonexistent book and movie. Bowler later proved that Mickey had given "exclusive" story rights to at least eight men.

These investors couldn't have collected even if a profitable motion picture had been made. Mickey had never told any of them that he had surrendered all rights to his life story in a 1951 contract with a friend named Henry Guttman.

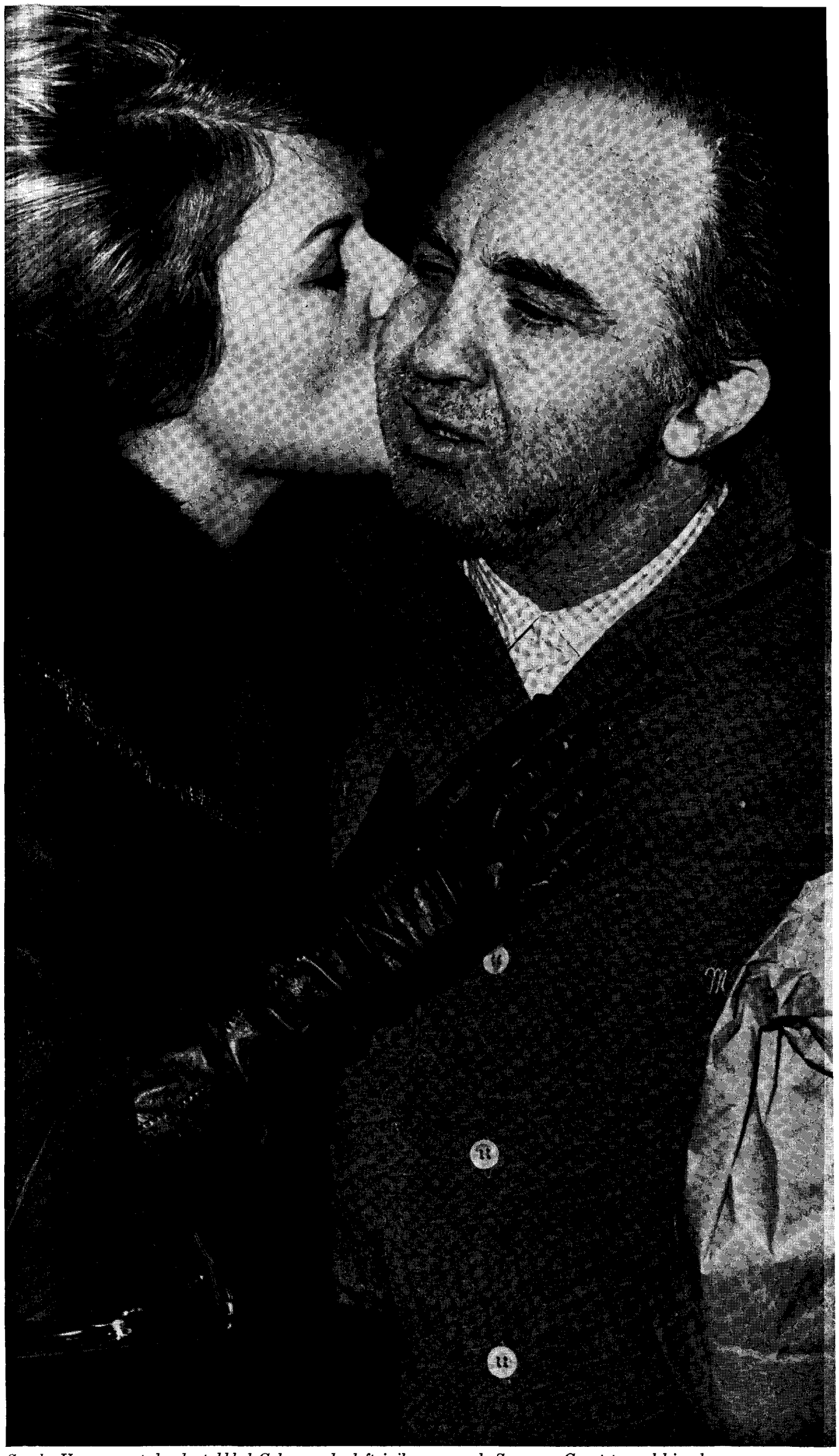
Mickey went on trial in May, 1961, and for 42 days wisecracked, sulked, raged and came close to tears.

After I had testified against him he came up to me and said, "No hard feelings. How about goin' out to dinner with me tonight?" Recalling the unfortunate Mr. Whalen, I declined.

The jury found him guilty on eight counts. He appeared stunned by the verdict. "I never done no wrong," he said. "They convicted me on my record. They convicted me because I'm Mickey Cohen."

Since the trial—the conviction was subsequently upheld by the United States Supreme Court—the averages have overtaken the rest of the gang. Itchy Mandel was killed in an airplane crash, and Willie Howard went to state prison on a grand-theft charge. Max Tannenbaum got a shotgun blast in the face from unknown assailants, losing his left eye and most of his teeth. Joe Sica was sentenced to 25 years for muscling in on the earnings of former welterweight champion Don Jordan. Fred Sica was convicted in an income-tax case. Phil Packer is under investigation now, and Liz Renay and Candy Barr are still in jail.

Cohen himself was sent to Alcatraz for 15 years. He has one distinction: the longest prison term for income-tax evasion ever given an American. But even that distinction was not enough to fill the wish he expressed that day in my boat—he has no view at all from his cell. **THE END**



Sandy Hagen greeted a bestubbled Cohen as he left jail on appeal. Supreme Court turned him down.

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Ice Hockey's Geriatric Marvel

Everywhere today young men are taking over, and this is especially true in sports, where speed and power and stamina are believed to be the exclusive possession of the young. Yet here and there you'll find a Stan Musial, 42, who keeps hitting .300 or thereabouts, or a Warren Spahn, nearly 42, who goes on shooting for 20 victories season after season. But the most amazing "old man" in sports is somebody you may never have heard of: Johnny Bower.

The record book claims that Bower is 38. This may not sound very old but, considering that he holds down the punishing job of goaltender on the Stanley Cup champion Toronto Maple Leafs, it is practically ancient. Actually, he is probably far older; estimates range as high as 45. All Bower himself will concede is that he's the oldest player in the National Hockey League, at least four years older than any other goalie.

Bower faces a firing squad every time he clomps out of the dressing room and glides across the ice to protect a four-foot-high, six-foot-wide white-corded net. The rock-hard rubber puck is aimed his way about 50 times during a game. Usually it is a black blur coming at speeds up to 100 miles per hour. He depends on his reflexes to stop the shots with his hands or legs or body. Every so often, though, he stops one with his head. The shots he sees are bad enough, but the ones he doesn't see until it's too late—those which ricochet off a stick or a skate—are worse.

Another occupational hazard is the weapon in the gloved hands of every player: the stick. In a recent game with the Detroit Red Wings Bower was on his knees, smothering a shot, when the heel of a stick held by Howie Young, the badman of the N.H.L., swatted him across the mouth. Bower looked up angrily. "Watch your stick, Young," he snapped. "Watch it yourself," Young snarled back.

Nothing special for the aged

The jungle law which rules ice hockey makes no special provisions to protect the aged. You accept the risks or take off the skates. Bower understands this. After his incident with Howie Young he was sitting in his sweat-soaked blue-and-white uniform, unbuckling his brown leather leg pads. An angry red welt above his chin showed where Young's stick had landed. "It's just a fat lip," Bower was saying. "In this business that's nothing." He wasn't trying to sound tough; the simple fact is that he has been through much worse. All but four of his teeth have been knocked out. Once he dived for a puck, and a stick wedged under his tongue. Another time a skate blade gashed his jaw. His ribs have been broken against the iron goalposts.

Injuries, however, reflect only part of the pressure on a goaltender. He can be any size or shape—Bower is a chunky five-nine and 188 pounds—but he must be strong enough to carry the psychological burden of knowing that every time he makes a mistake it goes up on the scoreboard as a goal for the other team.

This relentless responsibility helps to separate Bower from the other antiques of sports. Stan Musial goes to bat four or five times in a game, but if he doesn't get any hits, someone else will. If Warren Spahn can't control his curve, another pitcher warms up. But a goaltender, barring injury, is on the spot throughout the regular season and even more so in the post-season Stanley Cup play-offs. Occasionally, a goalie will be benched, but usually this is merely a coach's trick to spark the rest of the team.

Early this season the Maple Leafs got off to a slow start. Don Simmons, a journeyman goalie who had subbed when Bower was injured in recent seasons, was brought up from the minors. "I couldn't change the whole team," explains George (Punch) Imlach, the shrewd general manager who also doubles as coach, "but I could change the goaltender. Bower was playing OK, but the fellows in front of him weren't. I figured they might work harder for Simmons and they did." After a few games Bower returned to the lineup, and the Maple Leafs were soon battling for first place.

How to shove Cuba off page 1

But in Toronto, where hockey is an addiction, Bower's benching had prompted page-one headlines. "My wife told me," Bower recalls with a smile, "that I shouldn't take it too hard. At least I got Cuba off the front page."

Bower admits that he sometimes tosses for hours when trying to get to sleep after a game. His attitude is comparatively relaxed for a combatant in an occupation that has given plenty of ulcers, and has even caused nervous breakdowns for some players. It is a matter of record that some goalies have had to quit in midseason. Some in their 20's have found the going too rough. Johnny Bower is now in his 18th year as a professional goalie, and there isn't a gray hair on his head.

"He's the most remarkable hockey player I've ever seen," says coach Imlach. "I keep telling him, 'I don't care how old you are, as long as you can stop the puck you've got a job,' and he keeps telling me, 'I've got two more years left.' He's been telling everybody that for ten years."

Bower enjoys making a mystery of his age. In Toronto he has been hospitalized after three hockey injuries. The first time he told the nurse that he was born on November 8, 1924; the second time he claimed 1925, the third time he moved it up to 1926. "I'd say he's at least forty-one, maybe more," says Dr. James Murray, the Maple Leaf physician, "but he has the body of a man of twenty-five or thirty."

Confronted with the facts, Bower smiles innocently. "I've lied so much," he says, "that I've forgotten how old I really am."

Whatever his age, there's no doubt that he looks too old to be a professional athlete in an intensely demanding sport. A few years ago the Maple Leafs were going through customs en route to the United States on one of their N.H.L. trips. To expedite their passage, a special line was set up for the players. When Bower approached the inspector he was told, "This line is only for the hockey team." He had to argue that he really was a Maple Leaf before he could persuade the inspector to let him through.

Bower allegedly turned 36 early that season, but he was young enough to win the Vezina Trophy, the goalie's Oscar, as well as election to the N.H.L. all-star team. Last spring, of course, his venerable skills helped the Maple Leafs capture the Stanley Cup, emblematic of world hockey supremacy. "Any time you win the Stanley Cup," says Punch Imlach, "the goaltender is the big reason. "We've got a lot of good young hockey players on this team, but they're not worth a damn unless the old guy is making the big saves."

Imlach seems to have a genuine affection for Bower, but this doesn't entitle the old goalie to any favors. If anything, Imlach works him even harder than the other players.

In a practice scrimmage not long ago, Imlach ordered the members of the defending team to skate the width of the rink 25 times every time a goal was scored. It is a leg-wearing punishment in which Imlach revels. When the guilty players, gasping for breath, glided to the sideboards, Imlach turned to Bower and suggested, "The other fellows tell me the goal was your fault, John. You'd better do two more." The other fellows hadn't said a word; it was all Imlach's idea. But Bower, trudging along under nearly 40 pounds of protective equipment, complied without a murmur.

Bus riding was his career

"Punch drives me hard," Bower says, "but I'm glad he does—even if I don't like it at the time. He's put a lot of money in my pocket. Money I never would've had if I had stayed in the minors."

The Maple Leafs resurrected Bower from the minors when he was at least 33. Except for one season with the New York Rangers, he had made a career of riding buses from minor-league city to city. Now he estimates that his N.H.L. salaries and Stanley Cup shares, in addition to Vezina Trophy and all-star bonuses, have added up to nearly $50,000 more than he would have earned in the minors during the same span—not to mention the stature that stardom has provided for himself, his wife Nancy and their three children.

Ironically, it was a lack of money that virtually forced him to become a goalie as a depression youngster. Born and reared in the northern Saskatchewan city of Prince Albert—where he still lives during the offseason—Bower couldn't

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by DAVE ANDERSON

Thirty-eight years of age, going on 45, goalie John Bower of the Toronto Maple Leafs seems to have found the secret of perennial youth.

play hockey when he was young because there wasn't enough money in the household for a pair of skates. "The other kids finally let me be the goalie," Bower recalls, "because it didn't matter whether I had skates or not. I used to make my own stick, and I stuffed magazines into my pants legs instead of protective pads."

From this dubious start he developed into one of the best teen-age goalies in the province, but in 1942, before he could turn pro, he joined the Canadian Army. After his discharge (he went to England, but never saw combat), he signed a hockey contract with the Cleveland Barons of the minor American Hockey League. He starred there, season after season, in relative obscurity. In any other sport Bower would have risen quickly out of the minors, but there are only six goalie jobs in major-league hockey, and he didn't get a chance to move up until the New York Rangers obtained him in 1953. "We thought he was an old man then," says Lorne (Gump) Worsley, the Ranger goalie, "and that was ten years ago."

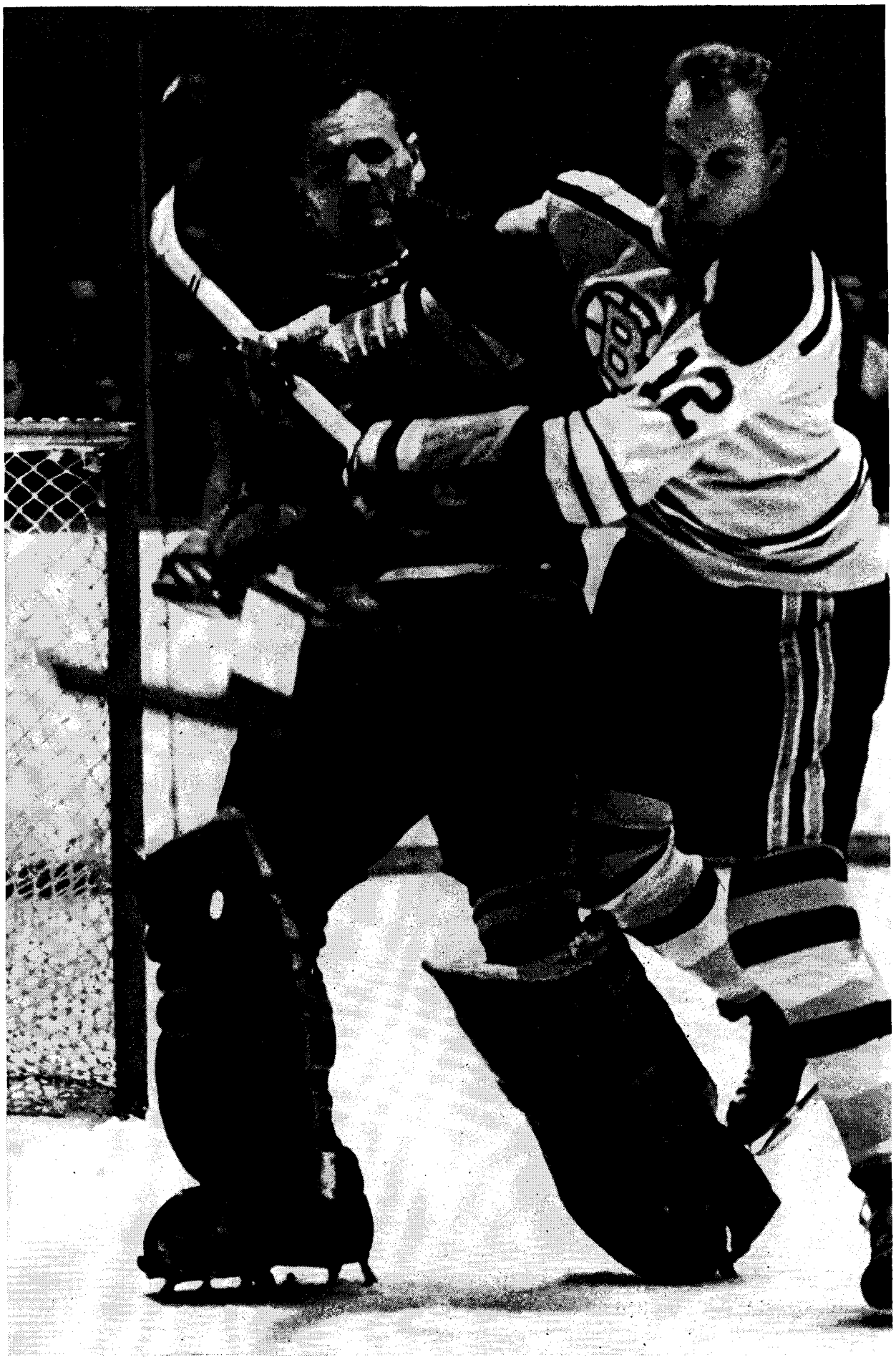
Better than the best rookie

Worsley had been Rookie of the Year the season before, but Bower took his job. The next year, however, Worsley won the position back and Bower was shipped to Vancouver of the Western Hockey League. After three more seasons in the American Hockey League—two at Providence and one at Cleveland—Bower seemed doomed to remain one of those good players who never quite make the big time. But in 1958, after finishing last for the first time in its history, the Toronto team surprised the hockey world by drafting Bower from Cleveland for $20,000. "We didn't think about his age," says Stafford Smythe, president of the Maple Leafs. "We needed a goaltender, and he was the best we could find."

"Actually," says Bower, "they were desperate." But he wasn't. "I was happy in Cleveland. I'd had my fling in the N.H.L. and I didn't really think I could help Toronto."

The Maple Leafs disagreed, and when he turned them down they came back with a fat two-year contract which he couldn't resist. After battling goalie Ed Chadwick for the job for a few months, Bower won permanent possession, Chadwick went back to the minors, and the Leafs soared from last place to make the play-offs. Since Bower took over their goal, the Leafs have qualified for the Stanley Cup play-off three out of four times—and last season they won the cup for the first time in 11 years.

Their hopes to repeat this year rest heavily on the aging bones of Johnny Bower. Asked about retirement, he says he plans to keep playing as long as he can bend over to lace his skates. "It's a crazy job," he says, "but when I quit I'll sure miss it." Based on the past few seasons, the Leafs will miss him even more. **THE END**



Bower (left) at goal mouth, jousts with Boston's Wayne Hicks, more than 15 years his junior.

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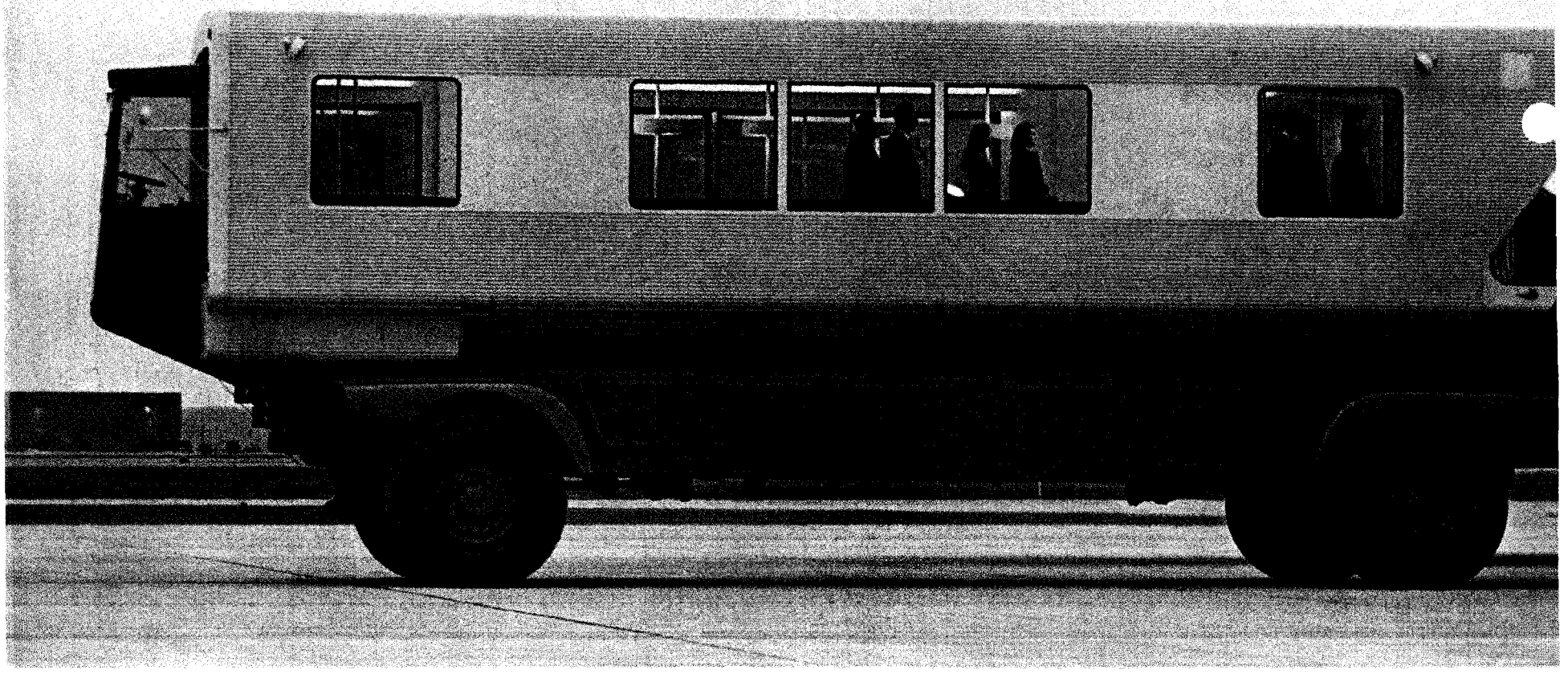

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Youngsters erupt into the sunlight and open air after a day of classes conducted under a 21-inch reinforced-concrete slab.

NUCLEAR-AGE SCHOOL

By DAVID NEVIN

New Mexico students pursue knowledge underground.

Betsy Anne Hart, a fourth-grader in Artesia, New Mexico, learned something new at school the other day. "Mother," she burst out when she got home, "did you know there is a room for dead people at our school?"

Having a morgue on the premises is just one of the things that makes Betsy Anne's school unusual. For Abo Public Elementary School, named for a nearby oil formation, is the only school in the nation which lies entirely underground—and which doubles as a fully equipped fallout shelter.

Abo opened for the first time last fall, with some 460 pupils. The experiment has attracted considerable interest among both schoolmen and civil-defense officials around the country. Some educators have condemned the whole idea out of hand. Others have adopted a wait-and-see attitude. They feel that, taken simply as a teaching plant, Abo deserves high marks for efficiency and interior beauty. But, they wonder, can the school be taken that simply?

From aboveground all that shows of the school is a huge concrete slab, which serves as a playground for the children who go to school beneath it, and the covered walkways which connect three block structures housing the stairwells. These entrances are narrow, dimly lit and painted a dark red. Somehow they seem vaguely threatening.

Inside, however, the building looks like a school—and an attractive school, at that. The central corridor is 14 feet wide—wider than usual, to prevent claustrophobia—and the tiled floors and walls are green balanced with a warmer rose. The fluorescent lighting has a daylight quality. One has no sense of being in a basement or even—save for the lack of windows—of being underground. Automatic air conditioning keeps the temperature at 72 degrees and the humidity at 50 percent. The 18 classrooms, each approximately 28 feet square, are superbly equipped. An air of quiet industry pervades the building, due partly to the insulation of acoustical plaster on the inside and solid earth on the outside, and partly to the somewhat sobering effect the school appears to

At one of the three stairwells, children bid teacher good-bye after a day's work.

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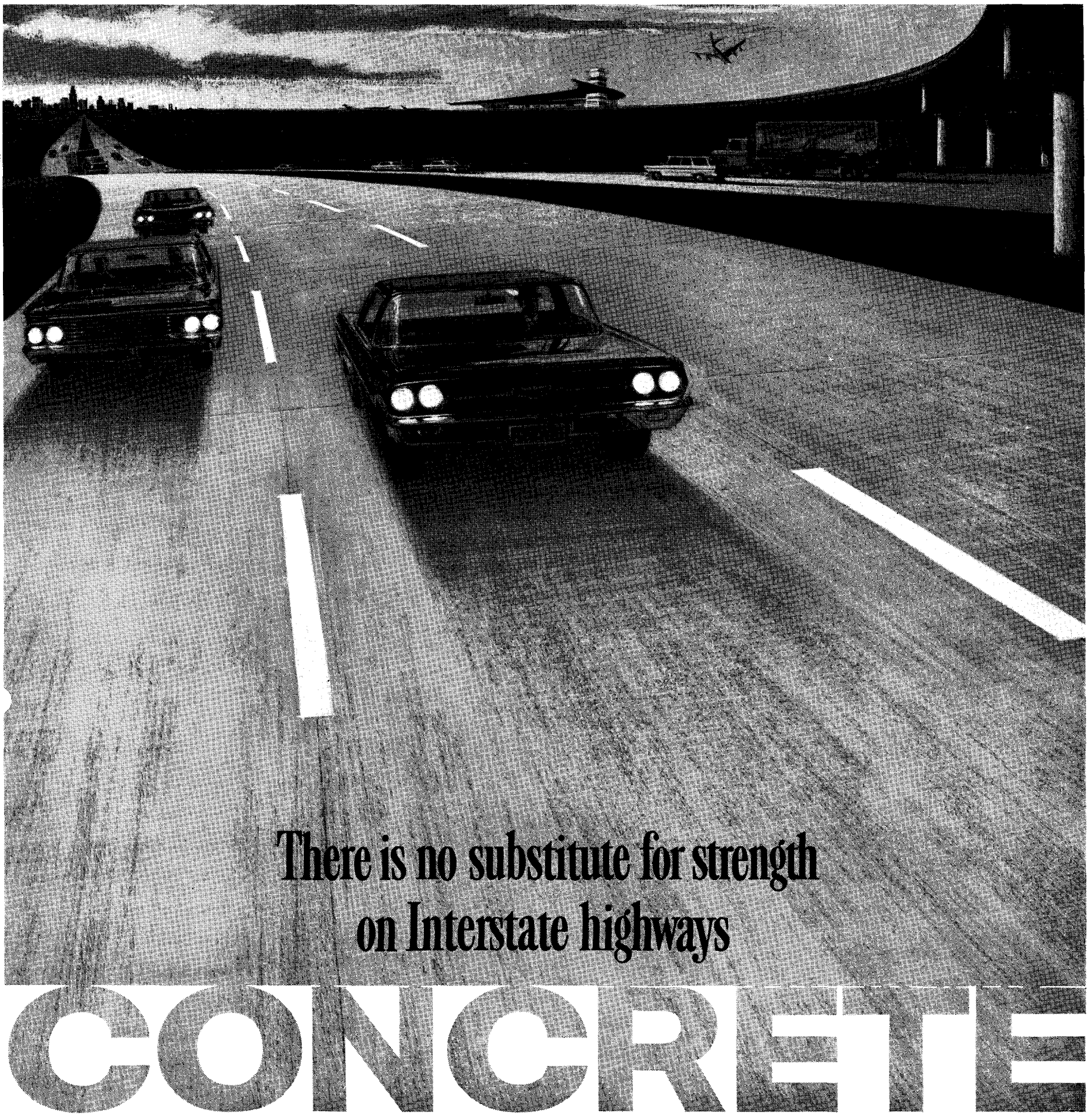

There is no substitute for strength on Interstate highways

CONCRETE

is the pavement that saves the taxpayer's money

The next time you're traveling over a new Interstate highway of concrete, thank the state highway department for their good judgment. Concrete is strong, durable and unyielding under heavy loads. This is why it saves tax dollars. There's less upkeep because concrete stays flat and smooth-riding. In the recent National Road Test, concrete pavements typical of Interstate highways were tested for 2 full years under vehicle loads up to 1⅔ times heavier than most states permit. When the test ended, practically all the concrete had survived, and still averaged "very good" for riding smoothness. This illustrates why concrete highways can be readily designed to last 50 years and more. Because there is no substitute for strength, there is no substitute for concrete.

Concrete is the preferred pavement on the new Interstate System

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"Sometimes I have the feeling that fallout is out there now."

have on its pupils. On the whole, Abo seems a remarkably pleasant place in which to tackle the three R's.

But this is not only a school; it is also a carefully planned fallout shelter, and the children are well aware of the fact. Bedding and survival food for two weeks are stored in spare rooms. Two deep wells can supply safe water. There are air filters, an emergency power system and decontamination showers. If an attack should come during school hours, the school would shelter its own students and those from nearby schools. At any other time, it would accommodate the first 2,160 people to reach it. Then, 1,800-pound steel doors at each entrance would be bolted shut, barring those who came late—the parents, perhaps, of the children inside. Some time this year 2,000 Artesians will spend a night at Abo to test its shelter facilities.

This dual-purpose concept of school construction sprang directly from Artesia's experience with two windowless—but aboveground—schools built in 1959. With its near-desert climate, Artesia switched to schools with solid walls when it found that the rapid heat transference in its old glass-walled buildings made economical air conditioning impossible.

These buildings, designed by architect Frank Standhardt of Roswell, New Mexico, were among the first windowless schools in the nation. Since then the idea has spread as far as California and Florida. But meanwhile, back in Artesia, the board's thinking had gone a step further.

An AF base is nearby

It had discovered that, with the cold war periodically threatening to turn hot, and with both an important Air Force base and the White Sands Proving Ground uncomfortably nearby, there was not a single building in town which could serve as a public fallout shelter. Since it felt responsible for the safety of its students—and, less directly, for the public in general—the board reasoned: Why not build another windowless school, and this time put it underground?

Architect Standhardt accordingly designed a subterranean structure with 12-inch concrete walls and an overhead slab of 21-inch reinforced concrete which could resist a 20-megaton blast at 10 miles. His plans called for a building with classrooms along the four outside walls, then the hall, then an inner block of classrooms. The voters of Artesia approved the project by passing a bond issue, and the school was built—at a cost of $469,847, of which $134,067 went for putting it underground. The Federal Government readily paid the latter sum, since it planned to use Abo as a pilot project for a study of the shelter-school concept.

At this early date only a preliminary report is possible. The indications, however, are hopeful. The teachers like the building because they find it more comfortable than most other schools and also because they believe that the students' performance is better. Mrs. Gertrude McCaw, the most experienced teacher there, said, "They simply are less rambunctious. You spend more time teaching and less time disciplining." She believes the quiet and the lack of windows, with their distractions, are responsible—and the other teachers agree.

The children say they like the school too. Artesia can be brutally hot, and they enjoy the air conditioning. Russ Baldwin, a fourth-grader with a long face that breaks into a sudden, winning smile, explained, "You get your brain cooled off down here. It runs better when it's cool."

They think their school is pretty and say they learn a lot there. Surprisingly, several volunteered the information that its lack of windows helps keep them from getting into trouble with their teachers.

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday Evenings

But Andy Ashton, fifth-grader, probably summed it up best when he said, "I like it because we go to the only underground school in the world." He meant, of course, that he liked the attention, the publicity, the sense of being different and therefore, somehow, superior.

Sociologists recognize that people who take part in novel experiments often enjoy the experience and are stimulated to do better work than usual. This stimulation, however, is only temporary—and one suspects that in the long run the students at Abo will like their school no more and will learn no more than students at schools aboveground.

Most outsiders' reaction to Abo is twofold. First, they wonder if it isn't cruel to deprive a child of the sight of the outdoors. Second, and even more important, they wonder if sending him underground, where he can't help being reminded daily of possible nuclear horrors, won't necessarily implant in him a fear psychology, an unhealthy preoccupation with safety and protection.

The success of aboveground windowless schools and the easy adjustment of the children to life without windows tend to answer the first objection, but the second cannot be set aside so easily. The president of the Artesia board, however, tries hard. She is Mrs. C. P. Bunch, a peppery little woman with graying hair. "I'm tired of hearing about the horrors of going underground," she snaps. "This is much overplayed. I've lived in large cities—no one says anything there about becoming moles when they ride the subways. No one says, 'I'm going underground to shop,' but I never met a woman who wouldn't go into a basement for a bargain."

Superintendent Vernon Mills, a short, portly, soft-spoken man, explains more mildly, "What matters is the approach. This is a school which could serve as a shelter—not a shelter that doubles as a school."

Nevertheless, some of the youngsters do seem deeply affected by their school's second purpose. All are aware of it and of the implications of nuclear weapons and fallout. When asked, they say this does not disturb them but in several round-table discussions, interesting remarks cropped up.

Martha Terpening, a sixth-grader with a classically beautiful face, said softly, "What I'm afraid of is that my mother is a teacher and she would be safe, but my daddy works at the post office and he wouldn't have any place to go." Russ Baldwin said, "You think a lot about the danger while you're here. Sometimes I have the feeling that fallout is coming now—that it is out there now—and then I go out and it isn't." Rusty Heckel, aged nine, who worries about his parents, said, "Being underground gives you a funny feeling—but you know you're safe."

Yet even while blithely making remarks that sounded dire indeed to the adult mind, the children seemed happy. It was Martha Terpening who, when asked if the stairs leading down into the ground upset her, replied, "It makes my legs tired, but my mother says it develops them, so I don't mind."

Dr. George Collins, chief of elementary and secondary education for the Office of Education in Washington, believes that chronic worry is symptomatic of our times. He finds that children in other schools in other cities also worry about the bomb and the future.

Parents are not alarmed

The parents of Abo pupils do not seem to think their children are being damaged. Mrs. Preston Greve, blond mother of a fifth-grader, spoke for the majority. "Well, I don't think that war will come, but if it does, I guess a fallout shelter is a good place to be."

Criticism of the school-shelter concept comes mainly from observers outside Artesia. At its most recent annual meeting, the National Council on Schoolhouse Construction said flatly that "shelter provisions are not compatible with educational requirements." The state of California has taken a vigorous stand against such dual-purpose buildings. For California, at least, Charles Gibson, chief of school planning, finds "the expenditure of any educational funds for fallout protection ridiculous." The two ends, he insists, simply don't fit.

The Artesia school board has encountered some local opposition too. Dr. Gerald Slusser, an Artesia surgeon whose child does not go to Abo, asks rhetorically, "Is driving our children underground to become a way of life? Is this the future we give them?" And Bill Hart, Betsy Anne's father and the vice president of a bank, is disturbed to realize that his young son probably faces nine school years underground, for a new junior high school with many of its classrooms belowground—facilities like the gymnasium will go aboveground—will be built soon.

But the board is inclined to discount this sort of criticism. The bond issue for the new junior high passed by a margin of two to one, and the board not unreasonably regards this as an indication of local approval for its actions. Now that support from those who know Abo best has brought the underground-school concept past the pilot stage, other school districts will surely study the idea with heightened interest. And in view of the prospect for continuing international tension, the chances are good that parents in communities far from Artesia will be asked, one of these days, to decide whether they too want their children to go to school underground. **THE END**

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In New York "temple," Muslims learn Arabic from ***Akbar****, one of sect leader* ***Elijah Muhammad's six sons.***

Black Merchants of Hate

Fanatic and well disciplined, Negro "Muslims" threaten to turn resentment against racial discrimination into open rebellion.

by ALFRED BALK and ALEX HALEY

One pleasant spring evening a few years ago in New York's swarming Negro ghetto, Harlem, a policeman broke up an argument in an old, time-honored way: He clubbed one of the participants over the head and hauled him to the station. There the man was cursed, insulted and beaten until his face and body were bloody.

Up to this point the incident was not unique; police brutality, especially to Negroes, is an old story. But what happened next had never happened before, and it not only shocked the police of New York City but left a deep and lasting impression on law-enforcement officers throughout the country.

The victim of the clubbing belonged to a tightly knit Negro extremist sect known as the Black Muslims. As he was being dragged to the station, a fellow member was racing to alert his "brothers." Within minutes, over 100 sect members were lined up outside the doors of the police station. They were young and muscular, dressed uniformly in dark clothing, only a star-and-crescent ring or lapel pin breaking the black pattern. Their hair was close-cropped. They were intense, silent.

When the injured man was taken to a hospital, they followed. Soon the crowd had grown into a mob of 800, some of them teen-agers with zip guns. There were low, angry mutterings. Police were hesitant to try to disperse the mob, fearing an outbreak. "We'd better talk to Malcolm X," a policeman said.

A meeting was hastily arranged in the office of Negro newspaper editor James Hicks; present were three police officials and a tall, light-skinned Negro, Malcolm X, the sect's local leader. "That crowd's ready to explode," one police official told him. "Will you use your influence against violence?"

"Guarantee that our brother will get medical treatment," Malcolm said tersely. "Pledge that the men who beat him will be punished."

The police gave him their promise. Then, assured by Hicks that their word could be trusted, Malcolm did something which witnesses still recall with disbelief. He strode to the head of the angry, impatient mob, stood silently, and then flicked his hands. Within seconds the street was empty.

"No man," a policeman said after seeing this, "should have that much power."

This is only one of many incidents that dramatize the awesome discipline and power of this militant, semisecret, anti-white, anti-Christian sect. Led by Georgia-born Elijah Poole, a 65-year-old self-styled "Messenger of Allah" who calls himself "Elijah Muhammad," The Muslims (pronounced Moose-lums) have become the most explosive force in the American civil-rights struggle.

Most Negro extremists can muster only handfuls of people who convene on street corners or in storefront halls. Elijah Muhammad has spoken to as many as 10,000 cheering Negroes at hate-inciting rallies in New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles and other cities. Their next rally, this one their lavish annual convention, will be held February 26 in Chicago's 6,300-seat Coliseum.

Who are the Black Muslims? Are they, as one columnist described them, "the Mau Mau of the American Negro world," and therefore a dangerous threat to our society? Or has the menace of this group been exaggerated?

We were assigned by *The Saturday Evening Post* as a biracial team to find out. For this report we interviewed dozens of civic, governmental and law-enforcement officials, both white and Negro. We talked to leaders of the Negro community. We questioned Black Muslims and their high officials. We gained admission to Muslin temple services and mass rallies. What we learned revealed several widely held misconceptions about the group—some heartening, some deeply disturbing.

To begin with, the Muslims sneer at the main objective of most Negroes: peaceful integration. "There will never be anything more than *token* integration," says Elijah Muhammad. "It's a white man's trick to keep the black man enslaved."

Muslims demand racial separation in exclusively Negro states—large areas of our country from which white men would be driven and Negroes would take control. They openly criticize the men who are leading the fight for Negro rights. Among their most hated targets are Nobel Prize-winning diplomat Ralph Bunche, the Rev. Martin Luther King and U.S. Court of Appeals Judge Thurgood Marshall. Muslims sneeringly call Marshall "The Ugly American."

Moreover the Muslims openly demonstrate their contempt for Negro groups like the N.A.A.C.P., the sit-in demonstrators and the Freedom Riders. They deride students like James Meredith, who attempt to integrate Southern schools. "Why should any black man lower himself to try and get into a second-rate university?" one Muslim asked us.

Another major Muslim goal is to turn Negroes away from Christianity, which they call "a white man's religion used to enslave the black man." In at least two cases, in Arizona and New Jersey, Muslims have recruited entire congregations of Christian sects by converting the minister. Says Elijah Muhammad: "I'm doing all I can to make the so-called Negroes see that the white race and its religion, Christianity, are their open enemies."

"One thing everyone should understand," a member of a Chicago police undercover unit told us, "is that Elijah 'Muhammad' Poole is not just a run-of-the-mill rabble rouser, nor is his organization just an innocuous regional sect. This man is creating a mass movement on a national scale."

This became immediately clear. Though the Muslims refuse to release membership figures, it is known that Muhammad has an organized following in 80 cities and avid supporters among Negro inmates of at least two dozen state and Federal prisons. The sect owns stores, restaurants and other property in such cities as Chicago, Detroit, New York and Washington, D.C.

In two cities it operates its own accredited schools—in Detroit, a nine-grade "University of Islam" for 140 students, and in Chicago a 12-grade "University" for 430. Muslims further

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In Chicago mansion, Elijah Muhammad and eldest son Wallace strike pose before portrait of W. D. Fard, founder of the movement. Wallace holds copy of Koran.

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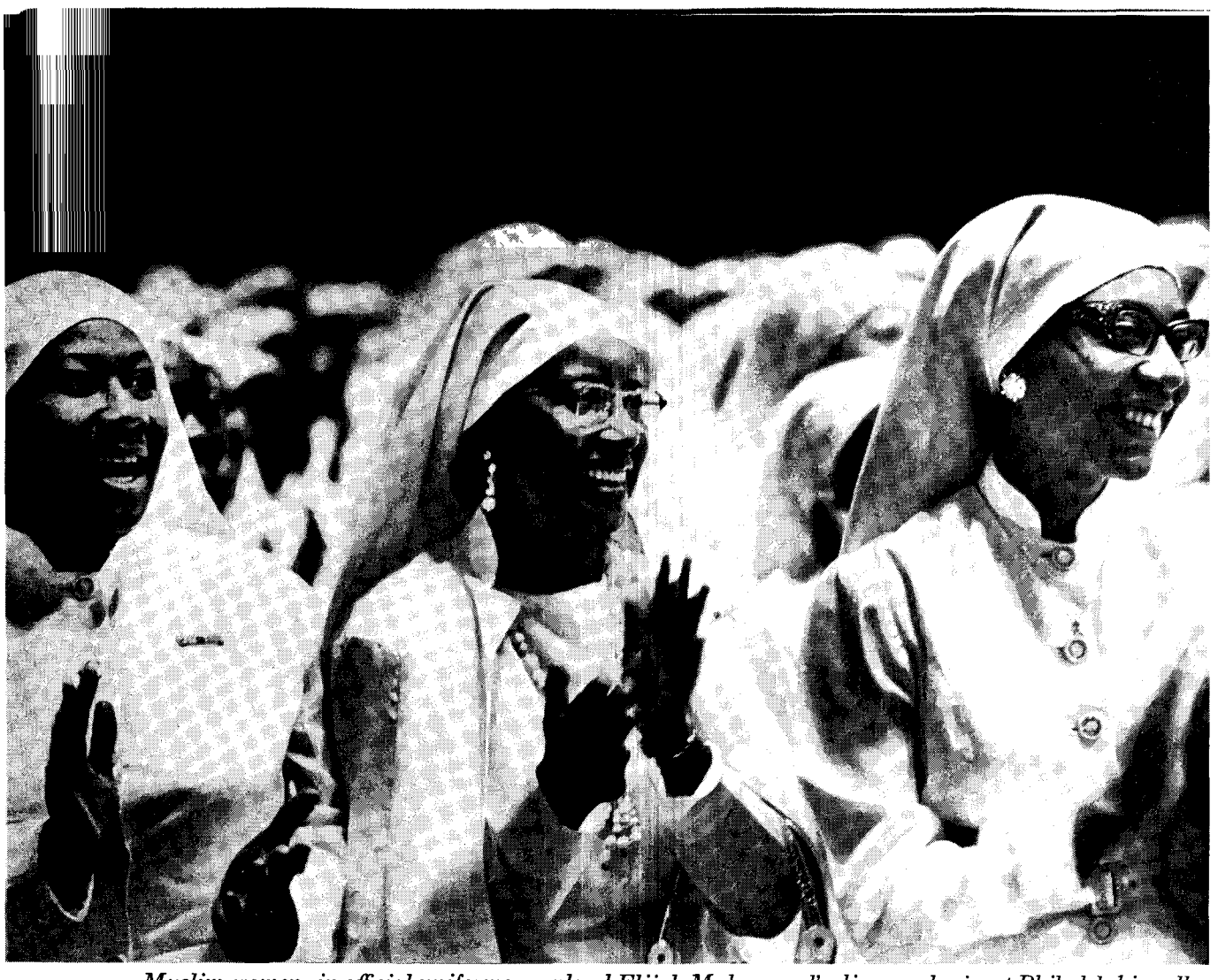

Muslim women, in official uniforms, applaud Elijah Muhammad's dire prophecies at Philadelphia rally.

"educate" their following through a tabloid newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks*, and hate-filled magazines and pamphlets; 50 small radio stations across the country carry broadcasts by Muhammad.

As part of their goal of separating themselves entirely from "the white man's society," the Muslims call themselves "The Nation of Islam" and have their own flag, an Islamic star and crescent. They also have their own police force, powerful, judo-trained guards known as "The Fruit of Islam."

Muslims refuse to vote, and most refuse to report for military service. At this writing the oldest of Muhammad's six sons, Wallace, age 28, is in prison on a charge of draft evasion.

The Muslim law also requires that members abandon use of their legal last name. It is, Muhammad maintains, a repugnantly symbolic "slave name," inherited from "slavemasters" who exploited earlier generations of Negroes. Instead, Muslims use an "X", which stands for "true identity unknown." If there is more than one member in a temple with the same first name, the second to join is known as "2X." In Harlem, we talked to a member of the Muslim temple named Frank 7X.

The Muslims' mass rallies are perhaps the most spectacular and frightening

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"We are the victorious people! We will rule!"

events they stage, reminiscent in some ways of the huge meetings at which Hitler screamed his doctrines of Aryan supremacy. We attended their latest rally in Philadelphia last October. Three hours before meeting time at the Philadelphia Arena a vanguard of 40 charter buses and caravans of cars began arriving from as far away as Boston and Atlanta. Most passengers wore the Muslim "uniform"—for men, dark suits and dark shoes; for women, Arabic-type white robes and kerchiefs.

Fruit of Islam guards patrolled the doors outside. Before being admitted, everyone—including a dozen reporters and photographers—was lined up against a wall and searched.

"What is the reason for this," we asked a guard. He looked at us warily. "We have many enemies," he said.

Inside the Arena approximately 5,000 men and women were seated—segregated by sex as Elijah had ordered. In front of them blared a banner: THERE IS NO GOD BUT ALLAH, MUHAMMAD IS HIS APOSTLE. Guards were everywhere.

The crowd was strangely silent. Suddenly applause erupted from one corner of the vast hall.

Elijah Muhammad had arrived. He was a short, rather unimpressive-looking man, slight and light-skinned. He wore a dark suit, bow tie and black-embroidered fez. His face showing no expression, he moved quickly to the speaker's platform.

As soon as he was seated the introduction began. "A man who has *seen* God," he was called, "a man who has *heard* God, the *boldest* black man in America, the *smartest* black man in America, the most *powerful* black man in America!"

During the introduction the tiny Muhammad sat impassively. Then, as he rose to speak, he seemed transformed. His movements became abrupt, jerky. He stared piercingly at his audience, spitting out his words in harsh, thin tones.

The Black race, he began, was "Original Man," created 66,000,000,000,000 years ago. Adam was grafted from a black man 6,000 years ago by a black scientist. Thus whites were weaker. They were, in fact, devils. They had kidnapped Negroes from a high civilization in Mecca, enslaved them, brainwashed them into a false sense of inferiority, and made them worship a white Jesus. But the Nation of Islam, he said, would rise again. Whites were corrupt; their civilization was doomed.

"Get away from them!" he shouted. "They wasn't *taught* to do good! They was taught to do *evil!* They was taught to *hate* you and me! Stand up and fight the white man!

"*We* are the victorious people! *We will rule!*"

"Prophet!" cried a voice. "Messenger!" screamed another. "Teach us!" The crowd began applauding wildly. Some shook their fists in the air. It was an unforgettable performance.

But it is not only in such mass rallies that Muslims demonstrate their remarkable dedication, discipline and solidarity. They also subscribe to a puritanical personal code—they eat only one meal a day, abstain from alcohol and tobacco, and the women use no cosmetics. Gambling, narcotics and sexual promiscuity are prohibited. Muslims are urged to marry, always within their race, preferably within their faith. They dress neatly, practice a ritualistic politeness, refrain from raucous laughter or loud talk.

Muslims stick together

Muslims pledge one tenth to one third of their income to the movement. They patronize its businesses or those owned by Muslims. They face east and pray to Mecca three times daily and refrain from eating pork or anything cooked with pork. They are required to attend services regularly at a Muslim "temple" or "mosque." In most temples, decorations include a painting of a Negro hung from a tree limb, a replica of an American flag captioned, SLAVERY SUFFERING AND DEATH, and an Islamic star and crescent proclaiming, FREEDOM, JUSTICE AND EQUALITY. Large letters demand, WHICH WILL SURVIVE THE WAR OF ARMAGEDDON?

"Shocking as this sounds to many people," says Negro scholar Dr. C. Eric Lincoln of Clark College in Atlanta, "to Negro masses who live in big-city ghettoes it has undeniable appeal.

"They are uneducated, unskilled, isolated by poverty and discrimination from the common values of society. They are strangers in their own country, shunned by successful whites and Negroes alike. They see no hope of improvement. Then they hear the voice of Elijah 'Muhammad,' challenging them to recover their self-respect, urging them to repudiate the white man's religion and culture, daring them to believe in race pride and black supremacy. And they not only listen, they act."

Perhaps typical of the Muslim leadership in terms of his background and bitterness is a lanky, energetic, good-looking man named Malcolm Little, once known in Harlem as "Big Red." One of 11 children of an uneducated Baptist preacher, Little was born in Omaha 37 years ago. He lived in crowded, crime-

Facing eastward, Muslim trainees are taught Arabic prayers from the Koran.

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"Whenever a community has strong Negro leaders and good race relations, the sect has flopped."

Malcolm X, Muslim strong man, shows his power over an audience with a demand for money to finance transportation to rallies.

ridden racial ghettos in Omaha, Lansing, Michigan, Boston and New York. He has bitter memories of each.

When Malcolm was six his father, whom a group of whites considered "too aggressive in racial matters," was found under a Lansing streetcar, "his head bashed in and his body mangled. After that we almost starved."

Little left home and school after the eighth grade to become a waiter on a railroad dining car. Bored and frustrated, he soon gravitated to Harlem as a numbers runner, then a hustler of bootleg whiskey and dope. Prominent whites paid "Big Red" large fees to be squired to vice in Harlem. White police demanded bribes which he peeled from the $1,000 bankroll he always carried.

Then, in 1946, at the age of 19, he was convicted of grand larceny in Boston, and a white judge sentenced him to 10 years in prison. While in jail, he learned of Poole's doctrine. "When I heard the white man was a devil," he told us, "it clicked."

Articulate, single-minded, the fire of bitterness still burning his soul, Malcolm X travels the country—organizing, encouraging, trouble-shooting in local Muslim organizations. He appears on radio-TV interviews and speaks and debates on street corners, in Muslim temples and on college campuses. Malcolm X and his wife, a former nurse, are so dedicated to militant accomplishment of Muslim goals that they named one daughter Attila (for the leader of the Huns) and another Qubillah (after Kublai Khan). While Muhammad appears to be training his son Wallace to succeed him when he retires or dies, many Muslims feel that Malcolm is too powerful to be denied the leadership if he wants it.

But as remarkable and typical as Malcolm's transformation has been, law-enforcement officials feel that the dedicated Muslim may be a worse threat to society than the criminal. "There is no way to measure the long-term effect of the race hatred they preach," a New York police official told us.

Equally insidious, we were told repeatedly, are the results of Muslim teachings about violence. Although Muslims profess to abhor violence, pointing to their regulations against carrying weapons, they are often in the thick of it. When a riot in Los Angeles last April resulted in the gunshot death of one person and the wounding of 14 others, Muslims were involved. When two riots partially wrecked a youth reformatory outside Washington, D.C., last summer, Muslims were prominent. Prison riots involving Muslims have broken out in California, Michigan, Maryland and elsewhere.

A look at Muslim statements shows what inspires this violence. "We must take things into our own hands," Muhammad said in one speech. "We must return to the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. What does it matter if ten million of us die?"

Malcolm X is even more provocative on the subject. "If anyone attacks you," he told one audience, "*lay down your life!* If anyone so much as touches your finger, his place is in the graveyard!"

"I got a wire from God"

Malcolm shocked even sympathetic Negroes with a statement made last June after receiving a message that 121 white civic and cultural leaders from Atlanta had been killed in the crash of a chartered airliner outside Paris.

"I would like to announce a very beautiful thing that has just happened," he told his audience. "I got a wire from God today. . . . Somebody came and told me that He really had answered our prayers in France. He dropped an airplane out of the sky with over 120 white people on it. . . . we will continue to pray and we hope that every day another plane falls out of the sky."

How does this fanatical doctrine fit in with the tenets of the orthodox Muslim faith, which has 500,000,000 followers throughout the world?

"Elijah Poole's teachings, his dogma and doctrine of hatred, are utterly non-Muslim," says Ahmad Kamal, a recognized authority on the faith who has written a noted pilgrimage guidebook and heads the worldwide Islamic relief agency, Jami'at al Islam. "It is anti-Muslim. We feel a great compassion for all Negroes who have been duped by the Black Muslims."

Muhammad himself has no known tie with orthodox Islam. One of 13 children of a rural Baptist preacher, he worked as a Georgia field hand, on railroad gangs, at a sawmill, in a brickyard and in factories in Detroit. Apparently, he had his first experience with this twisted form of Muhammadanism when he met a silk peddler named W. D. Fard in Detroit about 1930. Fard claimed to have come from Mecca. If indeed he did, he made two recorded stopovers: one in California, where as "Wallie Ford" he was sentenced to San Quentin State Prison on a narcotics charge; and then in Chicago, where a cultist known as Noble Drew Ali suggested that Fard become a "Prophet of Islam." Ali gave Fard the concept of a "Nation of Islam," and terminology like "so-called American Negroes."

In 1931 in Detroit Poole helped Fard found Temple of Islam No. 1, the Fruit of Islam Guard, and the first University of Islam. Fard bestowed on Poole the name "Muhammad" and the title, "First Minister of Islam." When Fard disappeared in 1934, Poole took over the sect.

Today, despite the Spartan discipline which governs the lives of the mass of Muslims, Elijah Poole is reaping the benefits of his life of struggle. He and his Georgia-born wife Clara commute between an 18-room mansion in Chicago and a four-bedroom winter home, complete with a swimming pool, in Phoenix. All eight of their children have positions in the movement, and all are apparently dedicated to their father's extremism. In a visit to his Chicago home, the Negro member of our team noted that Muhammad's fanaticism extends even to the symbolic use of brown bread instead of white and of African coffee packaged by a Muslim in New Jersey.

Like most racists, Poole believes unshakably in the righteousness of his cause and the inevitablity of his eventual triumph. When asked about planned investigations into his movement by Congress, the FBI, and local, state and Federal tax officials, Poole replied stubbornly, "Let them come. I have all I need. I have the truth!"

What is the truth? Just how strong are the Black Muslims?

To begin with, most published reports number Muslim membership as between 100,000 and 250,000. This, authoritative sources told us, is vastly exaggerated. Actually, of approximately 20,000,000 American Negroes, only a hard core of 5,500 to 6,000 have actually become temple members. This figure, of course, does not include an estimated 50,000 others who are sympathetic.

The Muslims' financial power also is exaggerated. Their businesses, though clean and well-run, are low-profit neighborhood enterprises. Most are owned by the members, not by the movement. The total amount of aggregate property accumulated by the sect is only a fraction of that owned by the late Daddy Grace or Father Divine.

The Muslims have found that prisons and slums are their most fertile breeding ground. It is hopeful to note that whenever there is strong Negro leadership and good race relations in a community, the sect has flopped miserably.

"The average Negro," says noted Negro psychologist Dr. Kenneth Clark of New York City, "readily realizes that there is no point in talking about whether the Negro wants to integrate in America. He has no choice. He is involved with America—inextricably so—and America with him."

How important are they?

Like counterpart white supremacist groups the Black Muslims are not on the Attorney General's subversive list. Federal investigators report no evidence of foreign domination.

Of what significance, then, are the Muslims? "In this difficult period of social transition," says Burke Marshall, Assistant U.S. Attorney General for Civil Rights, "no group with this discipline and dogma can be ignored." In the event of real trouble, says Los Angeles police chief William Parker, "they could become the shock troops in a conflict between races."

On the other hand, some authorities believe that, unintentionally, the Muslims have had some good effects. Says Ralph McGill, famed publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "Now that real Negro extremists have appeared, possibly there will be an end to irresponsible charges that moderate, responsible organizations like the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League are unreasonable—or, more absurdly, 'Communist-run.'"

Little Rock's Harry S. Ashmore, a Pulitzer Prize-winning editor and a practical expert in race relations, puts it this way: "The Black Muslims are a warning to which churches, community leaders and public officials had better pay heed. That is, that the masses of Negro people no longer are willing to stand still, that injustice has been done, and change is going to come. The only question is, will the change come through men and women working together regardless of race, or will the field be left to extremists?

"The Black Muslims and White Citizens councils offer one answer. Let us hope that responsible Americans will begin working for another." **THE END**

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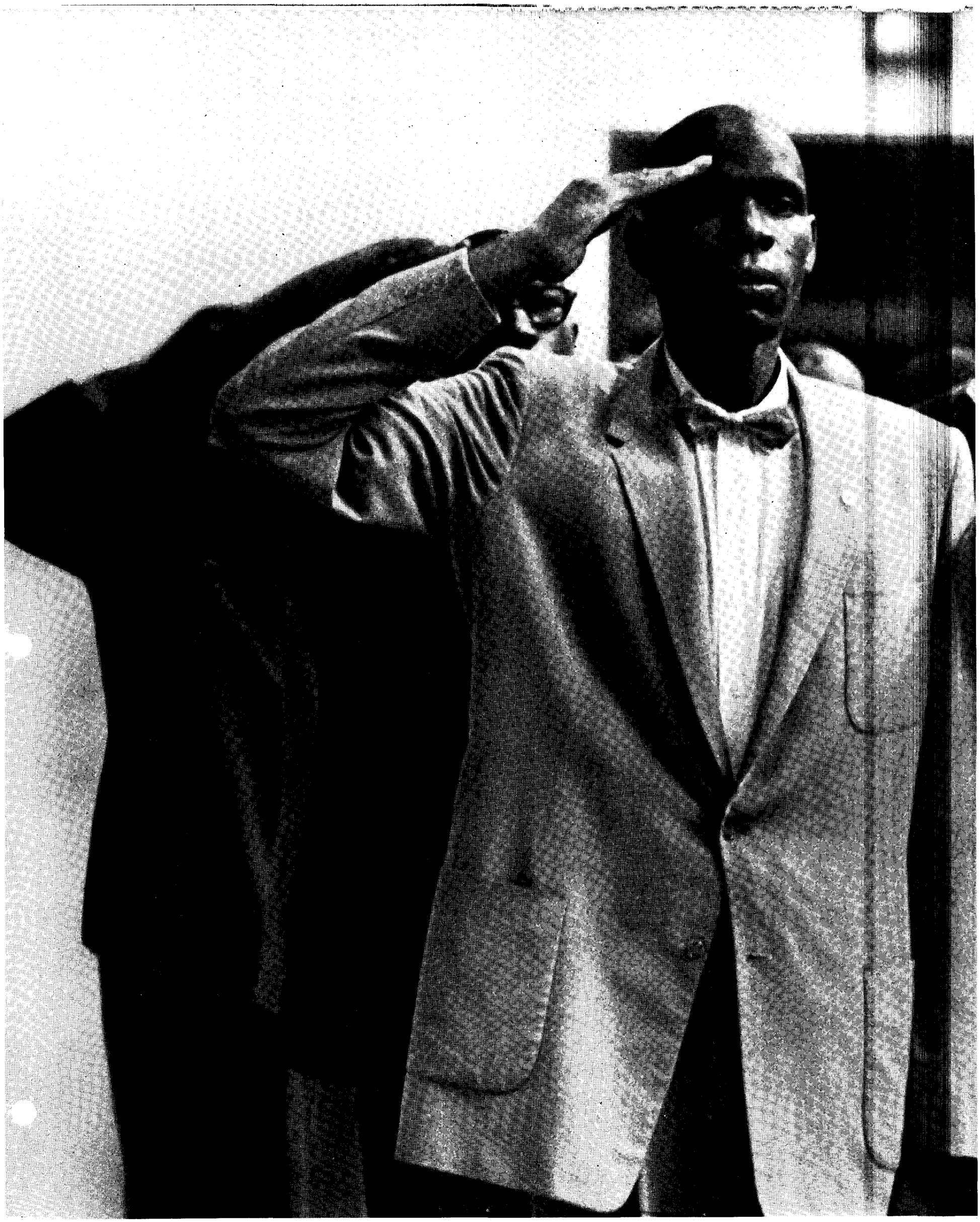

Grim guards of the organization's elite, Fruit of Islam, do military drill in strenuous training course.

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A COMMUNICATION

Footnote for the Historians

By STEWART ALSOP

President Kennedy has said that the matter of Adlai Stevenson's role in the Cuban crisis should be left to the historians. During the furor caused by the article (*The Post*, Dec. 8) on the crisis by Charles Bartlett and myself, I was on a reporting tour in Latin America. Since reading the press clippings on my return, it seems to me that the historians might get a rather distorted idea of the whole matter. So perhaps the following footnote to history will interest them.

Charles Bartlett and I have been widely pictured as the victims of "managed news," and as the instruments of a Byzantine anti-Stevenson plot. In fact, we simply set out to do the traditional and rather laborious job of reportorial reconstruction which at least a dozen other reporters were doing at the same time.

We interviewed a great many people and took many pages of notes. We kept getting indications that Adlai Stevenson had taken a position during the crisis which differed sharply from that of the members of the Executive Committee of the National Security Council. We were told that Stevenson, unlike the members of the Executive Committee, was willing to negotiate with the Communists about yielding Guantanamo, the American base in Cuba, and about the elimination of other foreign bases as well. These proposals, we learned, had been bitterly opposed by other presidential advisers.

To get Mr. Stevenson's version of the matter, we therefore had three lengthy talks with Clayton Fritchey, Mr. Stevenson's official spokesman, who is an old and trusted friend to both of us. Since we have been widely accused of making no effort to understand Mr. Stevenson's position, we feel that we are justified in reporting these talks, and Mr. Fritchey agrees. So I hope the reader will bear with me through the following admittedly uninspired excerpts from our notes.

From C. Bartlett's notes after luncheon, Saturday, November 10: "Fritchey believes that AS did not take any position at his first session in Washington, Tues. Oct. 16, because they were just fluffing around with it . . . he does not know what position he took on the following Saturday when he met with the group but we'll find out."

Early the next week, after Mr. Fritchey had kept his promise to "find out," he read to Mr. Bartlett notes on Mr. Stevenson's position at the Saturday meeting, from which Bartlett took down the following excerpts: "Stevenson's general approach was to avoid military action until the peacekeeping machinery of the UN had a chance to function. He therefore opposed the air attack and favored the blockade. . . . As the consensus hardened on the quarantine approach, he turned his thoughts toward the possibility of a settlement, both short term and long term . . . he wanted all nuclear capability defused and the bases dismantled. He said that if it were necessary to sweeten up our negotiating position at this point, we might even consider yielding the Guantanamo base. . . . As a final point, he suggested a proposition to the USSR to discuss the elimination of foreign bases in connection with the disarmament negotiations. . . ."

On November 16, as I was preparing a final draft of the article, I was still not satisfied that we had Mr. Stevenson's position clear, so I telephoned Mr. Fritchey for a third talk. From my notes: "Read to Clayton sentence to the effect that 'Stevenson was only willing to discuss Guantanamo and the European bases with the Communists after a neutralization of the Cuban missiles.' Asked if this was fair summary and Fritchey agreed it was." The summary was duly included in the article.

Mr. Stevenson's willingness to consider yielding Guantanamo and the elimination of other foreign bases was, of course, at the heart of his difference with the Executive Committee majority. Stevenson had every right to take the position he did take. Others—including large portions of the British press—took much the same position, on the theory that a willingness to negotiate major concessions would lessen the danger of nuclear war, in case of a violent Soviet reaction to the Cuban blockade. But Mr. Stevenson's critics also have a right to their views.

One such view, which we quoted, was that Stevenson's position amounted to willingness to accept a "Munich." The elimination of foreign bases has been a Soviet refrain since the days of Stalin, simply because the loss of the forward American bases would upset the world power balance in favor of the Soviet Union. Moreover, Guantanamo has one characteristic in common with Berlin—it is locally indefensible. Stevenson's adversaries sincerely believed that such concessions as Stevenson proposed for consideration would encourage the Soviets, as Hitler was encouraged in the time of Munich, to further adventures in the expectation of further concessions.

Stevenson's proposals were therefore not accepted by the Executive Committee. The Executive Committee also rejected the proposals of the "hawks" for air strikes against the Cuban missile bases. As Dean Acheson, the leading ex-hawk, generously agreed in retrospect, "The final decision was the right one." Neither air strikes nor major concessions to the Communists proved necessary.

Unlike Mr. Acheson, Mr. Stevenson used every device to becloud the real issue that arose between him and other presidential advisers. He portrayed himself as a victim of a McCarthyite plot, while hotly "denying" that he had "opposed" the President's blockade policy—which, of course, we never wrote.

The real issue between Mr. Stevenson and his critics had nothing to do with the blockade. It concerned the concessions to the Communist side which Stevenson was willing to consider, as even the brief section we wrote on Mr. Stevenson's subsidiary role in the crisis certainly made clear. Surely this was a vitally important issue. But hardly anyone seemed interested in discussing it.

Instead, to support Mr. Stevenson's strictures, various lists of "errors" in our account were drawn up. With one meaningless exception, these "errors" either had no bearing on what we wrote or were not errors at all. It is worth noting that neither the President nor anyone else in a position really to know, other than Mr. Stevenson himself, denied the essential accuracy of our account of his role. But one issue that was widely raised does deserve comment—"the issue of security."

A great newspaper, for example, charged us with a "breach of security." Although the same newspaper was the first to report Attorney General Robert Kennedy's opposition to an air strike and other important positions of NSC members, the grounds for the charge were that "the various positions of the members of the NSC must remain secret. . . ."

Must they? Obviously there are times, as in the critical days before the President's blockade decision, when Government secrecy is essential. But the decisions confronting the NSC are precisely those decisions which determine the future of all Americans. Under the American system "we the people" have a right to know about and argue about such decisions and about the men who make them.

The members of the NSC are, after all, like Mr. Stevenson himself, politicians or political appointees. Their political futures depend, or should depend, not only on the President's judgment but on the judgment of the American people. That is why we have every right to know the bent of their minds, how they react in a crisis. To suppose otherwise, to suppose that no one has a right to inquire into the policies advocated in our highest-policy-making body, is to make of the NSC another Politburo, awesome and sacrosanct, its decisions to be accepted without question by a docile people.

We have no need for Politburos. The issue raised by Mr. Stevenson's proposals on Guantanamo and other foreign bases goes right to the heart of American policy in time of danger. It is precisely the sort of issue the American people, not only the historians, have a right to know about and make up their own minds about.

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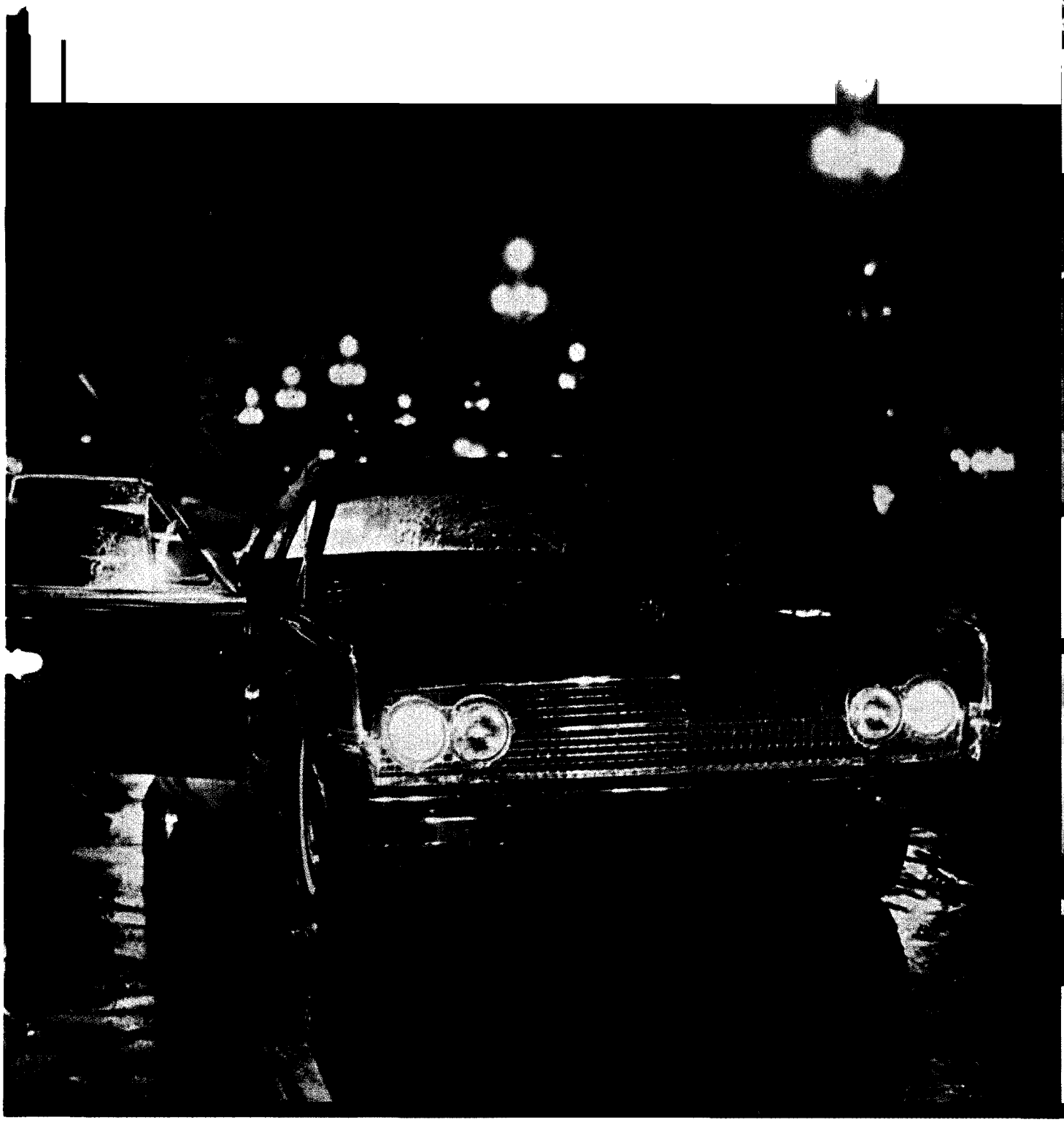

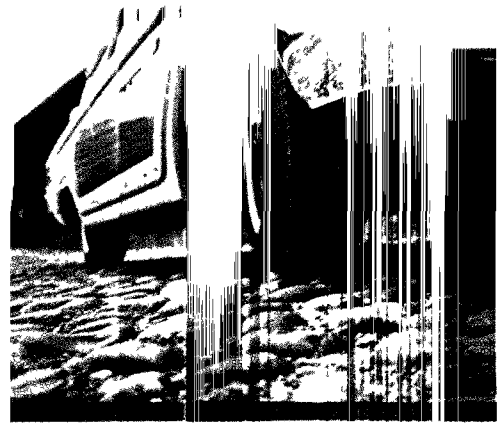

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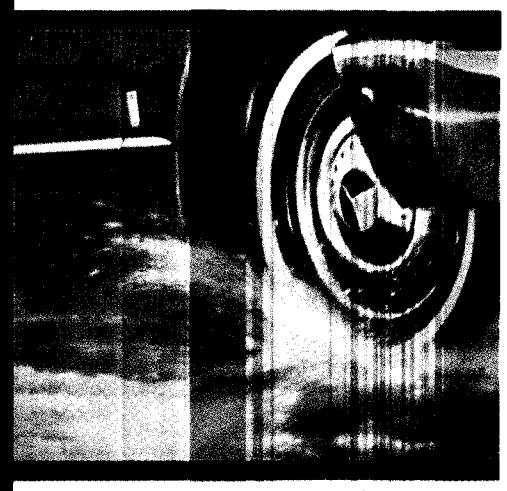

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